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THE  
BIGLOW PAPERS

BY  
*JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL*



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# BIGLOW PAPERS

THE FIRST ISSUE



THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE  
BIGLOW PAPERS

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## NOTICES OF AN INDEPENDENT PRESS.

I HAVE observed, reader (bene- or male-volent, as it may happen), that it is customary to append to the second editions of books, and to the second works of authors, short sentences commendatory of the first, under the title of *Notices of the Press*. These, I have been given to understand, are procurable at certain established rates, payment being made either in money or advertising patronage by the publisher, or by an adequate outlay of servility on the part of the author. Considering these things with myself, and also that such notices are neither intended, nor generally believed, to convey any real opinions, being a purely ceremonial accompaniment of literature, and resembling certificates to the virtues of various morbiferal panaceas, I conceived that it would be not only more economical to prepare a sufficient number of such myself, but also more immediately subservient to the end in view to prefix them to this our primary edition rather than await the contingency of a second, when they would seem to be of small utility. To delay attaching the *bobbs* until the second attempt at flying the kite would indicate but a slender experience in that useful art. Neither has it escaped my notice, nor failed to afford me matter of reflection, that, when a circus or a caravan is about to visit Jaalam, the initial step is to send forward large and highly ornamented bills of performance to be hung in the bar-room and the post-office. These having

been sufficiently gazed at, and beginning to lose their attractiveness except for the flies, and, truly, the boys also (in whom I find it impossible to repress, even during school-hours, certain oral and telegraphic communications concerning the expected show), upon some fine morning the band enters in a gaily painted waggon, or triumphal chariot, and with noisy advertisement, by means of brass, wood, and sheepskin, makes the circuit of our startled village streets. Then, as the exciting sounds draw nearer and nearer, do I desiderate those eyes of Aristarchus, "whose looks were as a breeching to a boy." Then do I perceive, with vain regret of wasted opportunities, the advantage of a pancratic or pantechnic education, since he is most revered by my little subjects who can throw the cleanest summerset or walk most securely upon the revolving cask. The story of the Pied Piper becomes for the first time credible to me (albeit confirmed by the Hameliners dating their legal instruments from the period of his exit), as I behold how those strains, without pretence of magical potency, bewitch the pupillary legs, nor leave to the pedagogic an entire self-control. For these reasons, lest my kingly prerogative should suffer diminution, I prorogue my restless commons, whom I follow into the street, chiefly lest some mischief may chance befall them. After the manner of such a band, I send forward the following notices of domestic manufacture, to make brazen proclamation, not unconscious of the advantage which will accrue, if our little craft *cymbula subtilis*, shall seem to leave port with a clipping breeze, and to carry, in nautical phrase, a bone in her mouth. Nevertheless, I have chosen, as being more equitable, to prepare some also sufficiently objurgatory, that readers of every taste may find a dish to their palate. I have modelled them upon actually existing specimens, preserved in my own cabinet of natural curiosities. One,



in particular, I had copied with tolerable exactness from a notice of one of my own discourses, which, from its superior tone and appearance of vast experience, I concluded to have been written by a man at least three hundred years of age, though I recollected no existing instance of such antediluvian longevity. Nevertheless, I afterwards discovered the author to be a young gentleman preparing for the ministry under the direction of one of my brethren in a neighbouring town, and whom I had once instinctively corrected in a Latin quantity. But this I have been forced to omit, from its too great length. —H. W.]

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*From the Universal Littery Universe.*

Full of passages which rivet the attention of the reader. . . . Under a rustic garb, sentiments are conveyed which should be committed to the memory and engraven on the heart of every moral and social being. . . . We consider this a *unique* performance. . . . We hope to see it soon introduced into our common schools. . . . Mr. Wilbur has performed his duties as editor with excellent taste and judgment. . . . This is a vein which we hope to see successfully prosecuted. . . . We hail the appearance of this work as a long stride toward the formation of a purely aboriginal, indigenous, native, and American literature. We rejoice to meet with an author national enough to break away from the slavish deference, too common among us, to English grammar and orthography. . . . Where all is so good, we are at a loss how to make extracts. . . . On the whole, we may call it a volume which no library, pretending to entire completeness, should fail to place upon its shelves.

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*From the Higginbottomopolis Snapping-turtle.*

A collection of the merest balderdash and doggerel that it was ever our bad fortune to lay eyes on. The author is a vulgar buffoon, and the editor a talkative, tedious old fool. We use strong language, but should any of our readers peruse the book

(from which calamity Heaven preserve them !), they will find reasons for it thick as the leaves of Vallumbrozer, or, to use a still more expressive comparison, as the combined heads of author and editor. The work is wretchedly got up. . . . We should like to know how much *British gold* was pocketed by this libeller of our country and her purest patriots.

---

*From the Oldfogrunville Mentor.*

We have not had time to do more than glance through this handsomely printed volume, but the name of its respectable editor, the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, of Jaalam, will afford a sufficient guaranty for the worth of its contents. . . . The paper is white, the type clear, and the volume of a convenient and attractive size. . . . In reading this elegantly executed work, it has seemed to us that a passage or two might have been retrenched with advantage, and that the general style of diction was susceptible of a higher polish. . . . On the whole, we may safely leave the ungrateful task of criticism to the reader. We will barely suggest, that in volumes intended, as this is, for the illustration of a provincial dialect and turns of expression, a dash of humour or satire might be thrown in with advantage. . . . The work is admirably got up. . . . This work will form an appropriate ornament to the centre-table. It is beautifully printed, on paper of an excellent quality.

---

*From the Dekay Bulwark.*

We should be wanting in our duty as the conductor of that tremendous engine, a public press, as an American, and as a man, did we allow such an opportunity as is presented to us by "The Biglow Papers" to pass by without entering our earnest protest against such attempts (now, alas ! too common) at demoralising the public sentiment. Under a wretched mask of stupid drollery, slavery, war, the social glass, and, in short, all the valuable and time-honoured institutions justly dear to our common humanity and especially to republicans, are made the butt of coarse and senseless ribaldry by this low-minded scribbler. It is time that the respectable and religious portion of our community should be aroused to the alarming inroads of foreign Jacobinism, sansculottism, and infidelity. It is a fearful proof of the wide-spread nature of this contagion, that these secret stabs at religion and virtue are given from under the cloak

(*credite, posteri!*) of a clergyman. It is a mournful spectacle indeed to the patriot and Christian to see liberality and new ideas (falsely so called,—they are as old as Eden) invading the sacred precincts of the pulpit. . . . On the whole, we consider this volume as one of the first shocking results which we predicted would spring out of the late French “Revolution” (!).

---

*From the Bungtown Copper and Comprehensive Tocsin (a try-weekly family journal).*

Altogether an admirable work. . . . Full of humour, boisterous but delicate,—of wit withering and scorching, yet combined with a pathos cool as morning dew,—of satire ponderous as the mace of Richard, yet keen as the scimitar of Saladin. . . . A work full of “mountain-mirth,” mischievous as Puck and lightsome as Ariel. . . . We know not whether to admire most the genial, fresh, and discursive concinnity of the author or his playful fancy, weird imagination, and compass of style, at once both objective and subjective. . . . We might indulge in some criticisms, but, were the author other than he is, he would be a different being. As it is, he has a wonderful *pose*, which flits from flower to flower, and bears the reader irresistibly along on its eagle pinions (like Ganymede) to the “highest heaven of invention.” . . . We love a book so purely objective. . . . Many of his pictures of natural scenery have an extraordinary subjective clearness and fidelity. . . . In fine, we consider this as one of the most extraordinary volumes of this or any age. We know of no English author who could have written it. It is a work to which the proud genius of our country, standing with one foot on the Aroostook and the other on the Rio Grande, and holding up the star-spangled banner amid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds, may point with bewildering scorn of the punier efforts of enslaved Europe. . . . We hope soon to encounter our author among those higher walks of literature in which he is evidently capable of achieving enduring fame. Already we should be inclined to assign him a high position in the bright galaxy of our American bards.

---

*From the Saltriver Pilot and Flag of Freedom.*

A volume in bad grammar and worse taste. . . . While the pieces here collected were confined to their appropriate sphere

in the corners of obscure newspapers, we considered them wholly beneath contempt, but as the author has chosen to come forward in this public manner, he must expect the lash he so richly merits. . . . Contemptible slanders. . . . Vilest Billingsgate. . . . Has raked all the gutters of our language. . . . The most pure, upright, and consistent politicians not safe from his malignant venom. . . . General Cushing comes in for a share of his vile calumnies. . . . The *Reverend* Homer Wilbur is a disgrace to his cloth. . . .

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*From the World-Harmonic-Æolian-Attachment.*

Speech is silver; silence is golden. No utterance more Orphic than this. While, therefore, as highest author, we reverence him whose works continue heroically unwritten, we have also our hopeful word for those who with pen (from wing of goose loud-cackling, or seraph God-commissioned) record the thing that is revealed. . . . Under mask of quaintest irony, we detect here the deep, storm-tost (nigh ship-wracked) soul, thunder-scarred, semi-articulate, but ever climbing hopefully toward the peaceful summits of an Infinite Sorrow. . . . Yes, thou poor, forlorn Hosea, with Hebrew fire-flaming soul in thee, for thee also this life of ours has not been without its aspects of heavenliest pity and laughingest mirth. Conceivable enough! Through coarse Thersites-cloak, we have revelation of the heart, wild-glowing, world-clasping, that is in him. Bravely he grapples with the life-problem as it presents itself to him, uncombed, shaggy, careless of the "nicer proprieties," inexpert of "elegant diction," yet with voice audible enough to whoso hath ears, up there on the gravelly side-hills or down on the splashy, indiarubber-like salt marshes of native Jaalam. To this soul also the *Necessity of Creating* somewhat has unveiled its awful front. If not Œdipuses and Electras and Alcestises, then in God's name Birdofredum Sawins! These also shall get born into the world, and filch (if so need) a Zingali subsistence therein, these lank, omnivorous Yankees of his. He shall paint the Seen, since the Unseen will not sit to him. Yet in him also are Nibelungen-lays, and Iliads, and Ulysses-wanderings, and Divine Comedies,—if only once he could come at them! Therein lies much, nay all; for what truly is this which we name *All*, but that which we do *not* possess? . . . Glimpses also are given us of an old father Ezekiel, not without paternal pride, as is the wont of such. A brown, parchment-hided old man of the geoponic or bucolic species, grey-eyed, we fancy, *queued* perhaps, with much weather-cunning and plentiful September-gale

memories, bidding fair in good time to become the Oldest Inhabitant. After such hasty apparition, he vanishes and is seen no more. . . . Of "Rev. Homer Wilbur, A.M., Pastor of the First Church in Jaalam," we have small care to speak here. Spare touch in him of his Melesigenes namesake, save, haply, the—blindness! A tolerably caliginose, nephelegeretous elderly gentleman, with infinite faculty of sermonising, muscularised by long practice, and excellent digestive apparatus, and, for the rest, well-meaning enough, and with small private illuminations (somewhat tallowy, it is to be feared) of his own. To him, there, "Pastor of the First Church in Jaalam," our Hosea presents himself as a quite inexplicable Sphinx-riddle. A rich poverty of Latin and Greek—so far is clear enough, even to eyes peering myopic through horn-lensed editorial spectacles,—but naught farther? Oh purblind, well-meaning, altogether fuscous Melesigenes-Wilbur, there are things in him incommunicable by stroke of birch! Did it ever enter that old bewildered head of thine that there was the *Possibility of the Infinite* in him? To thee, quite wingless (and even featherless) biped, has not so much even as a dream of wings ever come? "Talented young parishioner?" Among the Arts whereof thou art *Magister*, does that of *seeing* happen to be one? Unhappy *Artium Magister*! Somehow a Nemean lion, fulvous, torrid-eyed, dry-nursed in broad-howling sand-wildernesses of a sufficiently rare spirit-Libya (it may be supposed) has got whelped among the sheep. Already he stands wild-glaring, with feet clutching the ground as with oak-roots, gathering for a Remus-spring over the walls of thy little fold. In Heaven's name, go not near him with that flybite crook of thine! In good time, thou painful preacher, thou wilt go to the appointed place of departed Artillery-Election Sermons, Right-Hands of Fellowship, and Results of Councils, gathered to thy spiritual fathers with much Latin of the Epitaphial sort; thou, too, shalt have thy reward; but on him the Eumenides have looked, not Xantippes of the pit, snake-tressed, finger-threatening, but radiantly calm as on antique gems; for him paws impatient the winged courser of the gods, champing unwelcome bit; him the starry deeps, the empyrean glooms, and far-flashing splendours await.

---

*From the Onion Grove Phoenix.*

A talented young townsman of ours, recently returned from a Continental tour, and who is already favourably known to our readers by his sprightly letters from abroad which have graced our columns, called at our office yesterday. We learn from him, that, having enjoyed the distinguished privilege, while in

Germany, of an introduction to the celebrated Von Humbug, he took the opportunity to present that eminent man with a copy of the "Biglow Papers." The next morning he received the following note, which he has kindly furnished us for publication. We prefer to print it *verbatim*, knowing that our readers will readily forgive the few errors into which the illustrious writer has fallen, through ignorance of our language.

"HIGH-WORTHY MISTER !

"I shall also now especially happy starve, because I have more or less a work of one those aboriginal Red-Men seen in which have I so deaf an interest ever taken full-worthy on the self shelf with our Gottsched to be upset.

"Pardon my in the English-speech un-practice !

"VON HUMBUG."

He also sent with the above note a copy of his famous work on "Cosmetics," to be presented to Mr. Biglow ; but this was taken from our friend by the English Custom-house officers, probably through a petty national spite. No doubt, it has by this time found its way into the British Museum. We trust this outrage will be exposed in all our American papers. We shall do our best to bring it to the notice of the State Department. Our numerous readers will share in the pleasure we experience at seeing our young and vigorous national literature thus encouragingly patted on the head by this venerable and world-renowned German. We love to see these reciprocations of good-feeling between the different branches of the great Anglo-Saxon race.

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[The following genuine "notice" having met my eye, I gladly insert a portion of it here, the more especially as it contains one of Mr. Biglow's poems not elsewhere printed.—H. W.]

*From the Jaalam Independent Blunderbuss.*

. . . But, while we lament to see our young townsman thus mingling in the heated contests of party politics, we think we detect in him the presence of talents which, if properly directed, might give an innocent pleasure to many. As a proof that he is competent to the production of other kinds of poetry, we copy for our readers a short fragment of a pastoral by him, the manuscript of which was loaned us by a friend. The title of it is "The Courtin'."



ZEKLE crep' up, quite unbeknown  
An' peeked in thru the winder,  
An' there sot Huld' all alone,  
'ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbl' crooknecks hung,  
An' in amongst 'em rusted  
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young  
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out  
Towards the pootiest, bless her !  
An' leetle fires danced all about  
The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she wuz in,  
Looked warm frum floor to ceilin',  
An' she looked full ez rosy agin  
Ez th' apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot an' knowed it, tu,  
A-raspin' on the scraper,—  
All ways to once her feelins flew  
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,  
Some doubtfe o' the seekle ;  
His heart kep' goin' pitypat,  
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk  
Ez though she wished him funder  
An' on her apples kep' to work  
Ez ef a wager spurred her.

" You want to see my Pa, I spose ?"  
" Wal, no ; I come designin'—"  
" To see my Ma ? She's sprinklin' clo'es  
Agin to-morrow's i'nin'."

He stood a spell on one foot fust,  
Then stood a spell on t'other,  
An' on which one he felt the wust  
He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.

Sez he, " I'd better call agin ;"  
Sez she, " Think likely, *Mister* ;"  
The last word pricked him like a pin  
An' —wal, he up and kist her.

When Ma bimeby upōn 'em slips,  
 Huldy sot pale ez ashes,  
 All kind o' smily round the lips  
 An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide  
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,  
 An' all I know is they wuz cried  
 In meetin', come nex Sunday.

SATIS multis sese emptores futuros libri professis, Georgius Nichols, Cantabrigiensis, opus emittet de parte gravi sed adhuc neglecta historiæ naturalis, cum titulo sequenti, videlicet :

*Conatus ad Delineationem naturalem nonnihil perfectiorem Scarabæi Bombilatoris, vulgo dicti HUMBUG, ab HOMERO WILBUR, Artium Magistro, Societatis historico-naturalis Jaalamensis Præside Secretario, Socioque (eheu ! singulo), multarumque aliarum Societatum eruditatum (sive ineruditatum) tam domesticarum quam transmarinarum Socio—forsitan futuro.*

## PROEMIUM.

LECTORI BENEVOLO S.

Toga scholastica nondum deposita, quum systemata varia entomologica, a viris ejus scientiæ cultoribus studiosissimis summa diligentia ædificata, penitus indagâsem, non fuit quin luctuose omnibus in iis, quamvis aliter laude dignissimis, hiatum magni momenti perciperem. Tunc, nescio quo motu superiore impulsus, aut qua captus dulcedine operis, ad eum implendum (Curtius alter) me solemniter devovi. Necabisto labore, *δαμνίως* imposito, abstinui antequam tractatulum sufficienter inconcinnum lingua vernacula perfeceram. Inde, juveniliter tume-



factus, et barathro ineptiæ τῶν βιβλιοπωλῶν (necnon "Publici Legentis") nusquam explorato, me composuisse quod quasi placentas præfervidas (ut sic dicam) homines ingurgitare credidi. Sed, quum huic et alio bibliopolæ MSS. mea submissem et nihil solidius responsione valde negativa in Musæum meum retulissem, horror ingens atque misericordia, ob crassitudinem Lambertianam in cerebris homunculorum istius muneris cœlesti quadam ira infixam, me invasere. Extemplo mei solius impensis librum edere decrevi, nihil omnino dubitans quin "Mundus Scientificus" (ut aiunt) crumenam meam ampliter repleret. Nullam, attamen, ex agro illo meo parvulo segetem demessui, præter gaudium vacuum bene de Republica merendi. Iste panis meus pretiosus super aquas literarias fæculentas præfidenter jactus, quasi Harpyiarum quarundam (scilicet bibliopolarum istorum facinorosorum supradictorum) tactu rancidus, intra perpaucos dies mihi domum rediit. Et, quum ipse tali victu ali non tolerarem, primum in mentem venit pistori (typographo nempe) nihilominus solvendum esse. Animum non idcirco demisi, imo æque ac pueri naviculas suas penes se lino retinent (eo ut e recto cursu delapsas ad ripam retrahant), sic ego Argô meam chartaceam fluctibus laborantem a quæsitu velleris aurei, ipse potius tonsus pelleque exutus, mente solida revocavi. Metaphoram ut mutem, *boomarangam* meam a scopo aberrantem retraxi, dum majore vi, occasione ministrante, adversus Fortunam intorquerem. Ast mihi, talia volventi, et, sicut Saturnus ille παιδοβόρος, liberos intellectus mei depascere fidenti, casus miserandus, nec antea inauditus, supervenit. Nam, ut ferunt Scythas pietatis causa et parsimoniæ, parentes suos mortuos devorâsse, sic filius hic meus primogenitus, Scythis ipsis minus mansuetus, patrem vivum totum et calcitrantem exsorbere enixus est. Nec tamen hac de causa sobolem meam esurientem exheredavi. Sed famem

istam pro valido testimonio virilitatis roborisque potius habui, cibumque ad eam satiandam, salva paterna mea carne, petii. Et quia bilem illam scaturientem ad æs etiam concoquendum idoneam esse estimabam, unde æs alienum, ut minoris pretii, haberem, circumspexi. Rebus ita se habentibus, ab avunculo meo Johanne Doolittle, Armigero, impetravi ut pecunias necessarias suppeditaret, ne opus esset mihi universitatem relinquendi antequam ad gradum primum in artibus pervenissem. Tunc ego, salvum facere atronum meum munificum maxime cupiens, omnes libros primæ editionis operis mei non venditos una cum privilegio in omne ævum ejusdem imprimendi et edendi avunculo meo dicto pigneravi. Ex illo die, atro lapide notando, curæ vociferantes familiæ singulis annis crescentis eo usque insultabant ut nunquam tam carum pignus e vinculis istis aheneis solvere possem.

Avunculo vero nuper mortuo, quum inter alios consanguineos testamenti ejus lectionem audiendi causa advenissem, erectis auribus verba talia sequentia accepi: —“ Quoniam persuasum habeo meum dilectum nepotem Homerum, longa et intima rerum angustarum domi experientia, aptissimum esse qui divitias tueatur, beneficerque ac prudentur iis divinis creditis utatur,—ergo, motus hisce cogitationibus, exque amore meo in illum magno, do, legoque nepoti caro meo supranominato omnes singularesque istas possessiones nec ponderabiles nec computabiles meas quæ sequuntur, scilicet: quingentos libros quos mihi pigneravit dictus Homerus, anno lucis 1792, cum privilegio edendi et repetendi opus istud ‘scientificum’ (quod dicunt) suum, si sic elegerit. Tamen D. O. M. precor oculos Homeri nepotis mei ita aperiat eumque moveat, ut libros istos in bibliotheca unius e plurimis castellis suis Hispaniensibus tuto abscondat.”

His verbis (vix credilibus) auditis, cor meum in pectore exsultavit. Deinde, quoniam tractatus Anglice

scriptus spem auctoris fefellerat, quippe quum studium Historiæ Naturalis in Republica nostra inter factionis strepitum languescat, Latine versum edere statui, et eo potius quia nescio quomodo disciplina academica et duo diplomata proficiant, nisi quod peritos linguarum omnino mortuarum (et damnandarum, ut dicebat iste πανούργος, Gulielmus Cobbett nos faciant.

Et mihi adhuc superstes est tota illa editio prima, quam quasi crepitaculum per quod dentes caninos dentibam retineo.

---

### OPERIS SPECIMEN.

(*Ad exemplum Johannis Physiophili speciminis Monachologiæ.*)

12. S.B. *Militaris*, WILBUR. *Carnifex*, JABLONSK. *Profanis*, DESFONT.

[Male hancce speciem *Cyclopen* Fabricius vocat, ut qui singulo oculo ad quod sui interest distinguitur. Melius vero Isaacus Outis nullum inter inter S. milit. S. que Belzèbul (Fabric. 152) discrimen esse defendit.]

Habitat civitat. Americ. austral.

Aureis lineis splendidus; plerumque tamen sordidus, utpote lanienas valde frequentans, fœtore sanguinis allectus. Amat quoque insuper septa apicari, neque inde, nisi maxima conatione detruditur. *Candidatus* ergo populariter vocatus. Caput cristam quasi pennarum ostendit. Pro cibo vaccam publicam callide mulget; abdomen enorme: facultas suctus haud facile estimanda. Otiosus, fatuus; ferox nihilominus, semperque dimicare paratus. Tortuose repit.

Capite sæpe maxima cum cura dissecto, ne illud rudimentum etiam cerebri commune omnibus prope insectis detegere poteram.

Unam de hoc S. milit. rem singularem notavi; nam S. Guineens. (Fabric. 143) servos facit, et idcirco a multis summa in reverentia habitus quasi scintillas rationis pæne humanæ demonstrans.

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24. S. B. *Criticus*, WILBUR. *Zoilus*, FABRIC. *Pygmæus*, CARLSEN.

[Stultissime Johannes Stryx cum S. punctato (Fabric. 64-109) confundit. Specimina quamplurima scrutationi microscopicae subjeci, nunquam tamen unum ulla indicia puncti cujusvis prorsus ostendentem inveni.]

Præcipue formidolosus, insectatusque, in proxima rima anonyma sese abscondit, *we, we*. creberrime stridens. Ineptus, segnipes.

Habitat ubique gentium; in sicco; nidum suum terebratione indefessa ædificans. Cibus. Libros depascit; siccos præcipue.



MELIBŒUS-HIPPONAX.

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THE  
Biglow Papers,

EDITED,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION, NOTES, GLOSSARY,  
AND COPIOUS INDEX,

BY

HOMER WILBUR, A.M.,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN JAALAM,  
AND (PROSPECTIVE) MEMBER OF MANY LITERARY, LEARNED, AND  
SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES,

*(for which see page 26.)*

"The ploughman's whistle, or the trivial flute,  
Finds more respect than great Apollo's lute."

—*Quarles's Emblems*. B. ii. E. 8.

"Margaritas, munde porcine, calcâsti: en, siliquas accipe."

—*Jac. Car. Fil. ad Pub. Leg.* § I.



## NOTE TO TITLE-PAGE.

IT will not have escaped the attentive eye, that I have, on the title-page, omitted those honorary appendages to the editorial name which not only add greatly to the value of every book, but whet and exacerbate the appetite of the reader. For not only does he surmise that an honorary membership of literary and scientific societies implies a certain amount of necessary distinction on the part of the recipient of such decorations, but he is willing to trust himself more entirely to an author who writes under the fearful responsibility of involving the reputation of such bodies as the *S. Archæol. Dahom.* or the *Acad. Lit. et Scient. Kamtschat.* I cannot but think that the early editions of Shakespeare and Milton would have met with more rapid and general acceptance, but for the barrenness of their respective title-pages; and I believe that, even now, a publisher of the works of either of those justly distinguished men would find his account in procuring their admission to the membership of learned bodies on the Continent,—a proceeding no whit more incongruous than the reversal of the judgment against Socrates, when he was already more than twenty centuries beyond the reach of antidotes, and when his memory had acquired a deserved respectability. I conceive that it was a feeling of the importance of this precaution which induced Mr. Locke to style himself “Gent.” on the title-page of his Essay, as who should say to his readers that

they could receive his metaphysics on the honour of a gentleman.

Nevertheless, finding that, without descending to a smaller size of type than would have been compatible with the dignity of the several societies to be named, I could not compress my intended list within the limits of a single page, and thinking, moreover, that the act would carry with it an air of decorous modesty, I have chosen to take the reader aside, as it were, into my private closet, and there not only to exhibit to him the diplomas which I already possess, but also to furnish him with a prophetic vision of those which I may, without undue presumption, hope for, as not beyond the reach of human ambition and attainment. And I am the rather induced to this from the fact that my name has been unaccountably dropped from the last triennial catalogue of our beloved *Alma Mater*. Whether this is to be attributed to the difficulty of Latinizing any of those honorary adjuncts (with a complete list of which I took care to furnish the proper persons nearly a year beforehand), or whether it had its origin in any more culpable motives, I forbear to consider in this place, the matter being in course of painful investigation. But, however this may be, I felt the omission the more keenly, as I had, in expectation of the new catalogue, enriched the library of the Jaalam Athenæum with the old one then in my possession, by which means it has come about that my children will be deprived of a never-wearying winter evening's amusement in looking out the name of their parent in that distinguished roll. Those harmless innocents had at least committed no—— but I forbear, having intrusted my reflections and animadversions on this painful topic to the safe keeping of my private diary, intended for posthumous publication. I state this fact here, in order that certain nameless individuals, who are, perhaps, overmuch congratulating



themselves upon my silence, may know that a rod is in pickle which the vigorous hand of a justly incensed posterity will apply to their memories.

The careful reader will note that, in the list which I have prepared, I have included the names of several Cisatlantic societies to which a place is not commonly assigned in processions of this nature. I have ventured to do this, not only to encourage native ambition and genius, but also because I have never been able to perceive in what way distance (unless we suppose them at the end of a lever) could increase the weight of learned bodies. As far as I have been able to extend my researches among such stuffed specimens as occasionally reach America, I have discovered no generic difference between the antipodal *Fogrum Japonicum* and the *F. Americanum* sufficiently common in our own immediate neighbourhood. Yet, with a becoming deference to the popular belief that distinctions of this sort are enhanced in value by every additional mile they travel, I have intermixed the names of some tolerably distant literary and other associations with the rest.

I add here, also, an advertisement, which, that it may be the more readily understood by those persons especially interested therein, I have written in that curtailed and otherwise maltreated canine Latin, to the writing and reading of which they are accustomed.

OMNIB. PER TOT. ORB. TERRAR. CATALOG.  
ACADEM. EDD.

Minim. gent. diplom. ab inclytiss. acad. vest. orans,  
vir. honorand. operosiss., at sol. ut sciat. quant. glor.  
nom. meum (dipl. fort. concess.) catal. vest. temp. futur.  
affer., ill. subjec., addit. omnib. titul. honorar. qu. adh.  
non tant. opt. quam probab. put.

\* \* *Litt. Uncial. distinx. ut Præs. S. Hist. Nat. Jaal.*

*HOMERUS WILBUR*, Mr., Episc. Jaalam, S. T. D. 1850, et Yal. 1849, et Neo-Cæs. et Brun. et Gulielm. 1852, et Gul. et Mar. et Bowd. et Georgiop. et Viridimont. et Columb. Nov. Ebor. 1853, et Amherst. et Watervill. et S. Jarlath. Hib. et S. Mar. et S. Joseph. et S. And. Scot. 1854, et Nashvill. et Dart. et Dickins. et Concord. et Wash. et Columbian. et Charlest. et Jeff. et Dubl. et Oxon. et Cantab. et Cæt. 1855, P. U. N. C. H. et J. U. D. Gott. et Osnab. et Heidelb. 1860, et Acad. BORE US. Berolin. Soc., et SS. RR. Lugd. Bat. et Patav. et Lond. et Edinb. et Ins. Feejee. et Null. Terr. et Pekin. Soc. Hon. et S. H. S. et S. P. A. et A. A. S. et S. Humb. Univ. et S. Omn. Rer. Quarund. q. Aliar. Promov. Passamaquod. et H. P. C. et I. O. H. et A. Δ. Φ. et II. K. P. et Φ. B. K. et Peucin. et Erosoph. et Philadelph. et Frat. in Unit. et Σ. T. et S. Archæolog. Athen. et Acad. Scient. et Lit. Panorm. et SS. R. H. Matrit. et Beeloochist. et Caffrar. et Caribb. et M. S. Reg. Paris. et S. Am. Antiserv. Soc. Hon. et P. D. Gott. et LL. D. 1852, et D. C. L. et Mus. Doc. Oxon. 1860, et M. M. S. S. et M. D. 1854, et Med. Fac. Univ. Harv. Soc. et S. pro. Convers. Pollywog. Soc. Hon. et Higgl. Piggl. et LL. B. 1853, et S. pro Christianiz. Moschet. Soc. et SS. Ante-Diluv. ubiq. Gent. Soc. Hon. et Civit. Cleric. Jaalam. et S. pro Diffus. General. Tenebr. Secret. Corr.



## INTRODUCTION.

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WHEN, more than three years ago, my talented young parishioner, Mr. Biglow, came to me and submitted to my animadversions the first of his poems which he intended to commit to the more hazardous trial of a city newspaper, it never so much as entered my imagination to conceive that his productions would ever be gathered into a fair volume, and ushered into the august presence of the reading public by myself. So little are we short-sighted mortals able to predict the event ! I confess that there is to me a quite new satisfaction in being associated (though only as sleeping partner) in a book which can stand by itself in an independent unity on the shelves of libraries. For there is always this drawback from the pleasure of printing a sermon, that, whereas the queasy stomach of this generation will not bear a discourse long enough to make a separate volume, those religious, and godly-minded children (those Samuels, if I may call them so) of the brain must at first lie buried in an undistinguished heap, and then get such resurrection as is vouchsafed to them, mummy-wrapped with a score of others in a cheap binding, with no other mark of distinction than the word "*Miscellaneous*" printed upon the back. Far be it from me to claim any credit for the quite unexpected popularity which I am pleased to find these bucolic strains have attained unto. If I know myself, I am measurably free from the itch of vanity ;

yet I may be allowed to say that I was not backward to recognise in them a certain wild, puckery, acidulous (sometimes even verging toward that point which, in our rustic phrase, is termed *shut-eye*) flavour, not wholly unpleasing, nor unwholesome to palates cloyed with the sugariness of tamed and cultivated fruit. It may be, also, that some touches of my own, here and there, may have led to their wider acceptance, albeit solely from my larger experience of literature and authorship.\*

I was, at first, inclined to discourage Mr. Biglow's attempts, as knowing that the desire to poetize is one of the diseases naturally incident to adolescence, which if the fitting remedies be not at once and with a bold hand applied, may become chronic, and render one, who might else have become in due time an ornament of the social circle, a painful object even to nearest friends and relatives. But thinking, on a further experience, that there was a germ of promise in him which required only culture and the pulling up of weeds from around it, I thought it best to set before him the acknowledged examples of English composition in verse, and leave the rest to natural emulation. With this view, I accordingly lent him some volumes of Pope and Goldsmith, to the assiduous study of which he promised to devote his evenings. Not long afterward, he brought me some verses written upon that model, a specimen of which I subjoin, having changed some phrases of less elegance, and a few rhymes objectionable to the cultivated ear. The poem consisted of childish reminiscences, and the sketches which follow will not seem destitute of truth to those whose fortunate

\* The reader curious in such matters may refer (if he can find them) to "A Sermon preached on the Anniversary of the Dark Day," "An Artillery Election Sermon," "A Discourse on the Late Eclipse," "Dorcas, a Funeral Sermon on the Death of Madam Submit Tidd, Relict of the late Experience Tidd, Esq.," &c. &c.

education began in a country village. And first, let us hang up his charcoal portrait of the school-dame.

“ Propped on the marsh, a dwelling now, I see  
 The humble school-house of my A, B, C,  
 Where well-drilled urchins, each behind his tire,  
 Waited in ranks the wished command to fire.  
 Then all together, when the signal came,  
 Discharged their *a-b abs* against the Dame.  
 Daughter of Danaus, who could daily pour  
 In treacherous pipkins her Pierian store,  
 She, 'mid the volleyed learning firm and calm,  
 Patted the furloughed ferule on her palm,  
 And, to our wonder, could divine at once  
 Who flashed the pan, and who was downright dunce.

There young Devotion learned to climb with ease  
 The gnarly limbs of Scripture family-trees,  
 And he was most commended and admired  
 Who soonest to the topmost twig perspired ;  
 Each name was called as many various ways  
 As pleased the reader's ear on different days,  
 So that the weather, or the ferule's stings,  
 Colds in the head, or fifty other things,  
 Transformed the helpless Hebrew thrice a week  
 To guttural Pequot or resounding Greek,  
 The vibrant accent skipping here and there,  
 Just as it pleased invention or despair ;  
 No controversial Hebraist was the Dame ;  
 With or without the points pleased her the same ;  
 If any tyro found a name too tough,  
 And looked at her, pride furnished skill enough ;  
 She nerved her larynx for the desperate thing,  
 And cleared the five-barred syllables at a spring.

Ah, dear old times ! there once it was my hap,  
 Perched on a stool, to wear the long-eared cap :  
 From books degraded, there I sat at ease,  
 A drone, the envy of compulsory bees ;  
 Rewards of merit, too, full many a time,  
 Each with its woodcut and its moral rhyme,  
 And pierced half-dollars hung on ribbons gay  
 About my neck—to be restored next day,  
 I carried home, rewards as shining then  
 As those which deck the lifelong pains of men,  
 More solid than the redemanded praise  
 With which the world beribbons later days.

“ Ah, dear old times ! how brightly ye return !  
 How, rubbed afresh, your phosphor traces burn !  
 The ramble schoolward through dew-sparkling meads,  
 The willow-wands turned Cinderella steeds,  
 The impromptu pinbent hook, the deep remorse  
 O’er the chance-captured minnow’s inch-long corse ;  
 The pockets, plethoric with marbles round,  
 That still a space for ball and pegtop found,  
 Nor satiate yet, could manage to confine  
 Horse-chestnuts, flagroot, and the kite’s wound twine,  
 And, like the prophet’s carpet, could take in,  
 Enlarging still, the popgun’s magazine ;  
 The dinner carried in the small tin pail,  
 Shared with some dog, whose most beseeching tail  
 And dripping tongue and eager ears belied  
 The assumed indifference of canine pride ;  
 The caper homeward, shortened if the cart  
 Of Neighbour Pomeroy, trundling from the mart,  
 O’ertook me,—then, translated to the seat  
 I praised the steed, how staunch he was and fleet,  
 While the bluff farmer, with superior grin,  
 Explained where horses should be thick, where thin,  
 And warned me (joke he always had in store)  
 To shun a beast that four white stockings wore.  
 What a fine natural courtesy was his !  
 His nod was pleasure, and his full bow bliss ;  
 How did his well-thumbed hat, with ardour rapt,  
 Its curve decorous to each rank adapt !  
 How did it graduate with a courtly ease  
 The whole long scale of social differences,  
 Yet so gave each his measure running o’er,  
 None thought his own was less, his neighbour’s more ;  
 The squire was flattered, and the pauper knew  
 Old times acknowledged ’neath the threadbare blue !  
 Dropped at the corner of the embowered lane,  
 Whistling I wade the knee-deep leaves again,  
 While eager Argus, who has missed all day  
 The sharer of his condescending play,  
 Comes leaping onward with a bark elate  
 And boisterous tail to greet me at the gate ;  
 That I was true in absence to our love  
 Let the thick dog’s-ears in my primer prove.”

I add only one further extract, which will possess a melancholy interest to all such as have endeavoured to glean the materials of revolutionary history from the lips of aged persons, who took a part in the actual making

of it, and, finding the manufacture profitable, continued the supply in an adequate proportion to the demand.

Old Joe is gone, who saw hot Percy goad  
His slow artillery up the Concord road,  
A tale which grew in wonder, year by year,  
As, every time he told it, Joe drew near  
To the main fight, till, faded and grown grey,  
The original scene to bolder tints gave way ;  
Then Joe had heard the foe's scared double-quick  
Beat on stove drum with one uncaptured stick,  
And, ere death came the lengthening tale to lop,  
Himself had fired, and seen a red-coat drop :  
Had Joe lived long enough, that scrambling fight  
Had squared more nearly with his sense of right,  
And vanquished Percy, to complete the tale,  
Had hammered stone for life in Concord jail.'

I do not know that the foregoing extracts ought not to be called my own rather than Mr. Biglow's, as, indeed, he maintained stoutly that my file had left nothing of his in them. I should not, perhaps, have felt entitled to take so great liberties with them, had I not more than suspected an hereditary vein of poetry in myself, a very near ancestor having written a Latin poem in the Harvard *Gratulation* on the accession of George the Third. Suffice it to say, that, whether not satisfied with such limited approbation as I could conscientiously bestow, or from a sense of natural inaptitude, certain it is that my young friend could never be induced to any further essays in this kind. He affirmed that it was to him like writing in a foreign tongue,—that Mr. Pope's versification was like the regular ticking of one of Williard's clocks, in which one could fancy, after long listening, a certain kind of rhythm or tune, but which yet was only a poverty-stricken *tick, tick*, after all,—and that he had never seen a sweet-water on a trellis growing so fairly, or in forms so pleasing to his eye, as a fox-grape over a scrub-oak in a swamp. He added I know not what, to the effect that the sweet-



water would only be the more disfigured by having its leaves starched and ironed out, and that Pegāsus (so he called him) hardly looked right with his mane and tail in curl-papers. These and other such opinions I did not long strive to eradicate, attributing them rather to a defective education and senses untuned by too long familiarity with purely natural objects, than to a perverted moral sense. I was the more inclined to this leniency since sufficient evidence was not to seek, that his verses, as wanting as they certainly were in classic polish and point, had somehow taken hold of the public ear in a surprising manner. So, only setting him right as to the quantity of the proper name Pegasus, I left him to follow the bent of his natural genius.

Yet could I not surrender him wholly to the tutelage of the pagan (which, literally interpreted, signifies village) muse without yet a further effort for his conversion, and to this end I resolved that whatever of poetic fire yet burned in myself, aided by the assiduous bellows of correct models, should be put in requisition. Accordingly, when my ingenious young parishioner brought to my study a copy of verses which he had written touching the acquisition of territory resulting from the Mexican war, and the folly of leaving the question of slavery or freedom to the adjudication of chance, I did myself indite a short fable or apologue after the manner of Gay and Prior, to the end that he might see how easily even such subjects as he treated of were capable of a more refined style and more elegant expression. Mr. Biglow's production was as follows :—

## THE TWO GUNNERS.

### A FABLE.

Two fellers, Isrel named and Joe,  
One Sundy mornin' 'greed to go



Agunnin' soon'z the bells wuz done  
 And meetin' finally begun,  
 So'st no one wouldn't be about  
 Ther Sabbath-breakin' to spy out.

Joe didn't want to go a mite ;  
 He felt ez though 'twarnt skeercely right,  
 But, when his doubts he went to speak on,  
 Isrel he up and called him Deacon,  
 An' kep' apokin' fun like sin  
 An' then arubbin' on it in,  
 Til Joe, less skeered o' doin' wrong  
 Than bein' laughed at, went along.

Past noontime they went trampin' round  
 An' nary thing to pop at found,  
 Till, fairly tired o' their spree,  
 They leaned their guns agin a tree,  
 An' jest ez they wuz settin' down  
 To take their noonin', Joe looked roun'  
 And see (acrost lots in a pond  
 That warn't mor'n twenty rod beyond),  
 A goose that on the water sot  
 Ez ef awaitin' to be shot.

Isrel he ups and grabs his gun ;  
 Sez he, "By ginger, here's some fun !"  
 "Don't fire," sez Joe, "it ain't no use,  
 Thet's Deacon Peleg's tame wil'-goose :"  
 Says Isrel, "I don't care a cent.  
 I've sighted an' I'll let her went ;"  
*Bang!* went queen's-arm, ole gander flopped  
 His wings a spell, an' quorked, an' dropped.

Sez Joe, "I wouldn't ha' been hired  
 At that poor critter to ha' fired,  
 But sence it's clean gin up the ghost,  
 We'll hev the tallest kind o' roast ;  
 I guess our waistbands ll be tight  
 'Fore it comes ten o'clock ternight."

"I won't agree to no such bender,"  
 Sez Isrel ; "keep it tell it's tender ;  
 'Taint wuth a snap afore it's ripe."  
 Sez Joe, "I'd jest ez lives eat tripe ;  
 You *air* a buster ter suppose  
 I'd eat what makes me hol' my nose !"

So they disputed to an' fro  
 Till cunnin' Isrel sez to Joe,

"Don't le's stay here an' play the fool,  
 Le's wait till both on us git cool,  
 Jest for a day or two le's hide it  
 An' then toss up an' so decide it.'  
 "Agreed!" sez Joe, an' so they did,  
 An' the ole goose wuz safely hid.

Now 'twuz the hottest kind o' weather,  
 An' when at last they come together,  
 It didn't signify which won,  
 Fer all the mischief hed been done :  
 The goose wuz there, but, fer his soul,  
 Joe wouldn't ha' tetched it with a pole ;  
 But Isrel kind o' liked the smell on't  
 An' made *his* dinner very well on't.

My own humble attempt was in manner and form following, and I print it here, I sincerely trust, out of no vainglory, but solely with the hope of doing good.

### LEAVING THE MATTER OPEN.

#### A TALE.

BY HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

Two brothers once, an ill-matched pair,  
 Together dwelt (no matter where),  
 To whom an Uncle Sam, or some one,  
 Had left a house and farm in common.  
 The two in principles and habits  
 Were different as rats from rabbits ;  
 Stout Farmer North, with frugal care,  
 Laid up provision for his heir,  
 Not scorning with hard sun-browned hands  
 To scrape acquaintance with his lands ;  
 Whatever thing he had to do  
 He did, and made it pay him, too ;  
 He sold his waste stone by the pound,  
 His drains made water-wheels spin round,  
 His ice in summer-time he sold,  
 His wood brought profit when 'twas cold,  
 He dug and delved from morn till night,  
 Strove to make profit square with right,  
 Lived on his means, cut no great dash,  
 And paid his debts in honest cash.

On t'other hand, his brother South  
 Lived very much from hand to mouth,

Played gentleman, nursed dainty hands,  
 Borrowed North's money on his lands,  
 And culled his morals and his graces  
 From cock-pits, bar-rooms, fights, and races ;  
 His sole work in the farming line  
 Was keeping droves of long-legged swine,  
 Which brought great bothers and expenses  
 To North in looking after fences,  
 And, when they happened to break through,  
 Cost him both time and temper too,  
 For South insisted it was plain  
 He ought to drive them home again,  
 And North consented to the work  
 Because he loved to buy cheap pork.

Meanwhile, South's swine increasing fast,  
 His farm became too small at last ;  
 So, having thought the matter over,  
 And feeling bound to live in clover  
 And never pay the clover's worth,  
 He said one day to Brother North :—

" Our families are both increasing,  
 And, though we labour without ceasing,  
 Our produce soon will be too scant  
 To keep our children out of want ;  
 They who wish fortune to be lasting  
 Must be both prudent and forecasting ;  
 We soon shall need more land : a lot  
 I know, that cheaply can be bo't ;  
 You lend the cash, I'll buy the acres,  
 And we'll be equally partakers "

Poor North, whose Anglo-Saxon blood  
 Gave him a hankering after mud,  
 Wavered a moment, then consented,  
 And, when the cash was paid, repented ;  
 To make the new land worth a pin,  
 Thought he, it must be all fenced in,  
 For, if South's swine once get the run on't  
 No kind of farming can be done on't ;  
 If that don't suit the other side,  
 'Tis best we instantly divide.

But somehow South could ne'er incline  
 This way or that to run the line,  
 And always found some new pretence  
 'Gainst setting the division fence :  
 At last he said :—

“ For peace’s sake,  
 Liberal concessions I will make ;  
 Though I believe, upon my soul,  
 I’ve a just title to the whole,  
 I’ll make an offer which I call  
 Gen’rous,—we’ll have no fence at all ;  
 Then both of us, whene’er we choose,  
 Can take what part we want to use ;  
 If you should chance to need it first,  
 Pick you the best, I’ll take the worst.”

“ Agreed !” cried North ; thought he, This fall  
 With wheat and rye I’ll sow it all ;  
 In that way I shall get the start,  
 And South may whistle for his part.  
 So thought, so done, the field was sown,  
 And, winter having come and gone,  
 Sly North walked blithely forth to spy,  
 The progress of his wheat and rye ;  
 Heavens, what a sight ? his brother’s swine  
 Had asked themselves all out to dine ;  
 Such grunting, munching, rooting, shoving,  
 The soil seemed all alive and moving,  
 As for his grain, such work they’d made on’t,  
 He couldn’t spy a single blade on’t.  
 Off in a rage he rushed to South,  
 “ My wheat and rye ”—grief choked his mouth ;  
 “ Pray don’t mind me,” said South, “ but plant  
 All of the new land that you want ; ”  
 “ Yes, but your hogs,” cried North ;

“ The grain  
 Won’t hurt them,” answered South again ;  
 “ But they destroy my crop ; ”

“ No doubt ;  
 ’Tis fortunate you’ve found it out ;  
 Misfortunes teach, and only they,  
 You must not sow it in their way ; ”  
 “ Nay, you,” says North, “ must keep them out ; ”  
 “ Did I create them with a snout ? ”  
 Asked South demurely ; “ as agreed,  
 The land is open to your seed,  
 And would you fain prevent my pigs  
 From running there their harmless rigs ?  
 God knows I view this compromise  
 With not the most approving eyes ;

I gave up my unquestioned rights  
 For sake of quiet days and nights ;  
 I offered then, you know 'tis true,  
 To cut the piece of land in two."  
 "Then cut it now," growls North ;

"Abate  
 Your heat," says South, "'tis now too late ;  
 I offered you the rocky corner,  
 But you, of your own good the scorner,  
 Refused to take it ; I am sorry ;  
 No doubt you might have found a quarry,  
 Perhaps a gold-mine, for aught I know,  
 Containing heaps of native rhino ;  
 You can't expect me to resign  
 My rights."—

"But where," quoth North, "are mine?"  
 "Your rights," says t'other, "well, that's funny,  
 I bought the land."—

"I paid the money ;"  
 "That," answered South, "is from the point,  
 The ownership, you'll grant, is joint :  
 I'm sure my only hope and trust is  
 Not law so much as abstract justice,  
 Though, you remember, 'twas agreed  
 That so and so—consult the deed ;  
 Objections now are out of date,  
 They might have answered once, but Fate  
 Quashes them at the point we've got to ;  
*Obsta principiis*, that's my motto."

So saying, South began to whistle  
 And looked as obstinate as gristle,  
 While North went homeward, each brown paw  
 Clenched like a knot of natural law,  
 And all the while, in either ear,  
 Heard something clicking wondrous clear.

To turn now to other matters, there are two things upon which it would seem fitting to dilate somewhat more largely in this place,—the Yankee character and the Yankee dialect. And, first, of the Yankee character, which has wanted neither open maligners, nor even more dangerous enemies in the persons of those unskilful painters who have given to it that hardness, angularity,

and want of proper perspective, which, in truth, belonged, not to their subject, but to their own niggard and unskilful pencil.

New England was not so much the colony of a mother country, as a Hagar driven forth into the wilderness. The little self-exiled band which came hither in 1620 came, not to seek gold, but to found a democracy. They came that they might have the privilege to work and pray, to sit upon hard benches and listen to painful preachers as long as they would, yea, even unto thirty-seventhly, if the spirit so willed it. And surely, if the Greek might boast his Thermopylæ, where three hundred men fell in resisting the Persian, we may well be proud of our Plymouth Rock, where a handful of men, women, and children not merely faced, but vanquished, winter, famine, the wilderness, and the yet more invincible *storge* that drew them back to the green island far away. These found no lotus growing upon the surly shore, the taste of which could make them forget their little native Ithaca; nor were they so wanting to themselves in faith as to burn their ship, but could see the fair west-wind belly the homeward sail, and then turn unrepining to grapple with the terrible Unknown.

As Want was the prime foe these hardy exodists had to fortress themselves against, so it is little wonder if that traditional feud is long in wearing out of the stock. The wounds of the old warfare were long a-healing, and an east-wind of hard times puts a new ache in every one of them. Thrift was the first lesson in their horn-book, pointed out, letter after letter, by the lean finger of the hard schoolmaster, Necessity. Neither were those plump, rosy-gilled Englishmen that came hither, but a hard-faced, atrabilious, earnest-eyed race, stiff from long wrestling with the Lord in prayer, and who had taught Satan to dread the new Puritan hug. Add two hundred

years' influence of soil, climate, and exposure, with its necessary result of idiosyncrasies, and we have the present Yankee, full of expedients, half-master of all trades, inventive in all but the beautiful, full of shifts, not yet capable of comfort, armed at all points against the old enemy Hunger, longanimous, good at patching, not so careful for what is best as for what will *do*, with a clasp to his purse and a button to his pocket, not skilled to build against Time, as in old countries, but against sore-pressing Need, accustomed to move the world with no *ποῦ στῶ* but his own two feet, and no lever but his own long forecast. A strange hybrid, indeed, did circumstance beget, here in the New World, upon the old Puritan stock, and the earth never before saw such mystic-practicalism, such niggard-geniality, such calculating-fanaticism, such cast-iron-enthusiasm, such sour-faced-humour, such close-fisted-generosity. This new *Græculus esuriens* will make a living out of anything. He will invent new trades as well as tools. His brain is his capital, and he will get education at all risks. Put him on Juan Fernandez, and he would make a spelling-book first, and a saltpan afterward. *In cælum, jussuris, ibit*,—or the other way either,—it is all one, so anything is to be got by it. Yet, after all, thin, speculative Jonathan is more like the Englishman of two centuries ago than John Bull himself is. He has lost somewhat in solidity, has become fluent and adaptable, but more of the original groundwork of character remains. He feels more at home with Fulke Greville, Herbert of Cherbury, Quarles, George Herbert, and Browne, than with his modern English cousins. He is nearer than John, by at least a hundred years, to Naseby, Marston Moor, Worcester, and the time when, if ever, there were true Englishmen. John Bull has suffered the idea of the Invisible to be very much fattened out of him. Jonathan is conscious still that he lives in



the world of the Unseen as well as of the Seen. To move John you must make your fulcrum of solid beef and pudding ; an abstract idea will do for Jonathan.



\* \* TO THE INDULGENT READER.

My friend, the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, having been seized with a dangerous fit of illness, before this Introduction had passed through the press, and being incapacitated for all literary exertion, sent to me his notes, memoranda, &c., and requested me to fashion them into some shape more fitting for the general eye. This, owing to the fragmentary and disjointed state of his manuscripts, I have felt wholly unable to do ; yet being unwilling that the reader should be deprived of such parts of his lucubrations as seemed more finished, and not well discerning how to segregate these from the rest, I have concluded to send them all to the press precisely as they are.

COLUMBUS NYE,  
*Pastor of a Church in Bungtown Corner.*

It remains to speak of the Yankee dialect. And, first, it may be premised, in a general way, that any one much read in the writings of the early colonists need not be told that the far greater share of the words and phrases now esteemed peculiar to New England, and local there, were brought from the mother country. A person familiar with the dialect of certain portions of Massachusetts will not fail to recognise, in ordinary discourse, many words now noted in English vocabularies as archaic, the greater part of which were in common use about the time of the King James translation of the Bible. Shakespeare stands less in need of a glossary to most New-Englanders than to many a native of the Old Country. The peculiarities of our speech, however, are rapidly wearing out. As there is no country where reading is so universal and newspapers are so multitudinous, so no phrase remains long local, but is transplanted in the mail-bags to every remotest corner of the land. Con-



sequently our dialect approaches nearer to uniformity than that of any other nation.

The English have complained of us for coining new words. Many of those so stigmatized were old ones by them forgotten, and all make now an unquestioned part of the currency, wherever English is spoken. Undoubtedly, we have a right to make new words, as they are needed by the fresh aspects under which life presents itself here in the New World ; and, indeed, wherever a language is alive, it grows. It might be questioned whether we could not establish a stronger title to the ownership of the English tongue than the mother-islanders themselves. Here, past all question, is to be its great home and centre. And not only is it already spoken here by greater numbers, but with a far higher popular average of correctness than in Britain. The great writers of it, too, we might claim as ours, were ownership to be settled by the number of readers and lovers.

As regards the provincialisms to be met with in this volume, I may say that the reader will not find one which is not (as I believe) either native or imported with the early settlers, nor one which I have not, with my own ears, heard in familiar use. In the metrical portion of the book, I have endeavoured to adapt the spelling as nearly as possible to the ordinary mode of pronunciation. Let the reader who deems me over-particular remember this caution of Martial :—

*" Quem recitas, meus est, O Fidentine, libellus ;  
Sed male cum recitas, incipit esse tuus."*

A few further explanatory remarks will not be impertinent.

I shall barely lay down a few general rules for the reader's guidance.

1. The genuine Yankee never gives the rough sound to

the *r* when he can help it, and often displays considerable ingenuity in avoiding it even before a vowel.

2. He seldom sounds the final *g*, a piece of self-denial, if we consider his partiality for nasals. The same of the final *d*, as *han'* and *stan* for *hand* and *stand*.

3. The *h* in such words as *while*, *when*, *where*, he omits altogether.

4. In regard to *a*, he shows some inconsistency, sometimes giving a close and obscure sound, as *hev* for *have*, *hendy* for *handy*, *ez* for *as*, *thet* for *that*, and again giving it the broad sound it has in *father*, as *hândsone* for *handsome*.

5. To the sound *ou* he prefixes an *e* (hard to exemplify otherwise than orally).

The following passage in Shakespeare he would recite thus :—

" Neow is the winta uv eour discontent  
Med glorious summa by this sun o' Yock,  
An' all the cleouds thet leorowed upun eour heouse  
In the deep buzzum o' the oshin buried ;  
Neow air eour breows beound 'ith victorious wreaths ;  
Eour breused arms hung up fer monimunce :  
Eour starn alarums changed to merry meetins,  
Eour dreffle marches to delighfle masures.  
Grim-visaged war heth smeuthed his wrinkled front,  
An' neow, instid o' mountin' barebid steeds  
To fright the souls o' ferfle edverseries,  
He capers nimly in a lady's chämber,  
To the lascivious pleasin' uv a loot."

6. *Au*, in such words as *daughter* and *slaughter*, he pronounces *ah*.

7. To the dish thus seasoned add a drawl *ad libitum*.

[Mr. Wilbur's notes here become entirely fragmentary.—C.N.]

a. Unable to procure a likeness of Mr. Biglow, I thought the curious reader might be gratified with a sight of the editorial effigies. And here a choice between two was offered,—the one a profile (entirely black) cut by

Doyle, the other a portrait painted by a native artist of much promise. The first of these seemed wanting in expression, and in the second a slight obliquity of the visual organs has been heightened (perhaps from an over-desire of force on the part of the artist) into too close an approach to actual *strabismus*. This slight divergence in my optical apparatus from the ordinary model—however I may have been taught to regard it in the light of a mercy rather than a cross, since it enabled me to give as much of directness and personal application to my discourses as met the wants of my congregation, without risk of offending any by being supposed to have him or her in my eye (as the saying is) seemed yet to Mrs. Wilbur a sufficient objection to the engraving of the aforesaid painting. We read of many who either absolutely refused to allow the copying of their features, as especially did Plotinus and Agesilaus among the ancients, not to mention the more modern instances of Scioppius, Palæottus, Pinellus, Velserus, Gataker, and others, or were indifferent thereto, as Cromwell.

β. Yet was Cæsar desirous of concealing his baldness. *Per contra*, my Lord Protector's carefulness in the matter of his wart might be cited. Men generally more desirous of being *improved* in their portraits than characters. Shall probably find very unflattered likenesses of ourselves in Recording Angel's gallery.

γ. Whether any of our national peculiarities may be traced to our use of stoves, as a certain closeness of the lips in pronunciation, and a smothered smoulderingness of disposition seldom roused to open flame? An unrestrained intercourse with fire probably conducive to generosity and hospitality of soul. Ancient Mexicans used stoves, as the friar Augustin Ruiz reports, Hakluyt, III. 468,—but Popish priests not always reliable authority.

To-day picked my Isabella grapes. Crop injured by attacks of rose-bug in the spring. Whether Noah was justifiable in preserving this class of insects?

δ. Concerning Mr. Biglow's pedigree. Tolerably certain that there was never a poet among his ancestors. An ordination hymn attributed to a maternal uncle, but perhaps a sort of production not demanding the creative faculty.

His grandfather a painter of the grandiose or Michael Angelo school. Seldom painted objects smaller than houses or barns, and these with uncommon expression.

ε. Of the Wilburs no complete pedigree. The crest said to be a *wild boar*, whence, perhaps, the name. (?) A connection with the Earls of Wilbraham (*quasi* wild boar ham) might be made out. This suggestion worth following up. In 1677, John W. m. Expect —, had issue, 1. John, 2. Haggai, 3. Expect, 4. Ruhamah, 5. Desire.

"Hear lyes y<sup>e</sup> bodye of Mrs. Expect Wilber,  
Y<sup>e</sup> crewell salvages they kil'd her  
Together w<sup>th</sup> other Christian soles eleaven,  
October y<sup>e</sup> ix daye, 1707.  
Y<sup>e</sup> stream of Jordan sh' as crost ore  
And now expeacts me on y<sup>e</sup> other shore:  
I live in hope her soon to join;  
Her earthlye yeeres were forty and nine."

*From Gravestone in Pekussett, North Parish.*

This is unquestionably the same John who afterward (1711) married Tabitha Hagg or Ragg.

But if this were the case, she seems to have died early; for only three years after, namely, 1714, we have evidence that he married Winifred, daughter of Lieutenant Tipping.

He seems to have been a man of substance, for we find him in 1696 conveying "one undivided eightieth part of a

salt-meadow" in Yabbok, and he commanded a sloop in 1702.

Those who doubt the importance of genealogical studies *fuste potius quam argumento erudiendi*.

I trace him as far as 1723, and there lose him. In that year he was chosen selectman.

No gravestone. Perhaps overthrown when new hearse-house was built, 1802.

He was probably the son of John, who came from Bilham Comit. Salop. circa 1642.

This first John was a man of considerable importance, being twice mentioned with the honourable prefix of *Mr.* in the town records. Name spelt with two *l*-s.

"Hear lyeth y<sup>e</sup> bod [*stone unhappily broken.*]

Mr. Ihon Willber [Esq.] [*I inclose this in brackets as doubtful. To me it seems clear.*]

Ob't die [*illegible; looks like xviii.*] . . . iii [*prob. 1693.*]

. . . . . paynt  
. . . . . diseased seinte :

A friend and [fath]er untoe all y<sup>e</sup> opreast,

Hee gave y<sup>e</sup> wicked familists noe reast,

When Sat[an bl]ewe his Antinomian blaste,

Wee clong to [Wilber as a steadf]ast maste.

[A]gaynst ye horrid Qua[kers]. . . ."

It is greatly to be lamented that this curious epitaph is mutilated. It is said that the sacrilegious British soldiers made a target of this stone during the war of Independence. How odious an animosity which pauses not at the grave! How brutal that which spares not the monuments of authentic history! This is not improbably from the pen of Rev. Moody Pyran, who is mentioned by Hubbard as having been noted for a silver vein of poetry. If his papers be still extant, a copy might possibly be recovered.

the same, in which the same is the same, and the same is the same.

There is a great deal of the same in the same, and the same is the same.

I have seen a great deal of the same in the same, and the same is the same.

There is a great deal of the same in the same, and the same is the same.

I have seen a great deal of the same in the same, and the same is the same.

There is a great deal of the same in the same, and the same is the same.

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There is a great deal of the same in the same, and the same is the same.

I have seen a great deal of the same in the same, and the same is the same.

There is a great deal of the same in the same, and the same is the same.

I have seen a great deal of the same in the same, and the same is the same.

# THE BIGLOW PAPERS.

—♦—  
No. I.

## A LETTER

FROM MR. EZEKIEL BIGLOW OF JAALAM TO THE HON.  
JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, EDITOR OF THE BOSTON  
COURIER, INCLOSING A POEM OF HIS SON, MR. HOSEA  
BIGLOW.

JAYLEM, june 1846.

**M**ISTER EDDYTER:—Our Hosea wuz down to Boston last week, and he see a cruetin Sarjunt a struttin round as popler as a hen with 1 chicking, with 2 fellers a drummin and fifin arter him like all nater. the Sarjunt he thout Hosea hedn't gut his i teeth cut cos he looked a kindo's though he'd jest come down, so he cal'lated to hook him in, but Hosy woodn't take none o' his sarse for all he hed much as 20 Rooster's tales stuck on to his hat and eenamost enuf brass a bobbin up and down on his shoulders and figureed onto his coat and trousis, let alone wut nater hed sot in his featers, to make a 6 pounder out on.

wal, Hosea he com home considerabal riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I heern Him a thrashin round like a short-tailed Bull in fli-time. The old Woman ses she to me ses she, Zekle, ses she, our Hosee's gut the chollery or suthin anuther ses she, don't you Bee skeered, ses I, he's oney amakin pottery,\* ses i, he's ollers on hand at

\* *Aut insanit, aut versos facit.*—H. W.



that ere busynes like Da and martin, and shure enuf, cum mornin, Hosity he cum down stares full chizzle, hare on eend and cote tales flyin, and sot rite of to go reed his vases to Parson Wilbur bein he haint aney grate shows o' book larnin himself, bimeby he cum back and sed the parson wuz drefle tickled with 'em as i hoop you will Be, and said they wuz True grit.

Hosea ses taint hardly fair to call 'em hisn now, cos the parson kind o' slicked off sum o' the last vases, but he told Hosee he didn't want to put his ore in to tetch to the Rest on em, bein they wuz verry well As thay wuz, and then Hosity ses he sed suthin a nuther about Simplex Mundishes or sum sech feller, but I guess Hosea kind o' didn't hear him, for I never hearn o' nobody o' that name in this villadge, and I've lived here man and boy 76 year cum next tater diggin, and thair aint no wheres a kitting spryer 'n I be.

If you print 'em I wish you'd jest let folks know who hosity's father is, cos my aunt Keziah used to say it's nater to be curus ses she, she ain't livin though and he's a likely kind o' lad.

EZEKIEL BIGLOW.

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THRASH away, ye'll hev to rattle  
 On them kittle-drums o' yourn,—  
 'Tain't a knowin' kind o' cattle  
 Thet is ketched with mouldy corn;  
 Put in stiff, you fifer feller,  
 Let folks see how spry you be,—  
 Guess you'll toot till you are yellor  
 Fore you git ahold o' me!

Thet air flag's a leetle rotten,  
 Hope it ain't your Sunday's best;—



Fact ! it takes a sight o' cotton  
To stuff out a soger's chest ;  
Sence we farmers hev to pay fer't,  
Ef you must wear humps like these,  
Sposin' you should try salt hay fer't,  
It would du ez slick ez grease.  
'Twouldn't suit them Southun fellers,  
They're a dreffle graspin' set,  
We must ollers blow the bellers  
Wen they want their irons het ;  
May be it's all right ez preachin',  
But *my* narves it kind o' grates,  
Wen I see the overreachin'  
O' them nigger-drivin' States.  
Them thet rule us, them slave-traders,  
Hain't they cut a thunderin' swarth  
(Helped by Yankee renegaders),  
Thru the vartu o' the North !  
We begin to think it's nater  
To take sarse an' not be riled ;—  
Who'd expect to see a tater  
All on cend at bein' biled ?  
Ez fer war, I call it murder,—  
There you hev it plain an' flat ;  
I don't want to go no further  
Than my Testymet fer that ;  
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,  
It's ez long ez it is broad,  
An' you've gut to git up airly  
Ef you want to take in God.  
'Tain't your eppyletts an' feathers  
Make the thing a grain more right ;  
'Tain't afollerin' your bell-wethers  
Will excuse ye in His sight ;

Ef you take a sword an' dror it,  
An' go stick a feller thru,  
Guv'ment ain't to answer for it,  
God 'll send the bill to you.

Wut's the use o' meetin'-goin'  
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,  
Ef it's right to go amowin'  
Feller-men like oats an' rye?  
I dunno but wut it's pooty  
Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—  
But it's curus Christian dooty  
This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats.

They may talk o' Freedom's airy  
Tell they're pupple in the face,—  
It's a grand gret cemetary  
Fer the barthrights of our race ;  
They jest want this Californy  
So's to lug new slave-states in  
To abuse ye, an' to scorn ye,  
An' to plunder ye like sin.

Ain't it cute to see a Yankee  
Take sech everlastin' pains,  
All to git the Devil's thankee  
Helpin' on 'em weld their chains?  
Wy, it's jest ez clear ez figgers,  
Clear ez one an' one make two,  
Chaps thet make black slaves o' niggers  
Want to make wite slaves o' you.

Tell ye jest the eend I've come to  
Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,  
An' it makes a handy sum, tu,  
Any gump could larn by heart ;

Laborin' man an' laborin' woman,  
Hev one glory an' one shame.  
Ev'y thin' thet's done inhuman  
Injers all on 'em the same.

'Tain't by turnin' out to hack folks  
You're agoin' to git your right,  
Nor by lookin' down on black folks  
Coz you're put upon by wite ;  
Slavery ain't o' nary colour,  
'Tain't the hide thet makes it wus,  
All it keers fer in a feller  
'S jest to make him fill its pus.

Want to tackle *me* in, du ye?  
I expect you'll hev to wait ;  
Wen cold lead puts daylight thru ye  
You'll begin to kal'late ;  
S'pose the crows wun't fall to pickin'  
All the carkiss from your bones,  
Coz you helped to give a lickin'  
To them poor half-Spanish drones ?

Jest go home an' ask our Nancy  
Wether I'd be sech a goose  
Ez to jine ye,—guess you'd fancy  
The etarnal bung wuz loose !  
She wants me fer home consumption,  
Let alone the hay's to mow,—  
Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,  
You've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors thet's crowin'  
Like a cockerel three months old,—  
Don't ketch any on em goin',  
Though they *be* so blasted bold ;

*Ain't* they a prime lot o' fellers?  
 'Fore they think on't they will sprout  
 (Like a peach thet's got the yellors),  
 With the meanness bustin' out.

Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'  
 Bigger pens to cram with slaves,  
 Help the men thet's ollers dealin'  
 Insults on your fathers' graves ;  
 Help the strong to grind the feeble,  
 Help the many agin the few,  
 Help the men thet call your people  
 Witewashed slaves an' peddlin' crew !

Massachussetts, God forgive her,  
 She's akneelin' with the rest,  
 She, thet ough' to ha' clung fer ever  
 In her grand old eagle-nest ;  
 She thet ough' to stand so fearless  
 Wile the wracks are round her hurled,  
 Holdin' up a beacon peerless  
 To the oppressed of all the world !

Hain't they sold your coloured seamen ?  
 Hain't they made your env'ys wiz ?  
*Wut* 'll make ye act like freemen ?  
*Wut* 'll git your dander riz ?  
 Come, I'll tell ye wut I'm thinkin'  
 Is our dooty in this fix,  
 They'd ha' done 't ez quick ez winkin'  
 In the days o' seventy-six.

Clang the bells in every steeple,  
 Call all true men to disown  
 The tradoochers of our people,  
 The enslavers o' their own ;

Let our dear old Bay State proudly  
Put the trumpet to her mouth,  
Let her ring this messidge loudly  
In the ears of all the South :—

“ I’ll return ye good fer evil  
Much ez we frail mortils can,  
But I wun’t go help the Devil  
Makin’ man the cus o’ man ;  
Call me coward, call me traiter,  
Jest ez suits your mean idees,—  
Here I stand a tyrant-hater,  
An’ the friend o’ God an’ Peace !”

Ef I’d *my* way I hed ruther  
We should go to work an’ part,—  
They take one way, we take t’other,—  
Guess it wouldn’t break my heart ;  
Man hed ough’ to put asunder  
Them thet God has noways jined ;  
An I shouldn’t gretly wonder  
Ef there’s thousands o’ my mind.

[The first recruiting sergeant on record I conceive to have been that individual who is mentioned in the Book of Job as *going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it*. Bishop Latimer will have him to have been a bishop, but to me that other calling would appear more congenial. The sect of Cainites is not yet extinct, who esteemed the first-born of Adam to be the most worthy, not only because of that privilege of primogeniture, but inasmuch as he was able to overcome and slay his younger brother. That was a wise saying of the famous Marquis Pescara to the Papal Legate, that *it was impossible for men to serve Mars and Christ at the same time*. Yet in time past the profession of arms was judged to be *κατ’ ἐξοχήν* that of a gentleman, nor does this opinion want for strenuous upholders even in our day. Must we suppose, then, that the profession of Christianity was only intended for losels, or, at best, to afford an opening for plebeian ambition? Or shall we hold with that nicely metaphysical Pomeranian, Captain Vratz, who was Count Königsmark’s chief instrument in the murder of Mr.

Thynne, that the Scheme of Salvation has been arranged with an especial eye to the necessities of the upper classes, and that "God would consider *a gentleman* and deal with him suitably to the condition and profession He had placed him in?" It may be said of us all, *Exemplo plus quam ratione vivimus*.—H.W.]

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No. II.

A LETTER

FROM MR. HOSEA BIGLOW TO THE HON. J. T. BUCKINGHAM, EDITOR OF THE "BOSTON COURIER," COVERING A LETTER FROM MR. B. SAWIN, PRIVATE IN THE MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.

[This letter of Mr. Sawin's was not originally written in verse. Mr. Biglow thinking it peculiarly susceptible of metrical adornment, translated it, so to speak, into his own vernacular tongue. This is not the time to consider the question, whether rhyme be a mode of expression natural to the human race. If leisure from other and more important avocations be granted, I will handle the matter more at large in an appendix to the present volume. In this place I will barely remark, that I have sometimes noticed in the unlanguageed prattlings of infants a fondness for alliteration, assonance, and even rhyme, in which natural predisposition we may trace the three degrees through which our Anglo-Saxon verse rose to its culmination in the poetry of Pope. I would not be understood as questioning in these remarks that pious theory which supposes that children, if left entirely to themselves, would naturally discourse in Hebrew. For this the authority of one experiment is claimed, and I could, with Sir Thomas Browne, desire its establishment, inasmuch as the acquirement of that sacred tongue would thereby be facilitated. I am aware that Herodotus states the conclusion of Psammeticus to have been in favour of a dialect of the Phrygian. But, beside the chance that a trial of this importance would hardly be blessed to a Pagan monarch whose only motive was curiosity, we have on the Hebrew side the comparatively recent investigation of James the Fourth of Scotland. I will add to this prefatory remark, that Mr. Sawin, though a native of Jaalam, has never been a stated attendant on the religious exercises of my congregation. I consider my humble efforts prospered in that not one of my sheep hath ever indued the wolf's clothing of war, save for the comparatively innocent diversion of a militia training. Not that my flock are backward to undergo the hardships of *defensive* warfare. They serve cheerfully in the great army which fights even unto death *pro aris et focis*, accoutred with

the spade, the axe, the plane, the sledge, the spelling-book, and other such effectual weapons against want and ignorance and unthrift. I have taught them (under God) to esteem our human institutions as but tents of a night, to be stricken whenever Truth puts the bugle to her lips and sounds a march to the heights of wider-viewed intelligence and more perfect organisation. —H. W.]

MISTER BUCKINUM, the follerin Billet was writ hum by a Yung feller of our town that wuz cussed fool enuff to goe atrottin inter Miss Chiff arter a Drum and fife. it ain't Nater for a feller to let on that he's sick o' any bizness that He went intu off his own free will and a Cord, but I rather cal'late he's middlin tired o' voluntearin By this Time. I bleeve u may put dependunts on his statemence. For I never heered nothin bad on him let Alone his havin what Parson Wilbur cals a *pong shong* for cocktales, and he ses it wuz a soshiashun of idees sot him agoin arter the Crootin Sargient cos he wore a cock-tale onto his hat.

his Folks gin the letter to me and i shew it to parson Wilbur and he ses it oughter Bee printed. send It to mister Buckinum, ses he, i don't ollers agree with him, ses he, but by Time,\* ses he, I *du* like a feller that aint a Feared.

I have intusspussed a Few refleckshuns hear and thair. We're kind o' prest with Hayin.—Ewers respectfly

HOSEA BIGLOW.

THIS kind o' sogerin' ain't a mite like our October trainin',

A chap could clear right out from there ef't only looked like rainin',

\* In relation to this expression, I cannot but think that Mr. Biglow has been too hasty in attributing it to me. Though Time be a comparatively innocent personage to swear by, and though Longinus in his discourse *Περὶ Ὑψους* have commended timely oaths as not only a useful but sublime figure of speech, yet I have always kept my lips free from that abomination. *Odi profanum vulgus*, I hate your swearing and hectoring fellows.—H. W.



An' th' Cunnles, tu, could kiver up their shappoes with  
bandanners,  
An' send the insines skootin' to the bar-room with their  
banners  
(Fear o' gittin' on 'em spotted), an' a feller could cry  
quarter  
Ef he fired away his ramrod arter tu much rum and  
water.  
Recollect wut fun we hed, you'n' I an' Ezry Hollis,  
Up there to Waltham plain last fall, along o' the Corn-  
wallis? \*  
This sort o' thing ain't *jest* like thet,—I wish thet I wuz  
further,†—  
Nimepunce a day fer killin' folks comes kind o' low fer  
murder,  
(Wy I've worked out to slarterin' some fer Deacon  
Cephas Billins,  
An' in the hardest times there wuz I ollers tetched ten  
shillins,)  
There's sutthin' gits into my throat thet makes it hard to  
swaller,  
It comes so nateral to think about a hempen collar ;  
It's glory,—but, in spite o' all my tryin' to get callous,  
I feel a kind o' in a cart, aridin' to the gallus.  
But wen it comes to *bein'* killed,—I tell ye I felt streaked  
The fust time't ever I found out wy baggonets wuz  
peaked ;  
Here's how it wuz : I started out to go to a fandango,  
The sentinul he ups an' sez, " Thet's furder 'an you can  
go."  
" None o' your sarse," sez I ; sez he, " Stan' back !"  
" Ain't you a buster ?"

\* i hait the Site of a feller with a muskit as I du pizn But  
their *is* fun to a cornwallis I ain't agoin' to deny it.—H. B.

† he means Not quite so fur I guess.—H. B.



Sez I, "I'm up to all thet air, I guess I've ben to muster ;

I know wy sentinuls air sot ; you ain't agoin' to eat us ;

Caleb hain't no monopoly to court the seenoreetas ;

My folks to hum air full ez good ez hisn be, by golly !

An so ez I wuz goin' by, not thinkin' wut would folly,

The everlastin' cus he stuck his one-pronged pitchfork  
in me

An made a hole right thru my close ez ef I wuz an  
in'my.

Wal, it beats a'll how big I felt hoorawin' in ole Funnel,  
Wen Mister Bolles he gin the sword to our Leftenant  
Cunnle,

(It's Mister Secondary Bolles,\* thet writ the prize peace  
essay ;

Thet's why he didn't list himself along o' us, I dessay,)

An' Rantoul, tu, talked pooty loud, but don't put *his*  
foot in it,

Coz human life's so sacred thet he's principled agin it,—

Though I myself can't rightly see it's any wus achokin'  
on 'em,

Than puttin' bullets thru their lights, or with a bagnet  
pokin' on 'em ;

How dreffle slick he reeled it off (like Blitz at our lyceum  
Ahaulin' ribbins from his chops so quick you skeercely  
see 'em),

About the Anglo-Saxon race (an' saxons would be handy  
To du the buryin' down here upon the Rio Grandy),

About our patriotic pas an' our star-spangled banner,

Our country's bird alookin' on an' singin' out hosanner,

An' how he (Mister B. himself) wuz happy fer Ameriky,—

I felt, ez sister Patience sez, a leetle mite histericky.

\* the ignerant creeter means Sekketary ; but he ollers stuck  
to his book, like cobbler's wax to an ile-stone.—H. B.

I felt, I swon, ez though it wuz a dreffle kind o' privilege  
Atrampin' round thru Boston streets among the gutter's  
drivelage ;

I act'lly thought it wuz a treat to hear a little drummin',  
An' it did bonyfidy seem millanyum wuz acomin'

Wen all on us got suits (darned like them wore in the  
state prison)

An' every feller felt ez though all Mexico wuz hisn.\*

This 'ere's about the meanest place a skunk could wal  
diskiver

(Saltillo's Mexican, I b'lieve, fer wut we call Salt-river) ;

The sort o' trash a feller gits to eat doos beat all nater,

I'd give a year's pay fer a smell o' one good blue-nose  
tater ;

The country here thet Mister Bolles declared to be so  
charmin'

Throughout is swarmin' with the most alarmin' kind o'  
varmin'.

He talked about delishis froot, but then it wuz a wopper  
all,

The holl on 't 's mud an' prickly pears, with here an'  
there a chapparal ;

You see a feller peekin' out, an fust you know, a lariat

Is round your throat an' you a copse, 'fore you can say,

" Wut air ye at ? " †

\* it must be aloud that there's a streak of nater in lovin' sho,  
but it sartinly is 1 of the curusest things in nater to see a ris-  
pecktable dri goods dealer (deekon of a chutch mayby) a riggin'  
himself out in the Weigh they du and struttin' round in the  
Reign aspinin' his trowsis and makin' wet goods of himself. Ef  
any thin's foolisher and moor dicklus than militerry gloary it is  
milishy gloary.—H. B.

† these fellers are verry proppilly called Rank Heroes, and  
the more tha kill the ranker and more Herowick tha bekum.—  
H. B.

You never see sech darned gret bugs (it may not be irrelevant

To say I've seen a *scarabæus pilularius* \* big ez a year old elephant),

The rigiment come up one day in time to stop a red bug  
From runnin' off with Cunnle Wright,—'twuz jest a  
common *cimex lectularius*.

One night I started up on eend an' thought I wuz to  
hum agin,

I heern a horn, thinks I it's Sol the fisherman hez come  
agin.

His bellowses is sound enough,—ez I'm a livin' creeter,  
I felt a thing go thru my leg,—'twuz nothin' more'n a  
skeeter !

Then there's the yaller fever, tu, they call it here el  
vomito,—

(Come, thet wun't du, you land-crab there, I tell ye to le'  
go my toe !

My gracious ! it's a scorpion thet's took a shine to play  
with 't,

I darsn't skeer the tarnal thing fer fear he'd run away  
with 't.)

Afore I come away from hum I hed a strong persuasion  
Thet Mexicans worn't human beans,†—an ourang outang  
nation,

A sort o' folks a chap could kill an' never dream on't arter,  
No more'n a feller'd dream o' pigs thet he hed hed to  
slarter ;

\* it wuz "tumblebug" as he Writ it. but the parson put the  
Latten instid. i sed t'other maid better meeter, but he said tha  
was eddykated peepl to Boston and tha wouldn't stan' it no how.  
idnow as tha *wood* and idnow *as* tha wood.—H. B.

† he means human beins, that's wut he means. i spose he  
kinder thought tha wuz human beans ware the Xisle Poles  
comes from.—H. B.

I'd an idee thet they were built arter the darkie fashion all,  
An' kickin' colored folks about, you know, 's a kind o'  
national ;

But wen I jined I wornt so wise ez thet air queen o'  
Sheby,

Fer, come to look at 'em, they ain't much diffrent from  
wut we be,

An' here we air ascrougin' 'em out o' thir own dominions,  
Ashelterin' 'em, ez Caleb sez, under our eagle's pinions,  
Wich means to take a feller up jest by the slack o' 's  
trowsis,

An' walk him Spanish clean right out o' all his homes  
an' houses ;

Wal, it doos seem a curus way, but then hooraw fer  
Jackson !

It must be right, fer Caleb sez it's reg'lar Anglo-saxon.

The Mex'cans don't fight fair, they say, they piz'n all the  
water,

An' du amazin' lots o' things thet isn't wut they ough'  
to ;

Bein' they hain't no lead, they make their bullets out o'  
copper,

An' shoot the darned things at us, tu, wich Caleb sez  
aint proper ;

He sez they'd ough' to stan' right up an' let us pop 'em  
fairly

(Guess wen he ketches 'em at thet he'll hev to git up  
airly),

Thet our nation's bigger n theirn an' so its rights air  
bigger,

An' thet it's all to make 'em free thet we air pullin'  
trigger,

Thet Anglo Saxondom's idee's abreakin' 'em to pieces,

An' thet idee's thet every man doos jest wut he damn  
pleases ;

Ef I don't make his meanin' clear, perhaps in some  
respex I can,  
I know thet "every man" don't mean a nigger or a  
Mexican ;  
An' there's another thing I know, an' thet is, ef these  
creeturs,  
Thet stick an Anglosaxon mask onto State-prison feeturs,  
Should come to Jaalam Centre fer to argify an' spout on't,  
The gals 'ould count the silver spoons the minnit they  
cleared out on't.

This goin' ware glory waits ye hain't one agreeable  
feetur,  
An' ef it worn't fer wakin' snakes, I'd home agin short  
meter ;  
Oh, wouldn't I be off quick time, ef 't worn't thet I wuz  
sartin  
They'd let the daylight into me to pay me fer desartin' !  
I don't approve o' tellin' tales, but jest to you I may  
state  
Our ossifers ain't wut they wuz afore they left the Bay-  
state ;  
Then it wuz " Mister Sawin, sir, you're middlin' well now,  
be ye ?  
Step up an' take a nipper, sir ; I'm dreffle glad to see  
ye ;"  
But now it's " Ware's my eppylet ? here, Sawin, step an'  
fetch it !  
An' mind your eye, be thund'rin' spry, or, damn ye, you  
shall ketch it !"  
Wal, ez the Doctor sez, some pork will bile so, but by  
mighty  
Ef I hed sum on 'em to hum, I'd give 'em linkum vity,  
I'd play the rogue's march on their hides an' other music  
follerin'

But I must close my letter here, fer one on 'em's  
ahollerin',

These Anglosaxon ossifers,—wal, tain't no use ajawin',  
I'm safe enlisted fer the war, Yourn,

BIRDOFREDOM SAWIN.

[Those have not been wanting (as, indeed, when hath Satan been to seek for attorneys?) who have maintained that our late inroad upon Mexico was undertaken, not so much for the avenging of any national quarrel, as for the spreading of free institutions and of Protestantism. *Capita vix duabus Anticyris medenda!* Verily I admire that no pious sergeant among these new Crusaders beheld Martin Luther riding at the front of the host upon a tamed pontifical bull, as, in that former invasion of Mexico, the zealous Gomara (spawn though he were of the Scarlet Woman) was favoured with a vision of St. James of Compostella, skewering the infidels upon his apostolical lance. We read, also, that Richard of the lion heart, having gone to Palestine on a similar errand of mercy, was divinely encouraged to cut the throats of such Paynims as refused to swallow the bread of life (doubtless that they might be thereafter incapacitated for swallowing the filthy gobbets of Mahound) by angels of heaven, who cried to the king and his knights,—*Seigneurs, tuez! tuez!* providentially using the French tongue, as being the only one understood by their auditors. This would argue for the pantoglottism of these celestial intelligences, while, on the other hand, the Devil, *teste* Cotton Mather, is unversed in certain of the Indian dialects. Yet must he be a semeiologist the most expert, making himself intelligible to every people and kindred by signs; no other discourse, indeed, being needful, than such as the mackerel-fisher holds with his finned quarry, who, if other bait be wanting, can by a bare bit of white rag at the end of a string captivate those foolish fishes. Such piscatorial oratory is Satan cunning in. Before one he trails a hat and feather, or a bare feather without a hat; before another, a Presidential chair or a tide-waiter's stool, or a pulpit in the city, no matter what. To us, dangling there over our heads, they seem junkets dropped out of the seventh heaven, sops dipped in nectar, but, once in our mouths, they are all one, bits of fuzzy cotton.

This, however, by the way. It is time now *revocare gradum*. While so many miracles of this sort, vouched by eye-witnesses, have encouraged the arms of Papists, not to speak of Echelæus at Marathon and those *Dioscuri* (whom we must concludeimps of the pit) who sundry times captained the pagan Roman soldiery, it is strange that our first American crusade was not

in some such wise also signalised. Yet it is said that the Lord hath manifestly prospered our armies. This opens the question, whether, when our hands are strengthened to make great slaughter of our enemies, it be absolutely and demonstratively certain that this might is added to us from above, or whether some Potentate from an opposite quarter may not have a finger in it, as there are few pies into which his meddling digits are not thrust. Would the Sanctifier and Setter-apart of the seventh day have assisted in a victory gained on the Sabbath, as was one in the late war? Or has that day become less an object of His especial care since the year 1697, when so manifest a providence occurred to Mr. William Trowbridge, in answer to whose prayers, when he and all on shipboard with him were starving, a dolphin was sent daily, "which was enough to serve 'em; only on *Saturdays* they still caught a couple, and on the *Lord's days* they could catch none at all?" Haply they might have been permitted, by way of mortification, to take some few sculpins (those banes of the salt-water angler), which unseemly fish would, moreover, have conveyed to them a symbolical reproof for their breach of the day, being known in the rude dialect of our mariners as *Cape Cod Clergymen*.

It has been a refreshment to many nice consciences to know that our Chief Magistrate would not regard with eyes of approval the (by many esteemed) sinful pastime of dancing, and I own myself to be so far of that mind, that I could not but set my face against this Mexican Polka, though danced to the Presidential piping with a Gubernatorial second. If ever the country should be seized with another such mania *de propaganda fide*, I think it would be wise to fill our bombshells with alternate copies of the Cambridge Platform and the Thirty-nine Articles, which would produce a mixture of the highest explosive power, and to wrap every one of our cannon-balls in a leaf of the New Testament, the reading of which is denied to those who sit in the darkness of Popery. Those iron evangelists would thus be able to disseminate vital religion and Gospel truth in quarters inaccessible to the ordinary missionary. I have seen lads, unimpregnate with the more sublimated punctiliousness of Walton, secure pickerel, taking their unwary *siesta* beneath the lily-pads too nigh the surface, with a gun and small shot. Why not, then, since gunpowder was unknown in the time of the Apostles (not to enter here upon the question whether it were discovered before that period by the Chinese), suit our metaphor to the age in which we live, and say *shooters* as well as *fishers* of men?

I do much fear that we shall be seized now and then with a Protestant fervour, as long as we have neighbour Naboths whose wallowings in Papistical mire excite our horror in exact proportion to the size and desirableness of their vineyards. Yet I rejoice that some earnest Protestants have been made by this



war,—I mean those who protested against it. Fewer they were than I could wish, for one might imagine America to have been colonised by a tribe of those nondescript African animals the Aye-Ayes, so difficult a word is *No* to us all. There is some malformation or defect of the vocal organs, which either prevents our uttering it at all, or gives it so thick a pronunciation as to be unintelligible. A mouth filled with the national pudding, or watering in expectation thereof, is wholly incompetent to this refractory monosyllable. An abject and herpetic Public Opinion is the Pope, the Anti-Christ, for us to protest against *e corde cor-dium*. And by what College of Cardinals is this our God's vicar, our binder and looser, elected? Very like, by the sacred conclave of Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, in the gracious atmosphere of the grog-shop. Yet it is of this that we must all be puppets. This thumps the pulpit-cushion, this guides the editor's pen, this wags the senator's tongue. This decides what Scriptures are canonical, and shuffles Christ away into the Apocrypha. According to that sentence fathered upon Solon, Οὕτω δημόσιον κακὸν ἔρχεται οἰκαδ' ἐλάστω. This unclean spirit is skilful to assume various shapes. I have known it to enter my own study and nudge my elbow of a Saturday, under the semblance of a wealthy member of my congregation. It were a great blessing, if every particular of what in the sum we call popular sentiment could carry about the name of its manufacturer stamped legibly upon it. I gave a stab under the fifth rib to that pestilent fallacy,—“Our country, right or wrong,”—by tracing its original to a speech of Ensign Cilley at a dinner of the Bungtown Fencibles.—H. W.]

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### No. III.

#### WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

[A few remarks on the following verses will not be out of place. The satire in them was not meant to have any personal; but only a general, application. Of the gentleman upon whose letter they were intended as a commentary Mr. Biglow had never heard, till he saw the letter itself. The position of the satirist is oftentimes one which he would not have chosen; had the election been left to himself. In attacking bad principles, he is obliged to select some individual who has made himself their exponent, and in whom they are impersonate, to the end that what he says may not, through ambiguity, be dissipated *tenues in auras*. For what says Seneca? *Longum iter per præcepta, breve et efficace per exempla*. A bad principle is comparatively harmless while it continues to be an abstraction, nor can the general mind comprehend it fully till it is printed in that large type which all men can read at sight, namely, the life and



character, the sayings and doings, of particular persons. It is one of the cunningest fetches of Satan, that he never exposes himself directly to our arrows, but, still dodging behind this neighbour or that acquaintance, compels us to wound him through them, if at all. He holds our affections as hostages, the while he patches up a truce with our conscience.

Meanwhile, let us not forget that the aim of the true satirist is not to be severe upon persons, but only upon falsehood, and as Truth and Falsehood start from the same point, and sometimes even go along together for a little way, his business is to follow the path of the latter after it diverges, and to show her floundering in the bog at the end of it. Truth is quite beyond the reach of satire. There is so brave a simplicity in her, that she can no more be made ridiculous than an oak or a pine. The danger of the satirist is, that continual use may deaden his sensibility to the force of language. He becomes more and more liable to strike harder than he knows or intends. He may be careful to put on his boxing gloves, and yet forget that the older they grow, the more plainly may the knuckles inside be felt. Moreover, in the heat of contest, the eye is insensibly drawn to the crown of victory, whose tawdry tinsel glitters through that dust of the ring which obscures Truth's wreath of simple leaves. I have sometimes thought that my young friend, Mr. Biglow, needed a monitory hand laid on his arm,—*aliquid sufflaminandus erat*. I have never thought it good husbandry to water the tender plants of reform with *aqua fortis*, yet, where so much is to do in the beds, he were a sorry gardener who should wage a whole day's war with an iron scuffle on those ill weeds that make the garden-walks of life unsightly, when a sprinkle of Attic salt will wither them up. *Est ars etiam maledicendi*, says Scaliger, and truly it is a hard thing to say where the graceful gentleness of the lamb merges in downright sheepishness. We may conclude with worthy and wise Dr. Fuller, that "one may be a lamb in private wrongs, but in hearing general affronts to goodness they are asses which are not lions."—H. W.]

GUVERNER B. is a sensible man ;

He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks ;

He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,

An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes ;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

My ! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du?

We can't never choose him o' course,—thet's flat ;  
Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't you?)

An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that ;

Fer John P.

Robinson he

Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a drefle smart man :

He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf ;  
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—

He's been true to *one* party,—an' thet is himself ;—

So John P.

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

Gineral C. he goes in fer the war ;

He don't vally principle more'n an old cud ;  
Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,  
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?

So John P.

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,  
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut ain't,  
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,  
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint ;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,  
An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is our country.  
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book  
Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry* ;

An' John P.

Robinson he

Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies ;

Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum* :

An' thet all this big talk of our destinies

Is half on it ign'ance, an' t'other half rum ;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez it ain't no sech thing ; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life

Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,

An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,

To git some on 'em office, an some on 'em votes ;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us

The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow,—

God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,

To start the world's team wen it gits in a slough ;

Fer John P.

Robinson he

Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee !

[The attentive reader will doubtless have perceived in the foregoing poem an allusion to that pernicious sentiment,—"Our country, right or wrong." It is an abuse of language to call a certain portion of land, much more certain personages, elevated for the time being to high station, our country. I would not sever nor loosen a single one of those ties by which we are united to the spot of our birth, nor minish by a tittle the respect due to the Magistrate. I love our own Bay State too well to do the one, and as for the other, I have myself for nigh forty years exercised, however unworthily, the function of Justice of the Peace, having been called thereto by the unsolicited kindness

of that most excellent man and upright patriot, Caleb Strong. *Patriæ fumus igne alieno luculentior* is best qualified with this, — *Ubi libertas, ibi patria*. We are inhabitants of two worlds, and owe a double, but not a divided allegiance. In virtue of our clay, this little ball of earth exacts a certain loyalty of us, while, in our capacity as spirits, we are admitted citizens of an invisible and holier fatherland. There is a patriotism of the soul whose claim absolves us from our other and terrene fealty. Our true country is that ideal realm which we represent to ourselves under the names of religion, duty, and the like. Our terrestrial organisations are but far-off approaches to so fair a model, and all they are verily traitors who resist not any attempt to divert them from this their original intendment. When, therefore, one would have us to fling up our caps and shout with the multitude, — “*Our country, however bounded!*” he demands of us that we sacrifice the larger to the less, the higher to the lower, and that we yield to the imaginary claims of a few acres of soil our duty and privilege as liegemen of Truth. Our true country is bounded on the north and the south, on the east and the west, by Justice, and when she oversteps that invisible boundary-line by so much as a hair’s-breadth, she ceases to be our mother, and chooses rather to be looked upon *quasi noverca*. That is a hard choice when our earthly love of country calls upon us to tread one path and our duty points us to another. We must make as noble and becoming an election as did Penelope between Icarius and Ulysses. Veiling our faces, we must take silently the hand of Duty to follow her.

Shortly after the publication of the foregoing poem, there appeared some comments upon it in one of the public prints which seemed to call for animadversion. I accordingly addressed to Mr. Buckingham, of the *Boston Courier*, the following letter :—

“JAALAM, November 4, 1847.

“*To the Editor of the Courier :*

“RESPECTED SIR,—Calling at the post-office this morning, our worthy and efficient postmaster offered for my perusal a paragraph in the *Boston Morning Post* of the 3d instant, wherein certain effusions of the pastoral muse are attributed to the pen of Mr. James Russell Lowell. For aught I know or can affirm to the contrary, this Mr. Lowell may be a very deserving person and a youth of parts (though I have seen verses of his which I could never rightly understand); and if he be such, he, I am certain, as well as I, would be free from any proclivity to appropriate to himself whatever of credit (or discredit) may honestly belong to another. I am confident, that, in penning these few lines, I am only forestalling a disclaimer from that young gentleman, whose silence hitherto, when rumour pointed to himward, has excited in my bosom mingled emotions of sorrow

and surprise. Well may my young parishioner, Mr. Biglow, exclaim with the poet,

'Sic vos non vobis,' &c. ;

though, in saying this, I would not convey the impression that he is a proficient in the Latin tongue,—the tongue, I might add, of a Horace and a Tully.

"Mr. B. does not employ his pen, I can safely say, for any lucre of worldly gain, or to be exalted by the carnal plaudits of men, *digito monstrari*, &c. He does not wait upon Providence for mercies, and in his heart mean *merces*. But I should esteem myself as verily deficient in my duty (who am his friend and in some unworthy sort his spiritual *fidus Achates*, &c.), if I did not step forward to claim for him whatever measure of applause might be assigned to him by the judicious.

"If this were a fitting occasion, I might venture here a brief dissertation touching the manner and kind of my young friend's poetry. But I dubitate whether this abstruser sort of speculation (though enlivened by some apposite instances from Aristophanes) would sufficiently interest your oppidan readers. As regards their satirical tone, and their plainness of speech, I will only say, that, in my pastoral experience, I have found that the Arch-Enemy loves nothing better than to be treated as a religious, moral, and intellectual being, and that there is no *apage Sathanas!* so potent as ridicule. But it is a kind of weapon that must have a button of good-nature on the point of it.

"The productions of Mr. B. have been stigmatised in some quarters as unpatriotic ; but I can vouch that he loves his native soil with that hearty, though discriminating, attachment which springs from an intimate social intercourse of many years' standing. In the ploughing season, no one has a deeper share in the well-being of the country than he. If Dean Swift were right in saying that he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before confers a greater benefit on the state than he who taketh a city, Mr. B. might exhibit a fairer claim to the Presidency than General Scott himself. I think that some of those disinterested lovers of the hard-handed democracy, whose fingers have never touched anything rougher than the dollars of our common country, would hesitate to compare palms with him. It would do your heart good, respected sir, to see that young man mow. He cuts a cleaner and wider swath than any in this town.

"But it is time for me to be at my *Post*. It is very clear that my young friend's shot has struck the lintel, for the *Post* is shaken (Amos ix. 1). The editor of that paper is a strenuous advocate of the Mexican war, and a colonel, as I am given to understand. I presume that, being necessarily absent in Mexico, he has left his journal in some less judicious hands. At any

rate, the *Post* has been too swift on this occasion. It could hardly have cited a more incontrovertible line from any poem than that which it has selected for animadversion, namely,—

‘We kind o’ thought Christ went agin war an’ pillage.’

“If the *Post* maintains the converse of this proposition, it can hardly be considered as a safe guide-post for the moral and religious portions of its party, however many other excellent qualities of a post it may be blessed with. There is a sign in London on which is painted,—‘The Green Man.’ It would do very well as a portrait of any individual who would support so unscriptural a thesis. As regards the language of the line in question, I am bold to say that He who readeth the hearts of men will not account any dialect unseemly which conveys a sound and pious sentiment. I could wish that such sentiments were more common, however uncouthly expressed. Saint Ambrose affirms, that *veritas a quocunque* (why not, then, *quomodocunque*?) *dicatur, a spiritu sancto est*. Digest also this of Baxter: ‘The plainest words are the most profitable oratory in the weightiest matters.’

“When the paragraph in question was shown to Mr. Biglow, the only part of it which seemed to give him any dissatisfaction was that which classed him with the Whig party. He says, that, if resolutions are a nourishing kind of diet, that party must be in a very hearty and flourishing condition; for that they have quietly eaten more good ones of their own baking than he could have conceived to be possible without repletion. He has been for some years past (I regret to say) an ardent opponent of those sound doctrines of protective policy which form so prominent a portion of the creed of that party. I confess that, in some discussions which I have had with him on this point in my study, he has displayed a vein of obstinacy which I had not hitherto detected in his composition. He is also (*horresco referens*) infected in no small measure with the peculiar notions of a print called the *Liberator*, whose heresies I take every proper opportunity of combating, and of which, I thank God, I have never read a single line.

“I did not see Mr. B.’s verses until they appeared in print, and there *is* certainly one thing in them which I consider highly improper. I allude to the personal references to myself by name. To confer notoriety on an humble individual who is labouring quietly in his vocation, and who keeps his cloth as free as he can from the dust of the political arena (though *væ mihi si non evangelizavero*), is no doubt an indecorum. The sentiments which he attributes to me I will not deny to be mine. They were embodied, though in a different form, in a discourse preached upon the last day of public fasting, and were acceptable to my entire people (of whatever political views), except the

post-master, who dissented *ex officio*. I observe that you sometimes devote a portion of your paper to a religious summary. I should be well pleased to furnish a copy of my discourse for insertion in this department of your instructive journal. By omitting the advertisements, it might easily be got within the limits of a single number, and I venture to insure you the sale of some scores of copies in this town. I will cheerfully render myself responsible for ten. It might possibly be advantageous to issue it as an *extra*. But perhaps you will not esteem it an object, and I will not press it. My offer does not spring from any weak desire of seeing my name in print; for I can enjoy this satisfaction at any time by turning to the Triennial Catalogue of the University, where it also possesses that added emphasis of Italics with which those of my calling are distinguished.

"I would simply add, that I continue to fit ingenuous youth for college, and that I have two spacious and airy sleeping apartments at this moment unoccupied. *Ingenuas didicisse*, &c. Terms, which vary according to the circumstances of the parents may be known on application to me by letter, post-paid. In all cases the lad will be expected to fetch his own towels. This rule, Mrs. W. desires me to add, has no exceptions.

"Respectfully, your obedient servant,  
"HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

"P.S.—Perhaps the last paragraph may look like an attempt to obtain the insertion of my circular gratuitously. If it should appear to you in that light, I desire that you would erase it, or charge for it at the usual rates, and deduct the amount from the proceeds in your hands from the sale of my discourse, when it shall be printed. My circular is much longer and more explicit, and will be forwarded without charge to any who may desire it. It has been very neatly executed on a letter-sheet, by a very deserving printer, who attends upon my ministry, and is a creditable specimen of the typographic art. I have one hung over my mantelpiece in a neat frame, where it makes a beautiful and appropriate ornament, and balances the profile of Mrs. W., cut with her toes by the young lady born without arms.

"H. W."

I have in the foregoing letter mentioned General Scott, in connection with the Presidency, because I have been given to understand that he has blown to pieces and otherwise caused to be destroyed more Mexicans than any other commander. His claim would therefore be deservedly considered the strongest. Until accurate returns of the Mexicans killed, wounded, and maimed be obtained, it will be difficult to settle these nice points of precedence. Should it prove that any other officer has been



more meritorious and destructive than General S., and has thereby rendered himself more worthy of the confidence and support of the conservative portion of our community, I shall cheerfully insert his name, instead of that of General S., in a future edition. It may be thought, likewise, that General S. has invalidated his claims by too much attention to the decencies of apparel, and the habits belonging to a gentleman. These abstruser points of statesmanship are beyond my scope. I wonder not that successful military achievement should attract the admiration of the multitude. Rather do I rejoice with wonder to behold how rapidly this sentiment is losing its hold upon the popular mind. It is related of Thomas Warton, the second of that honoured name who held the office of Poetry Professor at Oxford, that, when one wished to find him, being absconded, as was his wont, in some obscure alehouse, he was counselled to traverse the city with a drum and fife, the sound of which inspiring music would be sure to draw the Doctor from his retirement into the street. We are all more or less bitten with this martial insanity. *Nescio qua dulcedine . . . cunctos ducit.* I confess to some infection of that itch myself. When I see a Brigadier-General maintaining his insecure elevation in the saddle under the severe fire of the training-field, and when I remember that some military enthusiasts, through haste, inexperience, or an over-desire to lend reality to those fictitious combats, will sometimes discharge their ramrods, I cannot but admire, while I deplore, the mistaken devotion of those heroic officers. *Semel insanivimus omnes.* I was myself, during the late war with Great Britain, chaplain of a regiment, which was fortunately never called to active military duty. I mention this circumstance with regret rather than pride. Had I been summoned to actual warfare, I trust that I might have been strengthened to bear myself after the manner of that reverend father in our New England Israel, Dr. Benjamin Colman, who, as we are told in Turell's life of him, when the vessel in which he had taken passage for England was attacked by a French privateer, "fought like a philosopher and a Christian . . . and prayed all the while he charged and fired." As this note is already long, I shall not here enter upon a discussion of the question, whether Christians may lawfully be soldiers. I think it sufficiently evident, that, during the first two centuries of the Christian era, at least, the two professions were esteemed incompatible. Consult Jortin on this head.—H.W.]

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## No. IV.

REMARKS OF INCREASE D. O'PHACE, ESQUIRE, AT AN  
EXTRUMPERY CAUCUS IN STATE STREET, REPORTED  
BY MR. H. BIGLOW.

[The ingenious reader will at once understand that no such speech as the following was ever *totidem verbis* pronounced. But there are simpler and less guarded wits, for the satisfying of which such an explanation may be needful. For there are certain invisible lines, which, as Truth successively over-passes, she becomes Untruth to one and another of us, as a large river, flowing from one kingdom into another, sometimes takes a new name, albeit the waters undergo no change, how small soever. There is, moreover, a truth of fiction more veracious than the truth of fact, as that of the Poet, which represents to us things and events as they ought to be, rather than servilely copies them as they are imperfectly imaged in the crooked and smoky glass of our mundane affairs. It is this which makes the speech of Antonius, though originally spoken in no wider a forum than the brain of Shakespeare, more historically valuable than that other which Appian has reported, by as much as the understanding of the Englishman was more comprehensive than that of the Alexandrian. Mr. Biglow, in the present instance, has only made use of a license assumed by all the historians of antiquity, who put into the mouths of various characters such words as seem to them most fitting to the occasion and to the speaker. If it be objected that no such oration could ever have been delivered, I answer, that there are few assemblages for speech-making which do not better deserve the title of *Parliamentum Indoctorum* than did the sixth Parliament of Henry the Fourth, and that men still continue to have as much faith in the Oracle of Fools as ever Pantagruel had. Howell, in his letters, recounts a merry tale of a certain ambassador of Queen Elizabeth, who, having written two letters,—one to Her Majesty, and the other to his wife,—directed them at cross-purposes, so that the Queen was beducked and bedeaded and requested to send a change of hose, and the wife was beprincessed and otherwise unwontedly besuperlatived, till the one feared for the wits of her ambassador, and the other for those of her husband. In like manner it may be presumed that our speaker has misdirected some of his thoughts, and given to the whole theatre what he would have wished to confide only to a select auditory at the back of the curtain. For it is seldom that we can get any frank utterance from men, who address, for the most part, a Buncombe either in this world or the next. As for their audiences, it may be truly said of our people, that they enjoy one political institution in

common with the ancient Athenians : I mean a certain profitless kind of *ostracism*, wherewith, nevertheless, they seem hitherto well enough content. For in Presidential elections, and other affairs of the sort, whereas I observe that the *oysters* fall to the lot of comparatively few, the *shells* (such as the privileges of voting as they are told to do by the *ostrivori* aforesaid, and of huzzaing at public meetings) are very liberally distributed among the people, as being their prescriptive and quite sufficient portion.

The occasion of the speech is supposed to be Mr. Palfrey's refusal to vote for the Whig candidate for the Speakership.—H. W.]

No? Hez he? He hain't, though? Wut? Voted agin him?

Ef the bird of our country could ketch him, she'd skin him ;

I seem 's though I see her, with wrath in each quill,  
Like a Chancery lawyer, afilin' her bill,  
An' grindin' her talents ez sharp ez all nater,  
To pounce like a writ on the back o' the traitor.  
Forgive me, my friends, ef I seem to be het,  
But a crisis like this must with vigour be met ;  
Wen an Arnold the star-spangled banner bestains,  
Holl Fourth o' Julys seem to bile in my veins.

Who ever'd ha' thought sech a pisonous rig  
Would be run by a chap thet wuz chose fer a Wig?  
“ We knowed wut his principles wuz 'fore we sent him?”  
Wut wuz ther in them from this vote to prevent him?  
A marciful Providunce fashioned us holler  
O' purpose thet we might our principles swaller ;  
It can hold any quantity on 'em, the belly can,  
An' bring 'em up ready fer use like the pelican,  
Or more like the kangaroo, who (wich is stranger)  
Puts her family into her pouch wen there's danger.  
Ain't principle precious? then, who's goin' to use it  
Wen there's resk o' some chap's gittin' up to abuse it?

I can't tell the wy on't, but nothin' is *so* sure  
 Ez thet principle kind o' gits spiled by exposure ; \*  
 A man thet lets all sorts o' folks git a sight on't  
 Ough' to hev it all took right away, every mite on't ;  
 Ef he can't keep it all to himself wen it's wise to,  
 He ain't one it's fit to trust nothin' so nice to.

Besides, ther's a wonderful power in latitude  
 To shift a man's morril relations an' attitude ;  
 Some flossifers think thet a fakkilty's granted  
 'The minnit it's proved to be thoroughly wanted,  
 'Thet a change o' demand makes a change o' condition,  
 An' thet everythin' 's nothin' except by position ;  
 Ez, fer instance, thet rubber-trees fust begun bearin'  
 Wen' p'litikle conshunces come into wearin',—  
 'Thet the fears of a monkey, whose holt chanced to fail,  
 Drawed the vertibry out to a prehensile tail ;  
 So, wen one's chose to Congriss, ez soon ez he's in it,  
 A collar grows right round his neck in a minnit,  
 An' sartin it is thet a man cannot be strict  
 In bein' himself, wen he gits to the Deestriect,  
 Fer a coat thet sets wal here in ole Massachusetts,  
 Wen it gits on to Washinton, somehow askew sets.

Resolves, do you say, o' the Springfield Convention ?  
 'Thet's percisely the pint I was goin' to mention ;  
 Resolves air a thing we most gen'ally keep ill,

\* The speaker is of a different mind from Tully, who, in his recently discovered tractate *De Republica*, tells us,—*Nec vero habere virtutem satis est, quasi artem aliquam, nisi utare*, and from our Milton, who says: "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, *not without dust and heat*." —*Areop.* He had taken the words out of the Roman's mouth, without knowing it, and might well exclaim with Austin (if a saint's name may stand sponsor for a curse), *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerint!*—H. W.

They're a cheap kind o' dust fer the eyes o' the people ;  
 A parcel o' delligits jest git together  
 An' chat fer a spell o' the crops an' the weather,  
 Then, comin' to order, they squabble awile  
 An' let off the speeches they're ferful 'll spile ;  
 Then—Resolve,—Thet we wunt hev an inch o' slave  
     territory ;  
 Thet President Polk's holl perceedins air very tory ;  
 Thet the war is a damned war, an' them thet enlist in it  
 Should hev a cravat with a dreffle tight twist in it ;  
 Thet the war is a war fer the spreadin' o' slavery ;  
 Thet our army desarves our best thanks fer their bravery ;  
 Thet we're the original friends o' the nation,  
 All the rest air a paltry an' base fabrication ;  
 Thet we highly respect Messrs. A, B, an' C,  
 An' ez deeply despise Messrs. E, F, an' G.  
 In this way they go to the eend o' the chapter,  
 An' then they bust out in a kind of a raptur  
 About their own vartoo, an' folks's stone-blindness  
 To the men thet 'ould actilly do 'em a kindness,—  
 The American eagle,—the Pilgrims thet landed,—  
 Till on ole Plymouth Rock they git finally stranded.  
 Wal, the people they listen an' say, " Thet's the ticket ;  
 Ez fer Mexico, 'tain't no great glory to lick it,  
 But 'twould be a darned shame to go pullin' o' triggers  
 To extend the aree of abusin' the niggers."

So they march in percessions, an' git up hooraws,  
 An' tramp thru the mud fer the good o' the cause,  
 An' think they're a kind o' fulfillin' the prophecies,  
 Wen' they're on'y jest changin' the holders of offices ;  
 Ware A sot afore, B is comf'tably seated,  
 One humbug's victor'ous an' t'other defeated,  
 Each honnable doughface gits jest wut he axes,  
 An' the people,—their annooal soft-sodder an' taxes.

Now, to keep unimpaired all these glorious feeturs  
 Thet characterise morril an' reasonin' creeturs,  
 Thet give every paytriot all he can cram,  
 Thet oust the untrustworthy P'residunt Flam,  
 An' stick honest Presidunt Sham in his place,  
 'To the manifest gain o' the holl human race,  
 An' to some indervidgewals on't in partickler,  
 Who love Public Opinion an' know how to tickle her,—  
 I say thet a party with gret aims like these  
 Must stick jest ez close ez a hive full o' bees.

I'm willin a man should go tollable strong  
 Agin wrong in the abstract, fer thet kind o' wrong  
 Is ollers unpop'lar an' never gits pitied,  
 Because it's a crime no one never committed ;  
 But he mus'n't be hard on partickler sins,  
 Coz then he'll be kickin' the people's own shins ;  
 On'y look at the Demmercrats, see wut they've done  
 Jest simply by stickin' together like fun ;  
 They've sucked us right into a mis'able war  
 Thet no one on airth ain't responsible for ;  
 They've run us a hundred cool millions in debt  
 (An' fer Demmercrat Horners ther's good plums left yet) :  
 They talk agin tayriffs, but act fer a high one,  
 An' so coax all parties to build up their Zion ;  
 To the people they're ollers ez slick ez molasses,  
 An' butter their bread on both sides with The Masses,  
 Half o' whom they've persuaded, by way of a joke,  
 Thet Washinton's mantelpiece fell upon Polk.

Now all o' these blessin's the Wigs might enjoy,  
 Ef they'd gumption enough the right means to imploy ; \*

\* That was a pithy saying of Persius, and fits our politicians without a wrinkle,—*Magister artis, ingenique largitor venter.*  
 —H. W.

Fer the silver spoon born in Dermocracy's mouth  
Is a kind of a scringe thet they hev to the South ;  
Their masters can cuss 'em an' kick 'em an' wale 'em,  
An' they notice it less 'an the ass did to Balaam ;  
In this way they screw into second-rate offices  
Wich the slaveholder thinks 'ould substract too much off  
his ease ;

The file-leaders, I mean, du, fer they, by their wiles,  
Unlike the old viper, grow fat on their files.

Wal, the Wigs hev been tryin' to grab all this prey frum  
'em,

An' to hook this nice spoon o' good fortin' away frum 'em,  
An' they might ha' succeeded, ez likely ez not,  
In lickin' the Demmercrats all round the lot,  
Ef it warn't thet, wile all faithful Wigs were their knees  
on,

Some stuffy old codger would holler out,—“ Treason !  
You must keep a sharp eye on a dog thet hez bit you  
once,

An' I ain't agoin' to cheat my constitoounts,”—  
Wen every fool knows thet a man represents  
Not the fellers thet sent him, but them on the fence,—  
Impartially ready to jump either side  
An' make the fust use of a turn o' the tide,—  
The waiters on Providunce here in the city,  
Who compose wut they call a State Centerl Committy.  
Constitoounts air hendy to help a man in,  
But arterwards don't weigh the heft of a pin.  
Wy, the people can't all live on Uncle Sam's pus,  
So they've nothin' to du with't fer better or wus ;  
It's the folks thet air kind o' brought up to depend on't  
Thet hev any consarn in't, an' thet is the end on't.

Now here wuz New England ahevin' the honour  
Of a chance at the Speakership showered upon her ;—

Do you say,—“She don’t want no more Speakers, but fewer ;

She’s hed plenty o’ them, wut she wants is a *doer* ?”

Fer the matter o’ thet, it’s notorous in town

Thet her own representatives du her quite brown.

But thet’s nothin’ to du with it ; wut right hed Palfrey

To mix himself up with fanatical small fry ?

Warn’t we gittin’ on prime with our hot an’ cold blowin’ ,

Acondemnin’ the war wilst we kep’ it agoin’ ?

We’d assumed with gret skill a commandin’ position,

On this side or thet, no one couldn’t tell wich one,

So, wutever side wipped, we’d a chance at the plunder

An’ could sue fer infringin’ our paytented thunder ;

We were ready to vote fer whoever wuz eligible,

Ef on all pints at issoo he’d stay unintelligible.

Wal, sposin’ we hed to gulp down our perfessions,

We were ready to come out next mornin’ with fresh ones ;

Besides, ef we did, ’twas our business alone,

Fer couldn’t we du wut we would with our own ?

An’ ef a man can, wen pervisions hev riz so,

Eat up his own words, it’s a marcy it is so.

Wy, these chaps frum the North, with back-bones to ’em,  
darn ’em,

’Ould be wurth more ’an Gennle Tom ’Thumb is to  
Barnum :

Ther’s enough thet to office on this very plan grow,

By exhibitin’ how very small a man can grow ;

But an M. C. frum here ollers hastens to state he

Belongs to the order called invertebraty,

Wence some gret filologists judge primy fashy

Thet M. C. is M. T. by paronomashy ;

An’ these few exceptions air *loosus naytury*

Folks ’ould put down their quarters to stare at. like  
fury.



It's no use to open the door o' success.  
 Ef a member can bolt so fer nothin' or less ;  
 Wy, all o' them grand constitootional pillers,  
 Our fore-fathers fetched with 'em over the billers,  
 Them pillers the people so soundly hev slep' on,  
 Wile to slav'ry, invasion, an' debt they were swep' on,  
 Wile our Destiny higher an' higher kep' mountin'  
 (Though I guess folks 'll stare wen she hends her account  
   in),

Ef members in this way go kickin' agin 'em,  
 They wunt hev so much ez a feather left in 'em.  
 An', ez fer this Palfrey,\* we thought wen we'd gut  
   him in,

He'd go kindly in wutever harness we put him in ;  
 Supposin' we *did* know thet he wuz a peace man ?  
 Doos he think he can be Uncle Sammle's policeman,  
 An' when Sam gits tipsy an' kicks up a riot,  
 Lead him off to the lock-up to snooze till he's quiet ?  
 Wy, the war is a war thet true paytriots can bear, ef  
 It leads to the fat promised land of a tayriff ;  
 We don't go an' fight it, nor ain't to be driv on,  
 Nor Demmercrats nuther, thet hev wut to live on ;  
 Ef it ain't jest the thing thet's well pleasin' to God,  
 It makes us thought highly on elsewhere abroad ;  
 The Rooshian black eagle looks blue in his eerie  
 An' shakes both his heads wen he hears o' Monteery ;  
 In the Tower Victory sets, all of a fluster,  
 An' reads, with locked doors, how we won Cherry Buster ;  
 An' old Philip Lewis—thet come an' kep' school here  
 Fer the mere sake o' scorin' his ryalist ruler  
 On the tenderest part of our kings *in futuro*—  
 Hides his crown underneath an old shut in his bureau,

\* There is truth yet in this of Juvenal,—

“ Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.”

—H. W.



Breaks off in his brags to a suckle o' merry kings,  
 How he often hed hided young native Amerrikins,  
 An' turnin' quite faint in the midst of his fooleries,  
 Sneaks downstairs to bolt the front door o' the Tooleries.\*  
 You say,—“ We'd ha' scared 'em by growin' in peace,  
 A plaguy sight more then by bobberies like these ! ”  
 Who is it dares say thet our naytional eagle  
 Wun't much longer be classed with the birds thet air  
     regal,  
 Coz theirn be hooked beaks, an' she, arter this slaughter,  
 'll bring back a bill ten times longer 'n she ough' to ?  
 Wut's your name ? Come, I see ye, you up-country feller,  
 You've put me out severil times with your beller ;  
 Out with it ! Wut ? Biglow ? I say nothin' furdur,  
 Thet feller would like nothin' better 'n a murder ;  
 He's a traider, blasphemur, an' wut ruther worse is,  
 He puts all his ath'ism in dreffle bad verses ;  
 Socity ain't safe till sech monsters air out on it,  
 Refer to the *Post*, ef you hev the least doubt on it ;  
 Wy, he goes agin war, agin indirect taxes,  
 Agin sellin' wild lands 'cept to settlers with axes,

\* Jortin is willing to allow of other miracles besides those recorded in Holy Writ, and why not of other prophecies ? It is granting too much to Satan to suppose him, as divers of the learned have done, the inspirer of the ancient oracles. Wiser, I esteem it, to give chance the credit of the successful ones. What is said here of Louis Philippe was verified in some of its minute particulars within a few months' time. Enough to have made the fortune of Delphi or Hammon, and no thanks to Beelzebub neither ! That of Seneca in Medea will suit here :—

“ Rapida fortuna ac levis  
 Præcepsque regno eripuit, exsilio dedit.”

Let us allow, even to richly deserved misfortune, our commiseration, and be not over-hasty meanwhile in our censure of the French people, left for the first time to govern themselves, remembering that wise sentence of Æschylus,—

Ἄπας δὲ τραχὺς ὅστις ἂν νέον κρατῇ.

Agin holdin' o' slaves, though he knows it's the corner  
Our libbaty rests on, the mis'able scorner !  
In short, he would wholly upset with his ravages  
All thet keeps us above the brute critters an' savages,  
An' pitch into all kinds o' briles an' confusions  
The holl of our civilised, free institutions ;  
He writes fer thet ruther unsafe print, the *Courier*,  
An' likely ez not hez a squintin' to Foorier ;  
I'll be——, thet is, I mean I'll be blest,  
Ef I hark to a word frum so noted a pest ;  
I shan't talk with *him*, my religion's too fervent.—  
Good mornin', my friends, I'm your most humble servant.

[Into the question, whether the ability to express ourselves in articulate language has been productive of more good or evil, I shall not here enter at large. The two faculties of speech and of speech-making are wholly diverse in their natures. By the first we make ourselves intelligible, by the last unintelligible, to our fellows. It has not seldom occurred to me (noting how in our national Legislature everything runs to talk, as lettuces, if the season or the soil be unpropitious, shoot up lankly to seed, instead of forming handsome heads) that Babel was the first Congress, the earliest mill erected for the manufacture of gabble. In these days, what with Town Meetings, School Committees, Boards (lumber) of one kind and another, Congresses, Parliaments, Diets, Indian Councils, Palavers, and the like, there is scarce a village which has not its factories of this description driven by (milk-and-) water power. I cannot conceive the confusion of tongues to have been the curse of Babel, since I esteem my ignorance of other languages as a kind of Martello-tower, in which I am safe from the furious bombardments of foreign garburity. For this reason I have ever preferred the study of the dead languages, those primitive formations being Ararats upon whose silent peaks I sit secure and watch this new deluge without fear, though it rain figures (*simulacra*, semblances) of speech forty days and nights together, as it not uncommonly happens. Thus is my coat, as it were, without buttons by which any but a vernacular wild bore can seize me. Is it not possible that the Shakers may intend to convey a quiet reproof and hint, in fastening their outer garments with hooks and eyes?

This reflection concerning Babel, which I find in no Commentary, was first thrown upon my mind when an excellent deacon of my congregation (being infected with the Second Advent delusion) assured me that he had received a first instalment

of the gift of tongues as a small earnest of larger possessions in the like kind to follow. For of a truth, I could not reconcile it with my ideas of the Divine justice and mercy that the single wall which protected people of other languages from the incursions of this otherwise well-meaning propagandist should be broken down.

In reading Congressional debates, I have fancied, that, after the subsidence of those painful buzzings in the brain which result from such exercises, I detected a slender residuum of valuable information. I made the discovery that *nothing* takes longer in the saying than anything else, for as *ex nihilo nihil fit*, so from one polypus *nothing* any number of similar ones may be produced. I would recommend to the attention of *viva voce* debaters and controversialists the admirable example of the monk Copres, who, in the fourth century, stood for half-an-hour in the midst of a great fire, and thereby silenced a Manichæan antagonist who had less of the salamander in him. As for those who quarrel in print, I have no concern with them here, since the eyelids are a divinely granted shield against all such. Moreover, I have observed in many modern books that the printed portion is becoming gradually smaller, and the number of blank or fly-leaves (as they are called) greater. Should this fortunate tendency of literature continue, books will grow more valuable from year to year, and the whole Serbonian bog yield to the advances of firm arable land.

The sagacious Lacedæmonians hearing that Tesephone had bragged that he could talk all day long on any given subject, made no more ado, but forthwith banished him, whereby they supplied him a topic and at the same time took care that his experiment upon it should be tried out of ear-shot.

I have wondered, in the Representatives' Chamber of our own Commonwealth, to mark how little impression seemed to be produced by that emblematic fish suspended over the heads of the members. Our wiser ancestors, no doubt, hung it there as being the animal which the Pythagoreans revered for its silence, and which certainly in that particular does not so well merit the epithet *cold-blooded*, by which naturalists distinguish it, as certain bipeds, afflicted with ditch-water on the brain, who take occasion to tap themselves in Faneuil Halls, meeting-houses, and other places of public resort.—H. W.]

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## No. V.

## THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT.

## SOT TO A NUSRY RHYME.

[The incident which gave rise to the debate satirised in the following verses, was the unsuccessful attempt of Drayton and Sayres to give freedom to seventy men and women, fellow-beings and fellow-Christians. Had Tripoli, instead of Washington, been the scene of this undertaking, the unhappy leaders in it would have been as secure of the theoretic as they now are of the practical part of martyrdom. I question whether the Dey of Tripoli is blessed with a District Attorney so benighted as ours at the seat of government. Very fitly is he named Key, who would allow himself to be made the instrument of locking the door of hope against sufferers in such a cause. Not all the waters of the ocean can cleanse the vile smutch of the jailer's fingers from off that little Key. *Ahenea clavis*, a brazen key indeed !

Mr. Calhoun, who is made the chief speaker in this burlesque, seems to think that the light of the nineteenth century is to be put out as soon as he tinkles his little cow-bell curfew. Whenever slavery is touched, he sets up his scarecrow of dissolving the Union. This may do for the North, but I should conjecture that something more than a pumpkin-lantern is required to scare manifest and irretrievable Destiny out of her path. Mr. Calhoun cannot let go the apron-string of the Past. The Past is a good nurse, but we must be weaned from her sooner or later, even though, like Plotinus, we should run home from school to ask the breast, after we are tolerably well-grown youths. It will not do for us to hide our faces in her lap, whenever the strange Future holds out her arms and asks us to come to her.

But we are all alike. We have all heard it said, often enough, that little boys must not play with fire ; and yet, if the matches be taken away from us, and put out of reach upon the shelf, we must needs get into our little corner, and scowl and stamp and threaten the dire revenge of going to bed without our supper. The world shall stop till we get our dangerous plaything again. Dame Earth, meanwhile, who has more than enough household matters to mind, goes bustling hither and thither as a hiss or a sputter tells her that this or that kettle of hers is boiling over, and before bedtime we are glad to eat our porridge cold, and gulp down our dignity along with it.

Mr. Calhoun has somehow acquired the name of a great statesman, and, if it be great statesmanship to put lance in rest and run a tilt at the Spirit of the Age, with the certainty of being next moment hurled neck and heels into the dust amid universal laughter, he deserves the title. He is the Sir Kay of our modern chivalry. He should remember the old Scandinavian

mythus. Thor was the strongest of gods, but he could not wrestle with Time, nor so much as lift up a fold of the great snake which knit the universe together; and when he smote the Earth, though with his terrible mallet, it was but as if a leaf had fallen. Yet all the while it seemed to Thor that he had only been wrestling with an old woman, striving to lift a cat, and striking a stupid giant on the head.

And in old times, doubtless, the giants *were* stupid, and there was no better sport for the Sir Launcelots and Sir Gawains than to go about cutting off their great blundering heads with enchanted swords. But things have wonderfully changed. It is the giants, nowadays, that have the science and the intelligence, while the chivalrous Don Quixotes of Conservatism still cumber themselves with the clumsy armour of a bygone age. On whirls the restless globe through unsounded time, with its cities and its silences, its births and funerais, half light, half shade, but never wholly dark, and sure to swing round into the happy morning at last. With an involuntary smile, one sees Mr. Calhoun letting slip his pack-thread cable with a crooked pin at the end of it to anchor South Carolina upon the bank and shoal of the Past.—H. W.]

### TO MR. BUCKENAM.

MR. EDITER, As i wuz kinder prunin round, in a little nussry sot out a year or 2 a go, the Dbait in the sennit cum inter my mine An so i took & Sot it to wut I call a nussry rime. I hev made sum onnable Gentlemun speak that didnt speak in a Kind uv Poetikul lie sense the seeson is drefle backerd up This way

ewers as ushul

HOSEA BIGLOW.

" HERE we stan' on the Constitution, by thunder !

It's a fact o' wich ther's bushils o' proofs ;

Fer how could we trample on't so, I wonder,

Ef't worn't thet it's ollers under our hoofs ?

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;

" Human rights hain't no more

Right to come on this floor,

No more'n the man in the moon," sez he.

“The North hain’t no kind o’ bisness with nothin’,  
An’ you’ve no idee how much bother it saves ;  
We ain’t none riled by their frettin’ an’ frothin’,  
We’re *used* to layin’ the string on our slaves,”  
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—  
Sez Mister Foote,  
“I should like to shoot  
The holl gang, by the gret horn spoon !” sez he.

“Freedom’s Keystone is Slavery, thet ther’s no doubt  
on,  
It’s sutthin’ thet’s—wha’ d’ye call it ?—divine,—  
An’ the slaves thet we ollers *make* the most out on  
Air them north o’ Mason an’ Dixon’s line,”  
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—  
“Fer all thet,” sez Mangum,  
“’Twould be better to hang ’em,  
An’ so git red on ’em soon,” sez he.

“The mass ough’ to labour an’ we lay on soffies,  
Thet’s the reason I want to spread Freedom’s aree ;  
It puts all the cunniness on us in office,  
An’ reelises our Maker’s orig’nal idee,”  
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—  
“Thet’s ez plain,” sez Cass,  
“Ez thet some one’s an ass,  
It’s ez clear ez the sun is at noon,” sez he.

“Now don’t go to say I’m the friend of oppression,  
But keep all your spare breath fer coolin’ your broth,  
Fer I ollers hev strove (at least thet’s my impression)  
To make cussed free with the rights o’ the North,”  
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—  
“Yes,” sez Davis o’ Miss.,  
“The perfection o’ bliss,  
Is in skinnin’ thet same old coon,” sez he.

"Slavery's a thing thet depends on complexion,  
It's God's law thet fetters on black skins don't chafe ;  
Ef brains wuz to settle it (horrid reflection !)

Wich of our onnable body'd be safe?"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—

Sez Mister Hannegan,

Afore he began agin,

"Thet exception is quite oppertoorn," sez he.

"Gen'nle Cass, Sir, you needn't be twitchin' your collar,  
*Your* merit's quite clear by the dut on your knees,

At the North we don't make no distinctions o' colour ;

You can all take a lick at our shoes wen you please,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—

Sez Mister Jarnagin,

"They wunt hev to larn agin,

They all on 'em know the old toon," sez he.

"The slavery question ain't no ways bewilderin'.

North an' South hev one int'rest, it's plain to a glance ;

No'thern men, like us patriarchs, don't sell their childrin,

But they *du* sell themselves, ef they git a good chance,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—

Sez Atherton here,

"This is gittin' severe,

I wish I could dive like a loon," sez he.

"It'll break up the Union, this talk about freedom,

An' your fact'ry gals (soon ez we split) 'll make head,

An' gittin' some Miss chief or other to lead 'em,

'll go to work raisin' promiscoous Ned,"

Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—

"Yes, the North," sez Colquitt,

"Ef we Southeners all quit,

Would go down like a busted balloon," sez he.



"Jest look wut is doin', wut annyky's brewin'  
In the beautiful clime o' the olive an' vine,  
All the wise aristoxys a tumblin' to ruin,  
An' the sankylots drorin' an' drinkin' their wine,"  
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—  
"Yes," sez Johnson, "in France  
They're beginnin' to dance  
Beëlzebub's own rigadoon," sez he.

"The South's safe enough, it don't feel a mite skeery,  
Our slaves in their darkness an' dut air tu blest  
Not to welcome with proud hallylugers the ery  
Wen our eagle kicks yourn from the naytional nest,"  
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—  
"O," sez Westcott o' Florida,  
"Wut treason is horridier  
Then our priv'leges tryin' to proon?" sez he.

"It's 'coz they're so happy, thet, wen crazy sarpints  
Stick their nose in our bizness, we git so darned riled ;  
We think it's our dooty to give pooty sharp hints,  
Thet the last crumb of Edin on airth shan't be spiled,"  
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he ;—  
"Ah," sez Dixon H. Lewis,  
"It perfectly true is  
Thet slavery's airth's grettest boon," sez he.

[It was said of old time, that riches have wings ; and, though this be not applicable in a literal strictness to the wealth of our patriarchal brethren of the South, yet it is clear that their possessions have legs, and an unaccountable propensity for using them in a northerly direction. I marvel that the grand jury of Washington did not find a true bill against the North Star for aiding and abetting Drayton and Sayres. It would have been quite of a piece with the intelligence displayed by the South on other questions connected with slavery. I think that no ship of state was ever freighted with a more veritable Jonah than this same domestic institution of ours. Mephistopheles himself could not feign so bitterly, so satirically sad a sight as this of



three millions of human beings crushed beyond help or hope by this one mighty argument—*Our fathers knew no better!* Nevertheless, it is the unavoidable destiny of Jonahs to be cast overboard sooner or later. Or shall we try the experiment of hiding our Jonah in a safe place, that none may lay hands on him to make jetsam of him? Let us, then, with equal forethought and wisdom, lash ourselves to the anchor, and await, in pious confidence, the certain result. Perhaps our suspicious passenger is no Jonah after all, being black. For it is well known that a superintending Providence made a kind of sandwich of Ham and his descendants, to be devoured by the Caucasian race.

In God's name, let all, who hear nearer and nearer the hungry moan of the storm and the growl of the breakers, speak out! But, alas! we have no right to interfere. If a man pluck an apple of mine, he shall be in danger of the justice; but if he steal my brother, I must be silent. Who says this? Our Constitution, consecrated by the callous consuetude of sixty years, and grasped in triumphant argument by the left hand of him whose right hand clutches the clotted slave-whip. Justice, venerable with the undethronable majesty of countless æons, says,—SPEAK! The Past, wise with the sorrows and desolations of ages, from amid her shattered fanes and wolf-housing palaces, echoes,—SPEAK! Nature, through her thousand trumpets of freedom, her stars, her sunrises, her seas, her winds, her cataracts, her mountains blue with cloudy pines, blows jubilant encouragement, and cries,—SPEAK! From the soul's trembling abysses the still, small voice not vaguely murmurs,—SPEAK! But alas! the Constitution and the Honourable Mr. Bagowind, M.C., say—BE DUMB!

It occurs to me to suggest, as a topic of inquiry in this connection, whether, on that momentous occasion when the goats and the sheep shall be parted, the Constitution and the Honourable Mr. Bagowind, M.C., will be expected to take their places on the left as our hircine vicars.

*"Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?  
Quem patronum rogaturus?"*

There is a point where toleration sinks into sheer baseness and poltroonery. The toleration of the worst leads us to look on what is barely better as good enough, and to worship what is only moderately good. Woe to that man, or that nation, to whom mediocrity has become an ideal!

Has our experiment of self-government succeeded, if it barely manage to *rub and go*? Here, now, is a piece of barbarism which Christ and the nineteenth century say shall cease, and which Messrs. Smith, Brown, and others say shall *not* cease. I would by no means deny the eminent respectability of these

gentlemen, but I confess that, in such a wrestling-match, I cannot help having my fears for them.

“*Discite justitiam, moniti, et non temnere divos.*”

H. W.]

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No. VI.

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED.

[At the special instance of Mr. Biglow, I preface the following satire with an extract from a sermon preached during the past summer, from Ezekiel xxxiv. 2: “Son of man, prophesy against the shepherds of Israel.” Since the Sabbath on which this discourse was delivered, the editor of the *Jaalam Independent Blunderbuss* has unaccountably absented himself from our house of worship.

“I know of no so responsible position as that of the public journalist. The editor of our day bears the same relation to his time that the clerk bore to the age before the invention of printing. Indeed, the position which he holds is that which the clergyman should hold even now. But the clergyman chooses to walk off to the extreme edge of the world, and to throw such seed as he has clear over into that darkness which he calls the Next Life. As if *next* did not mean *nearest*, and as if any life were nearer than that immediately present one which boils and eddies all round him at the caucus, the ratification meeting, and the polls! Who taught him to exhort men to prepare for eternity, as for some future era of which the present forms no integral part? The furrow which Time is even now turning runs through the Everlasting, and in that must he plant, or nowhere. Yet he would fain believe and teach that we are *going* to have more of eternity than we have now. This *going* of his is like that of the auctioneer, on which *gone* follows before we have made up our minds to bid,—in which manner, not three months back, I lost an excellent copy of Chappelow on Job. So it has come to pass that the preacher, instead of being a living force, has faded into an emblematic figure at christenings, weddings, and funerals. Or, if he exercises any other function, it is as keeper and feeder of certain theologic dogmas, which, when occasion offers, he unkennels with a *staboy!* ‘to bark and bite as ’tis their nature to,’ whence that reproach of *odium theologicum* has arisen.

“Meanwhile, see what a pulpit the editor mounts daily, sometimes with a congregation of fifty thousand within reach of his voice, and never so much as a nodder, even, among them! And from what a Bible can he choose his text,—a Bible which needs no translation, and which no priestcraft can shut and

clasp from the laity,—the open volume of the world, upon which, with a pen of sunshine or destroying fire, the inspired Present is even now writing the annals of God! Methinks the editor who should understand his calling, and be equal thereto, would truly deserve that title of ποιμὴν λαῶν, which Homer bestows upon princes. He would be the Moses of our nineteenth century; and whereas the old Sinai, silent now, is but a common mountain stared at by the elegant tourist and crawled over by the hammering geologist, he must find his tables of the new law here among factories and cities in this Wilderness of Sin (Numbers xxxiii. 12) called Progress of Civilisation, and be the captain of our Exodus into the Canaan of a truer social order.

"Nevertheless, our editor will not come so far within even the shadow of Sinai as Mahomet did, but chooses rather to construe Moses by Joe Smith. He takes up the crook, not that the sheep may be fed, but that he may never want a warm woollen suit and a joint of mutton.

*"Immemor, O, fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!"*

For which reason I would derive the name *editor* not so much from *edo*, to publish, as from *edo*, to eat, that being the peculiar profession to which he esteems himself called. He blows up the flames of political discord for no other occasion than that he may thereby handily boil his own pot. I believe there are two thousand of these mutton-loving shepherds in the United States, and of these, how many have even the dimmest perception of their immense power, and the duties consequent thereon? Here and there, haply, one. Nine hundred and ninety-nine labour to impress upon the people the great principles of *Tweedledum*, and other nine hundred and ninety-nine preach with equal earnestness the gospel according to *Tweedledee*."—H. W.]

I DU believe in Freedom's cause,  
 Ez fur away ez Payris is;  
 I love to see her stick her claws  
 In them infarnal Phayrisees;  
 It's wal enough agin a king  
 To dror resolves an' triggers,—  
 But libbaty's a kind o' thing  
 Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want  
 A tax on teas an' coffees,

Thet nothin' ain't extravygunt,—  
Purvidin' I'm in office ;  
Fer I hev loved my country sence  
My eye-teeth filled their sockets,  
An' Uncle Sam I reverence,  
Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in *any* plan  
O' levyin' the taxes,  
Ez long ez, like a lumberman,  
I git jest wut I axes ;  
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,  
Because it kind o' rouses  
The folks to vote,—an' keeps us in  
Our quiet custom-houses.

I du believe it's wise an' good  
To sen' out furrin missions,  
Thet is, on sartin understood  
An' orthydox conditions ;—  
I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.,  
Nine thousan' more fer outfit,  
An' me to recommend a man  
The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways  
O' prayin' an' convartin' ;  
The bread comes back in many *days*,  
An' buttered, tu, fer sartin ;  
I mean in preyin' till one busts  
On wut the party chooses,  
An' in convartin' public trusts  
To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff  
Fer 'lectioneers to spout on ;

The people's ollers soft enough  
 To make hard money out on ;  
 Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,  
 An' gives a good-sized junk to all,—  
 I don't care *how* hard money is,  
 Ez long ez mine's paid punctooal.

I du believe with all my soul  
 In the gret Press's freedom,  
 To pint the people to the goal  
 An' in the traces lead 'em ;  
 Palsied the arm that forges yokes  
 At my fat contracts squintin',  
 An' withered be the nose thet pokes  
 Inter the gov'ment printin' !

I du believe that I should give  
 Wut's his'n unto Cæsar,  
 Fer it's by him I move an' live  
 Frum him my bread an' cheese air ;  
 I du believe thet all o' me  
 Doth bear his superscription,—  
 Will, conscience, honour, honesty,  
 An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise  
 To him thet hez the grantin'  
 O' jobs,—in everythin' thet pays,  
 But most of all in CANTIN' ;  
 This doth my cup with marcies fill,  
 This lays all thought o' sin to rest,—  
 I *don't* believe in princerple,  
 But oh, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this  
 Or thet, ez it may happen,

One way or t'other hendiest is  
 'To ketch the people nappin' ;  
 It ain't by princerples nor men  
 My preudunt course is steadied,—  
 I scent wich pays the best, an' then  
 Go into it baldheaded.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves  
 Comes nat'ral to a Presidunt,  
 Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves  
 • To hev a wal-broke precedunt ;  
 Fer any office, small or gret,  
 I couldn't ax with no face,  
 Without I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,  
 Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface.

I du believe wutever trash  
 'll keep the people in blindness,—  
 Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash  
 Right inter brotherly kindness,  
 Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball  
 Air good-will's strongest magnets,  
 Thet peace, to make it stick at all,  
 Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe  
 In Humbug generally,  
 Fer it's a thing thet I perceive  
 To hev a solid vally ;  
 This heth my faithful shepherd ben,  
 In pasturs sweet heth led me,  
 An' this'll keep the people green  
 To feed ez they hev fed me.

[I subjoin here another passage from my before-mentioned discourse.

“Wonderful, to him that has eyes to see it rightly, is the newspaper. To me, for example, sitting on the critical front

bench of the pit, in my study here in Jaalam, the advent of my weekly journal is as that of a strolling theatre, or rather of a puppet-show, on whose stage, narrow as it is, the tragedy, comedy, and farce of life are played in little. Behold the whole huge earth sent to me hebdomadally in a brown-paper wrapper!

"Hither, to my obscure corner, by wind or steam, on horse-back or dromedary-back, in the pouch of the Indian runner, or clicking over the magnetic wires, troop all the famous performers from the four quarters of the globe. Looked at from a point of criticism, tiny puppets they seem all, as the editor sets up his booth upon my desk and officiates as showman. Now I can truly see how little and transitory is life. The earth appears almost as a drop of vinegar, on which the solar microscope of the imagination must be brought to bear in order to make out anything distinctly. That animalcule there, in the pea-jacket, is Louis Philippe, just landed on the coast of England. That other, in the grey surtout and cocked hat, is Napoleon Bonaparte Smith, assuring France that she need apprehend no interference from him in the present alarming juncture. At that spot, where you seem to see a speck of something in motion, is an immense mass meeting. Look sharper, and you will see a mite brandishing his mandibles in an excited manner. That is the great Mr. Soandso, defining his position amid tumultuous and irrepressible cheers. That infinitesimal creature, upon whom some score of others, as minute as he, are gazing in open-mouthed admiration, is a famous philosopher, expounding to a select audience their capacity for the Infinite. That scarce discernible pufflet of smoke and dust is a revolution. That speck there is a reformer, just arranging the lever with which he is to move the world. And lo, there creeps forward the shadow of a skeleton that blows one breath between its grinning teeth, and all our distinguished actors are whisked off the slippery stage into the dark Beyond.

"Yes, the little show-box has its solemn suggestions. Now and then we catch a glimpse of a grim old man, who lays down a scythe and hour-glass in the corner while he shifts the scenes. There, too, in the dim back-ground, a weird shape is ever delving. Sometimes he leans upon his mattock, and gazes, as a coach whirls by, bearing the newly married on their wedding jaunt, or glances carelessly at a babe brought home from christening. Suddenly (for the scene grows larger and larger as we look) a bony hand snatches back a performer in the midst of his part, and him, whom yesterday two infinities (past and future) would not suffice, a handful of dust is enough to cover and silence for ever. Nay, we see the same fleshless fingers opening to clutch the showman himself, and guess, not without a shudder, that they are lying in wait for spectator also.

"Think of it; for three dollars a year I buy a season-ticket



to this great Globe Theatre, for which God would write the dramas (only that we like farces, spectacles, and the tragedies of Apollyon better), whose scene-shifter is Time, and whose curtain is rung down by Death.

"Such thoughts will occur to me sometimes as I am tearing off the wrapper of my newspaper. Then suddenly that otherwise too often vacant sheet becomes invested for me with a strange kind of awe. Look ! deaths and marriages, notices of inventions, discoveries, and books, lists of promotions, of killed, wounded, and missing, news of fires, accidents, of sudden wealth and as sudden poverty :—I hold in my hand the ends of myriad invisible electric conductors, along which tremble the joys, sorrows, wrongs, triumphs, hopes, and despairs of as many men and women everywhere. So that upon that mood of mind which seems to isolate me from mankind as a spectator of their puppet-pranks, another supervenes, in which I feel that I, too, unknown and unheard of, am yet of some import to my fellows. For, through my newspaper here, do not families take pains to send me, an entire stranger, news of a death among them ? Are not here two who would have me know of their marriage ? And, strangest of all, is not this singular person anxious to have me informed that he has received a fresh supply of Dimitry Bruis-gins ? But to none of us does the Present continue miraculous (even if for a moment discerned as such). We glance carelessly at the sunrise, and get used to Orion and the Pleiades. The wonder wears off, and to-morrow this sheet, in which a vision was let down to me from heaven, shall be the wrappage to a bar of soap or the platter for a beggar's broken victuals."—H. W.]

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## NO. VII.

### A LETTER

FROM A CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY, IN ANSWER TO SUTTIN QUESTIONS PROPOSED BY MR. HOSEA BIGLOW, INCLOSED IN A NOTE FROM MR. BIGLOW TO S. H. GAY, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE "NATIONAL ANTISLAVERY STANDARD."

[Curiosity may be said to be the quality which pre-eminently distinguishes and segregates man from the lower animals. As we trace the scale of animated nature downward, we find this faculty (as it may truly be called) of the mind diminished in the savage, and quite extinct in the brute. The first object which civilised man proposes to himself I take to be the finding out whatsoever he can concerning his neighbours. *Nihil humanum a me*



*alienum puto*; I am curious about even John Smith. The desire next in strength to this (an opposite pole, indeed, of the same magnet) is that of communicating the unintelligence we have carefully picked up.

Men in general may be divided into the inquisitive and the communicative. To the first class belong Peeping-Toms, eavesdroppers, navel-contemplating Brahmins, metaphysicians, travellers, Empedocleses, spies, the various societies for promoting Rhinohism, Columbuses, Yankees, discoverers, and men of science, who present themselves to the mind as so many marks of interrogation wandering up and down the world, or sitting in studies and laboratories. The second class I should again subdivide into four. In the first subdivision I would rank those who have an itch to tell us about themselves,—as keepers of diaries, insignificant persons generally, Montaignes, Horace Walpoles, autobiographers, poets. The second includes those who are anxious to impart information concerning other people,—as historians, barbers, and such. To the third belong those who labour to give us intelligence about nothing at all, as novelists, political orators, the large majority of authors, preachers, lecturers, and the like. In the fourth come those who are communicative from motives of public benevolence,—as finders of mares'-nests and bringers of ill news. Each of us two-legged fowls without feathers embraces all these subdivisions in himself to a greater or less degree, for none of us so much as lays an egg, or incubates a chalk one, but straightway the whole barnyard shall know it by our cackle or our cluck. *Omnibus hoc vitium est*. There are different grades in all these classes. One will turn his telescope toward a backyard, another toward Uranus; one will tell you that he dined with Smith, another that he supped with Plato. In one particular, all men may be considered as belonging to the first grand division, inasmuch as they all seem equally desirous of discovering the mote in their neighbour's eye.

To one or another of these species every human being may safely be referred. I think it beyond a peradventure that Jonah prosecuted some inquiries into the digestive apparatus of whales, and that Noah sealed up a letter in an empty bottle, that news in regard to him might not be wanting in case of the worst. They had else been super or subter human. I conceive, also, that, as there are certain persons who continually peep and pry at the keyhole of that mysterious door through which, sooner or later, we all make our exits, so there are doubtless ghosts fidgeting and fretting on the other side of it, because they have no means of conveying back to this world the scraps of news they have picked up in that. For there is an answer ready somewhere to every question, the great law of *give and take* runs through all nature, and if we see a hook, we may be sure

that an eye is waiting for it. I read in every face I meet a standing advertisement of information wanted in regard to A. B., or that the friends of C. D. can hear something to his disadvantage by application to such a one.

It was to gratify the two great passions of asking and answering that epistolary correspondence was first invented. Letters (for by this usurped title epistles are now commonly known) are of several kinds. First, there are those which are not letters at all,—as letters-patent, letters dimissory, letters inclosing bills, letters of administration, Pliny's letters, letters of diplomacy, of Cato, of Mentor, of Lords Lyttelton, Chesterfield, and Orrery, of Jacob Behmen, Seneca (whom St. Jerome includes in his list of sacred writers), letters from abroad, from sons in College to their fathers, letters of marque, and letters generally, which are in no wise letters of mark. Second, are real letters, such as those of Gray, Cowper, Walpole, Howell, Lamb, D. Y., the first letters from children (printed in staggering capitals), letters from New York, letters of credit, and others interesting for the sake of the writer or the thing written. I have read also letters from Europe by a gentleman named Pinto, containing some curious gossip, and which I hope to see collected for the benefit of the curious. There are, besides, letters addressed to posterity,—as epitaphs, for example, written for their own monuments by monarchs, whereby we have lately become possessed of the names of several great conquerors and kings of kings, hitherto unheard of and still unpronounceable, but valuable to the student of the entirely dark ages. The letter which St. Peter sent to King Pepin in the year of grace 755, that of the Virgin to the magistrates of Messina, that of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus to the D—l, and that of this last-mentioned active police-magistrate to a nun of Girgenti, I would place in a class by themselves, as also the letters of candidates, concerning which I shall dilate more fully in a note at the end of the following poem. At present, *sat prata biberunt*. Only, concerning the shape of letters, they are all either square or oblong, to which general figures circular letters and round-robins also conform themselves.—H. W.]

DEER SIR its gut to be the fashun now to rite letters to the candid 8s and i wus chose at a publick Meetin in Jaalam to du wut wus nessary fur that town. i writ to 271 ginerals and gut ansers to 209. tha air called candid 8s but I don't see nothin candid about 'em. this here i wich I send wus thought satty's factory. I dunno as it's ushle to print Poscripts, but as all the ansers I got hed the

saim, I sposed it wus best. times has gretly changed. Formaly to knock a man into a cocked hat wus to use him up, but now it ony gives him a chance fur the cheef madgustracy.—H. B.

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DEAR SIR,—You wish to know my notions  
On sartin pints thet rile the land ;  
'There's nothin' thet my natur so shuns  
Ez bein' mum or underhand ;  
I'm a straight-spoken kind o' creetur  
Thet blurts right out wut's in his head,  
An ef I've one pecooler feetur,  
It is a nose thet wunt be led.

So, to begin at the beginnin'  
An' come directly to the pint,  
I think the country's underpinnin'  
Is some consid'ble out o' jint ;  
I ain't agoin' to try your patience  
By tellin' who done this or thet,  
I don't make no insinooations,  
I jest let on I smell a rat.

Thet is, I mean, it seems to me so,  
But, ef the public think I'm wrong,  
I wunt deny but wut I be so,—  
An', fact, it don't smell very strong ;  
My mind's tu fair to lose its balance  
An' say wich party hez most sense ;  
'There may be folks o' greater talence .  
'Thet can't sit stiddier on the fence.

I'm an eclectic ; ez to choosin'  
'Twixt this an' thet, I'm plaguy lawth ;  
I leave a side thet looks like losin',  
But (wile there's doubt) I stick to both ;

I stan' upon the Constitution,  
Ez preudunt statesmun say, who've planned  
A way to git the most profusion  
O' chances ez to *ware* they'll stand.

Ez fer the war, I go agin it,—  
I mean to say I kind o' du,—  
Thet is, I mean thet, bein' in it,  
The best way wuz to fight it thru ;  
Not but wut abstract war is horrid,  
I sign to thet with all my heart,—  
But civlisation *doos* git forrid  
Sometimes upon a powder-cart.

About thet darned Proviso matter  
I never hed a grain o' doubt,  
Nor I ain't one my sense to scatter  
So'st no one couldn't pick it out ;  
My love fer North an' South is equil,  
So I'll jest answer plump an' frank,  
No matter wut may be the sequil,—  
Yes, Sir, I *am* agin a Bank.

Ez to the answerin o' questions  
I'm an off ox at bein' druv,  
Tho' I ain't one thet ary test shuns  
'll give our folks a helpin' shove ;  
Kind o' promiscoous I go it  
Fer the holl country, an' the ground  
I take, ez nigh ez I can show it,  
Is pooty gen'ally all round.

I don't appruve o' givin' pledges ;  
You'd ough' to leave a feller free,  
An' not go knockin' out the wedges  
To ketch his fingers in the tree ;

Pledges air awfle breachy cattle  
 Thet preudunt farmers don't turn out,—  
 Ez long'z the people git their rattle,  
 Wut is there fer'm to grout about?

Ez to the slaves, there's no confusion  
 In *my* idees consarnin' them,—  
 I think they air an Institution,  
 A sort of—yes, jest so,—ahem :  
 Do I own any? Of my merit  
 On thet pint you yourself may jedge ;  
 All is, I never drink no sperit,  
 Nor I hain't never signed no pledge.

Ez to my princerples, I glory  
 In hevin' nothin' o' the sort ;  
 I ain't a Wig, I ain't a Tory,  
 I'm jest a candidate, in short ;  
 Thet's fair an' square an' parpendicler,  
 But, ef the Public cares a fig  
 To hev me an' thin' in particler,  
 Wy, I'm a kind o' peri-Wig.

## P. S.

Ez we're a sort o' privateerin',  
 O' course, you know, it's shēer an' sheer.  
 An' there is sutthin' wuth your hearin'  
 I'll mention in *your* privit ear ;  
 Ef you get *me* inside the White House,  
 Your head with ile I'll kin' o' 'nint  
 By gittin' *you* inside the Lighthouse  
 Down to the eend o' Jaalam Pint.

An' ez the North hez took to brustlin'  
 At bein' scrouged frum off the roost,

I'll tell ye wut'll save all tusslin'  
 An' give our side a harnsome boost,—  
 Tell 'em thet on the Slavery question  
 I'm RIGHT, although to speak I'm lawth ;  
 This gives you a safe pint to rest on,  
 An' leaves me frontin' South by North.

[And now of epistles candidatial, which are of two kinds,—namely, letters of acceptance, and letters definitive of position. Our republic, on the eve of an election, may safely enough be called a republic of letters. Epistolary composition becomes then an epidemic, which seizes one candidate after another, not seldom cutting short the thread of political life. It has come to such a pass, that a party dreads less the attacks of its opponents than a letter from its candidate. *Litera scripta manet*, and it will go hard if something bad cannot be made of it. General Harrison, it is well understood, was surrounded, during his candidacy, with the *cordon sanitaire* of a vigilance committee. No prisoner in Spielberg was ever more cautiously deprived of writing materials. The soot was scraped carefully from the chimney-places ; outposts of expert rifle-shooters rendered it sure death for any goose (who came clad in feathers) to approach within a certain limited distance of North Bend ; and all domestic fowls about the premises were reduced to the condition of Plato's original man. By these precautions the General was saved. *Parva componere magnis*, I remember, that, when party spirit once ran high among my people, upon occasion of the choice of a new deacon, I, having my preferences, yet not caring too openly to express them, made use of an innocent fraud to bring about that result which I deemed most desirable. My stratagem was no other than the throwing a copy of the Complete Letter-Writer in the way of the candidate whom I wished to defeat. He caught the infection, and addressed a short note to his constituents, in which the opposite party detected so many and so grave improprieties (he had modelled it upon the letter of a young lady accepting a proposal of marriage), that he not only lost his election, but, falling under a suspicion of Sabellianism and I know not what (the widow Endive assured me that he was a Paralipomenon, to her certain knowledge), was forced to leave the town. Thus it is that the letter killeth.

The object which candidates propose to themselves in writing is to convey no meaning at all. And here is a quite unsuspected pitfall into which they successively plunge headlong. For it is precisely in such cryptographies that mankind are prone to seek for and find a wonderful amount and variety of significance.

*Omne ignotum pro mirifico.* How do we admire at the antique world striving to crack those oracular nuts from Delphi, Hammon, and elsewhere, in only one of which can I so much as surmise that any kernel had ever lodged; that, namely, wherein Apollo confessed that he was mortal. One Didymus is, moreover, related to have written six thousand books on the single subject of grammar, a topic rendered only more tenebrific by the labours of his successors, and which seems still to possess an attraction for authors in proportion as they can make nothing of it. A singular loadstone for theologians, also, is the Beast in the Apocalypse, whereof, in the course of my studies, I have noted two hundred and three several interpretations, each lethiferal to all the rest. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*, yet I have myself ventured upon a two hundred and fourth, which I embodied in a discourse preached on occasion of the demise of the late usurper, Napoleon Bonaparte, and which quieted, in a large measure, the minds of my people. It is true that my views on this important point were ardently controverted by Mr. Shearjashub Holden, the then preceptor of our academy, and in other particulars a very deserving and sensible young man, though possessing a somewhat limited knowledge of the Greek tongue. But his heresy struck down no deep root, and, he having been lately removed by the hand of Providence, I had the satisfaction of reaffirming my cherished sentiments in a sermon preached upon the Lord's day immediately succeeding his funeral. This might seem like taking an unfair advantage, did I not add that he had made provision in his last will (being celibate) for the publication of a posthumous tractate in support of his own dangerous opinions.

I know of nothing in our modern times which approaches so nearly to the ancient oracle as the letter of a Presidential candidate. Now, among the Greeks, the eating of beans was strictly forbidden to all such as had it in mind to consult those expert amphibologists, and this same prohibition on the part of Pythagoras to his disciples is understood to imply an abstinence from politics, beans having been used as ballots. That other explication, *quod videlicet sensus eo cibo obtundi existimaret*, though supported *pugnis et calcibus* by many of the learned, and not wanting the countenance of Cicero, is confuted by the larger experience of New England. On the whole, I think it safer to apply here the rule of interpretation which now generally obtains in regard to antique cosmogonies, myths, fables, proverbial expressions, and knotty points generally, which is, to find a common-sense meaning, and then select whatever can be imagined the most opposite thereto. In this way we arrive at the conclusion, that the Greeks objected to the questioning of candidates. And very properly, if, as I conceive, the chief point be not to discover what a person in that position is, or



what he will do, but whether he can be elected. *Vos exemplaria Græca nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.*

But, since an imitation of the Greeks in this particular (the asking of questions being one chief privilege of freemen) is hardly to be hoped for, and our candidates will answer, whether they are questioned or not, I would recommend that these ante-electionary dialogues should be carried on by symbols, as were the diplomatic correspondences of the Scythians and Macrobian, or confined to the language of signs, like the famous interview of Panurge and Goatsnose. A candidate might then convey a suitable reply to all committees of inquiry by closing one eye, or by presenting them with a phial of Egyptian darkness to be speculated upon by their respective constituencies. These answers would be susceptible of whatever retrospective construction the exigencies of the political campaign might seem to demand, and the candidate could take his position on either side of the fence with entire consistency. Or, if letters must be written, profitable use might be made of the Dighton rock hieroglyphic or the cuneiform script, every fresh decipherer of which is enabled to educe a different meaning, whereby a sculptured stone or two supplies us, and will probably continue to supply posterity, with a very vast and various body of authentic history. For even the briefest epistle in the ordinary chirography is dangerous. There is scarce any style so compressed that superfluous words may not be detected in it. A severe critic might curtail that famous brevity of Cæsar's by two-thirds, drawing his pen through the supererogatory *veni* and *vidi*. Perhaps, after all, the surest footing of hope is to be found in the rapidly increasing tendency to demand less and less of qualification in candidates. Already have statesmanship, experience, and the possession (nay, the profession, even) of principles been rejected as superfluous, and may not the patriot reasonably hope that the ability to write will follow? At present, there may be death in pot-hooks as well as pots, the loop of a letter may suffice for a bow-string, and all the dreadful heresies of Anti-slavery may lurk in a flourish.—H. W.]

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## NO VIII.

### A SECOND LETTER FROM B. SAWIN, ESQ.

[In the following epistle, we behold Mr. Sawin returning, a *miles emeritus*, to the bosom of his family. *Quantum nutatus!* The good Father of us all had doubtless intrusted to the keeping of this child of his certain faculties of a constructive kind. He had put in him a share of that vital force, the nicest economy of

every minute atom of which is necessary to the perfect development of Humanity. He had given him a brain and heart, and so had equipped his soul with the two strong wings of knowledge and love, whereby it can mount to hang its nest under the eaves of heaven. And this child, so dowered, he had intrusted to the keeping of his vicar, the State. How stands the account of that stewardship? The State, or Society (call her by what name you will), had taken no manner of thought of him till she saw him swept out into the street, the pitiful leavings of last night's debauch, with cigar-ends, lemon-parings, tobacco-quids, slops, vile stench, and the whole loathsome next morning of the bar-room,—an own child of the Almighty God! I remember him as he was brought to be christened, a ruddy rugged babe; and now there he wallows, reeking, seething,—the dead corpse, not of a man, but of a soul,—a putrefying lump, horrible for the life that is in it. Comes the wind of heaven, that good Samaritan, and parts the hair upon his forehead, nor is too nice to kiss those parched, cracked lips; the morning opens upon him her eyes full of pitying sunshine, the sky yearns down to him,—and there he lies fermenting. O sleep! let me not profane thy holy name by calling that stertorous unconsciousness a slumber! By-and-by comes along the State, God's vicar. Does she say,—“My poor, forlorn, foster-child! Behold here a force which I will make dig and plant and build for me?” Not so, but,—“Here is a recruit ready-made to my hand, a piece of destroying energy lying unprofitably idle.” So she claps an ugly grey suit on him, puts a musket in his grasp, and sends him off, with Gubernatorial and other godspeeds, to do duty as a destroyer.

I made one of the crowd at the last Mechanics' Fair, and with the rest, stood gazing in wonder at a perfect machine, with its soul of fire, its boiler-heart that sent the hot blood pulsing along the iron arteries, and its thews of steel. And while I was admiring the adaptation of means to end, the harmonious involutions of contrivance, and the never-bewildered complexity, I saw a grimed and greasy fellow, the imperious engine's lackey and drudge, whose sole office was to let fall, at intervals, a drop or two of oil upon a certain joint. Then my soul said within me, See there a piece of mechanism to which that other you marvel at is but as the rude first effort of a child,—a force which not merely suffices to set a few wheels in motion, but which can send an impulse all through the infinite future,—a contrivance, not for turning out pins, or stitching buttonholes, but for making Hamlets and Lears. And yet this thing of iron shall be housed, waited on, guarded from rust and dust, and it shall be a crime but so much as to scratch it with a pin; while the other, with its fire of God in it, shall be buffeted hither and thither, and finally sent carefully a thousand miles to be the target for a Mexican cannon-ball. Unthrifty Mother State! My heart

burned within me for pity and indignation, and I renewed this covenant with my own soul,—*In aliis mansuetus ero, at, in blasphemiiis contra Christum, non ita.*—H. W.]

I SPOSE you wonder ware I be ; I can't tell, fer the soul  
o' me,

Exacly ware I be myself,—meanin' by thet the holl o' me.  
Wen I left hum, I hed two legs, an they worn't bad ones  
neither

(The scaliest trick they ever played wuz bringin' on me  
hither),

Now one on 'em's I dunno ware ;—they thought I wuz  
adyin',

An' sawed it off because they said 'twuz kin' o' mortifyin' ;  
I'm willin' to believe it wuz, an' yit I don't see, nuther,  
Wy one shoud take to feelin' cheap a minnit sooner'n  
t'other,

Sence both wuz equilly to blame ; but things is ez they be ;  
It took on so they took it off, an' thet's enough fer me :  
There's one good thing, though, to be said about my  
wooden new one,—

The liquor can't git into it ez't used to in the true one ;  
So it saves drink ; an' then, besides a feller couldn't beg  
A gretter blessin' then to hev one ollers sober peg ;  
It's true a chap's in want o' two fer follerin' a drum,  
But all the march I'm up to now is jest to Kingdom Come.  
I've lost one eye, but thet's a loss it's easy to supply  
Out o' the glory that I've gut, fer thet is all my eye ;  
An' one is big enough, I guess, by diligently usin' it,  
To see all I shall ever git by way o' pay fer losin' it ;  
Off'cers I notice, who git paid fer all our thumps an'  
kickins,

Du wal by keepin' single eyes arter the fattest pickins ;  
So, ez the eye's put fairly out, I'll larn to go without it,  
An' not allow *myself* to be no gret put out about it.  
Now, le' me see, thet isn't all ; I used, 'fore leavin' Jaalam,

To count things on my finger-eends, but sutthin' seems  
to ail 'em :

Ware's my left hand? Oh, darn it, yes, I recollect wut's  
cum on't ;

I hain't no left arm but my right, an' thet's gut jest a  
thumb on't ;

It ain't so hendy ez it wuz to cal'late a sum on't.

I've hed some ribs broke,—six (I b'lieve),—I hain't kep'  
no account on 'em ;

Wen pensions git to be the talk, I'll settle the amount on 'em.

An' now I'm speakin' about ribs, it kin' o' brings to mind

One thet I couldn't never break,—the one I lef' behind ;

Ef you should see her, jest clear out the spout o' your  
invention

An' pour the longest sweetnin' in about an annooal  
pension,

An' kin' o' hint (in case, you know, the critter should  
refuse to be

Consoled) I ain't so 'xpensive now to keep ez wut I used  
to be ;

There's one arm less, ditto one eye, an' then the leg  
thet's wooden

Can be took off an' sot away wenever ther's a puddin'.

I spose you think I'm comin' back ez opperlunt ez thunder,  
With shiploads o' gold images an' varus sorts o' plunder ;  
Wal, 'fore I vullinteed, I thought this country wuz a  
sort o'

Canaan, a reg'lar Promised Land flowin' with rum an'  
water,

Ware propaty growed up like time, without no cultivation,

An' gold wuz dug ez taters be among our Yankee nation,

Ware nateral advantages were pufficly amazin',

Ware every rock there wuz about with precious stuns wuz  
blazin',

Ware mill-sites filled the country up ez thick ez you could.  
cram em,  
An' desput rivers run about a beggin' folks to dam  
'em ;  
Then there were meetin-houses, tu, chockful o' gold an'  
silver  
Thet you could take, an' no one couldn't hand ye in no  
bill fer ;—  
Thet's wut I thought afore I went, thet's wut them fellers  
told us  
Thet stayed to hum an' speechified an' to the buzzards  
sold us ;  
I thought thet gold-mines could be gut cheaper than  
Chiny asters,  
An' see myself acomin' back like sixty Jacob Astors ;  
But sech idees soon melted down an' didn't leave a  
grease-spot ;  
I vow my holl sheer o' the spiles wouldn't come nigh a  
V spot ;  
Although, most anywares we've ben, you needn't break  
no locks,  
Nor run no kin' o' risks, to fill your pocket full o' rocks.  
I 'xpect I mentioned in my last some o' the nateral  
feetures  
O' this all-fiered buggy hole in th' way o' awfle creeturs,  
But I fergut to name (new things to speak on so abounded)  
How one day you'll most die o' thust, an' 'fore the next  
git drowneded.  
The clymit seems to me jest like a teapot made o' pewter  
Our Prudence hed, thet wouldn't pour (all she could du)  
to suit her ;  
Fust place the leaves 'ould choke the spout, so's not a  
drop 'ould dren out,  
Then Prude 'ould tip an' tip an' tip, till the holl kit bust  
clean out,

The kiver-hinge-pin bein' lost, tea-leaves an' tea an' kiver  
'ould all come down *kerswosh* ! ez though the dam broke  
in a river.

Jest so 'tis here ; holl months there ain't a day o' rainy  
weather,

An' jest ez th' officers 'ould be a layin' heads together  
Ez t' how they'd mix their drink at sech a milingtary  
deepot,—

"I would pour ez though the lid wuz off the everlastin'  
teapot.

The cons'quence is, thet I shall take, wen I'm allowed  
to leave here,

One piece o' propaty along, an' thet's the shakin' fever ;  
It's reggilar employment, though, an' thet ain't thought  
to harm one,

Nor 'tain't so tiresome ez it wuz with t'other leg an' arm  
oh ;

An' it's a consolation, tu, although it doosn't pay,  
To hev it said you're some gret shakes in any kin' o'  
way.

"Tworn't very long, I tell ye wut, I thought o' fortin-  
makin',—

One day a reg'lar shiver-de-freeze, an' next ez good ez  
bakin',—

One day abrin' in the sand, then smoth'rin' in the  
mashes,—

Git up all sound, be put to bed a mess o' hacks an'  
smashes.

But then, thinks I, at any rate, there's glory to be hed,—  
Thet's an investment, arter all, thet mayn't turn out so  
bad ;

But somehow, wen we'd fit an' licked, I ollers found  
the thanks

Gut kin' o' lodged afore they come ez low down ez the  
ranks ;

The Gin'ral's gut the biggest sheer, the Cunnles next, an'  
so on,—

*We* never gut a blasted mite o' glory ez I know on ;  
An' spose we hed, I wonder how you're goin' to contrive  
its

Division so's to give a piece to twenty thousand privits ;  
Ef you should multiply by ten the portion o' the brav'st  
one,

You wouldn't git more'n half enough to speak of on a  
grave-stun ;

We git the licks,—we're jest the grist thet's put into War's  
hoppers ;

Leftenants is the lowest grade thet helps pick up the  
coppers.

It may suit folks thet go agin a body with a soul in't,  
An' ain't contented with a hide without a bagnet hole  
in't ;

But glory is a kin' o' thing *I* sha'n't pursue no furdur,  
Coz thet's the off'cers' parquisite,—yourn's on'y jest the  
murder.

Wal, arter I gin glory up, thinks I at least there's one  
Thing in the bills we ain't hed yit, an' thet's the  
GLORIOUS FUN ;

Ef once we git to Mexico, we fairly may persume we  
All day an' night shall revel in the halls o' Montezumy.  
I'll tell ye wut *my* revels wuz, an' see how you would  
like 'em ;

*We* never gut inside the hall : the nighest ever *I* come  
Wuz stan'in' sentry in the sun (an', fact, it *seemed* a  
cent'ry)

A ketchin' smells o' biled an' roast thet came out thru  
the entry,

An' hearin' ez I sweltered thru my passes an' repasses,  
A rat-tat-too o' knives an' forks, a clinkty-clink o' glasses ;



I can't tell off the bill o' fare the Ginrals hed inside ;  
 All I know is, thet out o' doors a pair o' soles wuz fried,  
 An' not a hunderd miles away frum ware this child wuz  
     posted,  
 A Massachusetts citizen wuz baked an' biled an' roasted ;  
 The on'y thing like revellin' thet ever come to me  
 Wuz bein' routed out o' sleep by thet darned revelee.

They say the quarrel's settled now ; fer my part I've  
     some doubt on't,  
 't'll take more fish-skin than folks think to take the rile  
     clean out on't ;

At any rate, I'm so used up I can't do no more fightin',  
 The on'y chance thet's left to me is politics or writin' ;  
 Now, ez the people's gut to hev a milingitary man,  
 An' I ain't nothin' else jest now, I've hit upon a plan ;  
 The can'idatin' line, you know, 'ould suit me to a T,  
 An' ef I lose, 'twunt hurt my ears to lodge another flea ;  
 So I'll set up ez can'ideate fer any kin' o' office,  
 (I mean fer any thet includes good easy-cheers an' soffies ;  
 Fer ez tu runnin' fer a place ware work's the time o' day,  
 You know thet's wut I never did,—except the other way ;)  
 Ef it's the Presidential cheer fer wich I'd better run,  
 Wut two legs anywares about could keep up with my  
     one ?

There ain't no kin' o' quality in can'idates, it's said,  
 So useful ez a wooden leg,—except a wooden head ;  
 There's nothin' ain't so poppylar—(wy, it's a parfect sin  
 To think wut Mexico hez paid fer Santy Anny's pin ;)—  
 Then I hain't gut no princerples, an', sence I wuz knee-  
     high,

I never *did* hev any gret, ez you can testify ;  
 I'm a decided peace-man, tu, an' go agin the war,—  
 Fer now the holl on't 's gone an' past, wut is there to go  
     *for ?*

Ef, wile you're 'lectioneerin' round, some curus chaps  
should beg  
To know my views o' state affairs, jest answer WOODEN  
LEG !  
Ef they ain't settisfied with thet, an' kin' o' pry an'  
doubt  
An' ax fer sutthin' deffynit, jest say ONE EYE PUT OUT !  
'Thet kin' o' talk I guess you'll find 'll answer to a  
charm,  
An' wen you're druv tu nigh the wall, hol' up my missin'  
arm ;  
Ef they should nose round fer a pledge, put on a vartuous  
look  
An' tell 'em thet's precisely wut I never gin nor—took !

Then you can call me "Timbertoes,"—thet's wut the  
people likes ;  
Sutthin' combinin' morril truth with phrases sech ez  
strikes ;  
Some say the people's fond o' this, or thet, or wut you  
please,—  
I tell ye wut the people want is jest correct idee ;  
"Old Timbertoes," you see, 's a creed it's safe to be  
quite bold on,  
'There's nothin' in't the other side can any ways git hold  
on ;  
It's a good tangible idee, a sutthin' to embody  
Thet valooable class o' men who look thru brandy-  
toddy ;  
It gives a Party Platform, tu, jest level with the mind  
Of all right-thinkin', honest folks thet mean to go it  
blind ;  
Then there air other good hooraws to dror on ez you  
need 'em,

Sech ez the ONE-EYED SLARTERER, the BLOODY BIRDO-FREDUM !

Them's wut takes hold o' folks thet think, ez well ez o' the masses,

An' makes you sartin o' the aid o' good men of all classes.

There's one thing I'm in doubt about ; in order to be Presidunt,

It's absolutely ne'ssary to be a Southern residunt ;

The Constitution settles thet, an' also thet a feller

Must own a nigger o' some sort, jet black, or brown, or yellor.

Now I hain't no objections agin particklar climes,

Nor agin ownin' anythin' (except the truth sometimes),

But, ez I hain't no capital, up there among ye, maybe,

You might raise funds enough fer me to buy a low-priced baby,

An' then to suit the No'thern folks, who feel obleeged to say

They hate an' cuss the very thing they vote fer every day,

Say you're assured I go full butt fer Libbaty's diffusion

An' make the purchis on'y jest to spite the Institootion ;—

But, golly ! there's the currier's hoss upon the pavement pawin' !

I'll be more 'xplicit in my next.

Yourn,

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN.

[We have now a tolerably fair chance of estimating how the balance-sheet stands between our returned volunteer and glory. Supposing the entries to be set down on both sides of the account in fractional parts of one hundred, we shall arrive at something like the following result :—



prevalent reasons for our believing. For does not the old proverb, when it asserts that money does not grow on *every* bush, imply *a fortiori* that there were certain bushes which did produce it? Again, there is another ancient saw to the effect that money is the *root* of all evil. From which two adages it may be safe to infer that the aforesaid species of tree first degenerated into a shrub, then absconded underground, and finally, in our iron age, vanished altogether. In favourable exposures it may be conjectured that a specimen or two survived to a great age, as in the garden of the Hesperides; and, indeed, what else could that tree in the sixth Æneid have been, with a branch whereof the Trojan hero procured admission to a territory, for the entering of which money is a surer passport than to a certain other more profitable (too) foreign kingdom? Whether these speculations of mine have any force in them, or whether they will not rather, by most readers, be deemed impertinent to the matter in hand, is a question which I leave to the determination of an indulgent posterity. That there were, in more primitive and happier times, shops where money was sold,—and that, too, on credit and at a bargain,—I take to be matter of demonstration. For what but a dealer in this article was that Æolus who supplied Ulysses with motive-power for his fleet in bags? What that Ericus, King of Sweden, who is said to have kept the winds in his cap? what, in more recent times, those Lapland Nornas who traded in favourable breezes? All which will appear the more clearly when we consider, that, even to this day, *raising the wind* is proverbial for raising money, and that brokers and banks were invented by the Venetians at a later period.

And now for the improvement of this digression. I find a parallel to Mr. Sawin's fortune in an adventure of my own. For, shortly after I had first broached to myself the before-stated natural-historical and archæological theories, as I was passing, *hæc negotia penitus mecum revolvens*, through one of the obscure suburbs of our New England metropolis, my eye was attracted by these words upon a sign-board,—CHEAP CASH-STORE. Here was at once the confirmation of my speculations and the substance of my hopes. Here lingered the fragment of a happier past, or stretched out the first tremulous organic filament of a more fortunate future. Thus glowed the distant Mexico to the eyes of Sawin, as he looked through the dirty pane of the recruiting-office window, or speculated from the summit of that mirage-Pisgah which the imps of the bottle are so cunning in raising up. Already had my Alnaschar-fancy (even during that first half-believing glance) expended in various useful directions the funds to be obtained by pledging the manuscript of a proposed volume of discourses. Already did a clock ornament the tower of the Jaalam meeting-house, a gift appropriately, but

modestly, commemorated in the parish and town records, both, for now many years, kept by myself. Already had my son Seneca completed his course at the University. Whether, for the moment, we may not be considered as actually lording it over those Baratarias with the viceroyalty of which Hope invests us, and whether we are ever so warmly housed as in our Spanish castles, would afford matter of argument. Enough that I found that sign-board to be no other than a bait to the trap of a decayed grocer. Nevertheless, I bought a pound of dates (getting short weight by reason of immense flights of harpy flies who pursued and lighted upon their prey even in the very scales), which purchase I made, not only with an eye to the little ones at home, but also as a figurative reproof of that too frequent habit of my mind, which, forgetting the due order of chronology, will often persuade me that the happy sceptre of Saturn is stretched over this Astræa-forsaken nineteenth century.

Having glanced at the ledger of Glory under the title *Sarwin, B.*, let us extend our investigations, and discover if that instructive volume does not contain some charges more personally interesting to ourselves. I think we should be more economical of our resources, did we thoroughly appreciate the fact, that, whenever Brother Jonathan seems to be thrusting his hand into his own pocket, he is, in fact, picking ours. I confess that the late *muck* which the country has been running has materially changed my views as to the best method of raising revenue. If, by means of direct taxation, the bills for every extraordinary outlay were brought under our immediate eye, so that, like thrifty housekeepers, we could see where and how fast the money was going, we should be less likely to commit extravagances. At present these things are managed in such a hugger-mugger way, that we know not what we pay for: the poor man is charged as much as the rich; and, while we are saving and scrimping at the spigot, the government is drawing off at the bung. If we could know that a part of the money we expend for tea and coffee goes to buy powder and balls, and that it is Mexican blood which makes the clothes on our backs more costly, it would set some of us a-thinking. During the present fall, I have often pictured to myself a government official entering my study and handing me the following bill:—

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30, 1848.

REV. HOMER WILBUR to Uncle Samuel.

Dr.

To his share of work done in Mexico on partnership account, sundry jobs, as below.

„, killing, maiming, and wounding about 5000 Mexicans, \$ 2.00

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\$ 2.00

Brought forward . . . . .	§ 2.00
To slaughtering one woman carrying water to wounded . . . . .	.10
„ extra work on two different Sabbaths (one bombardment, and one assault), whereby the Mexicans were prevented from defiling themselves with the idolatries of high mass, . . . . .	3.50
„ throwing an especially fortunate and Protestant bomb-shell into the Cathedral at Vera Cruz, whereby several female Papists were slain at the altar, . . . . .	.50
„ his proportion of cash paid for conquered territory, . . . . .	1.75
„ do. do. for conquering do. . . . .	1.50
„ manuring do. with new superior compost called “American Citizen,” . . . . .	.50
„ extending the area of freedom and Protestantism, . . . . .	.01
„ glory, . . . . .	.01

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§ 9.87

*Immediate payment is requested.*

*N. B.*—Thankful for former favours, U. S. requests a continuance of patronage. Orders executed with neatness and despatch. Terms as low as those of any other contractor for the same kind and style of work.

I can fancy the official answering my look of horror with,—“Yes, sir, it looks like a high charge, sir; but in these days slaughtering is slaughtering.” Verily, I would that every one understood that it was: for it goes about obtaining money under the false pretence of being glory. For me, I have an imagination which plays me uncomfortable tricks. It happens to me sometimes to see a slaughterer on his way home from his day's work, and forthwith my imagination puts a cocked hat upon his head and epaulettes upon his shoulders, and sets him up as a candidate for the Presidency. So, also, on a recent public occasion, as the place assigned to the “Reverend Clergy” is just behind that of “Officers of the Army and Navy” in processions, it was my fortune to be seated at the dinner-table over against one of these respectable persons. He was arrayed as (out of his own profession) only kings, court-officers, and footmen are in Europe, and Indians in America. Now what does my over-officious imagination but set to work upon him, strip him of his gay livery, and present him to me coatless, his trousers thrust into the tops of a pair of boots thick with clotted blood, and a basket on his arm out of which lolled a gore-smeared axe, thereby destroying my relish for the temporal mercies upon the board before me!—H. W.]

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## No. IX.

## A THIRD LETTER FROM B. SAWIN, ESQ.

[Upon the following letter slender comment will be needful. In what river Selemnus has Mr Sawin bathed, that he has become so swiftly oblivious of his former loves? From an ardent and (as befits a soldier) confident wooer of that coy bride, the popular favour, we see him subside of a sudden into the (I trust not jilted) Cincinnatus, returning to his plough with a goodly sized branch of willow in his hand; figuratively returning, however, to a figurative plough, and from no profound affection for that honoured implement of husbandry (for which, indeed, Mr. Sawin never displayed any decided predilection), but in order to be gracefully summoned therefrom to more congenial labours. It would seem that the character of the ancient Dictator had become part of the recognised stock of our modern political comedy, though, as our term of office extends to a quadrennial length, the parallel is not so minutely exact as could be desired. It is sufficiently so, however, for purposes of scenic representation. An humble cottage (if built of logs, the better) forms the Arcadian background of the stage. This rustic paradise is labelled Ashland, Jaalam, North Bend, Marshfield, Kinderhook, or Bâton Rouge, as occasion demands. Before the door stands a something with one handle (the other painted in proper perspective), which represents, in happy ideal vagueness, the plough. To this the defeated candidate rushes with delirious joy, welcomed as a father by appropriate groups of happy labourers, or from it the successful one is torn with difficulty, sustained alone by a noble sense of public duty. Only I have observed, that, if the scene be laid at Bâton Rouge or Ashland, the labourers are kept carefully in the background, and are heard to shout from behind the scenes in a singular tone resembling ululation, and accompanied by a sound not unlike vigorous clapping. This, however, may be artistically in keeping with the habits of the rustic population of those localities. The precise connection between agricultural pursuits and statesmanship I have not been able, after diligent inquiry, to discover. But, that my investigations may not be barren of all fruit, I will mention one curious statistical fact, which I consider thoroughly established, namely, that no real farmer ever attains practically beyond a seat in General Court, however theoretically qualified for more exalted station.

It is probable that some other prospect has been opened to Mr. Sawin, and that he has not made this great sacrifice without some definite understanding in regard to a seat in the cabinet or a foreign mission. It may be supposed that we of Jaalam were not untouched by a feeling of vilatic pride in beholding

our townsman occupying so large a space in the public eye. And to me, deeply revolving the qualifications necessary to a candidate in these frugal times, those of Mr. S. seemed peculiarly adapted to a successful campaign. The loss of a leg, an arm, an eye, and four fingers reduced him so nearly to the condition of a *vox et præterea nihil*, that I could think of nothing but the loss of his head by which his chance could have been bettered. But since he has chosen to balk our suffrages, we must content ourselves with what we can get, remembering *lactucas non esse dandas, dum cardui sufficient.*—H. W.]

I SPOSE you recollect thet I explained my gennle views  
In the last billet thet I writ, 'way down frum Veery Cruze,  
Jest arter I'd a kind o' ben spontaneously sot up  
To run unannermously fer the Presidential cup ;  
O' course it worn't no wish o' mine, 'twuz ferflely distressin',  
But poppuler enthusiasm gut so almighty pressin'  
Thet, though like sixty all along I funied an' fussed an'  
sorrered,  
There didn't seem no ways to stop their bringin' on me  
forrerd :  
Fact is, they udged the matter so, I couldn't help ad-  
mittin'  
The Father o' his Country's shoes no feet but mine 'ould  
fit in,  
Besides the savin' o' the soles fer ages to succeed,  
Seein' thet with one wannut foot, a pair 'd be more'n I  
need ;  
An', tell ye wut, them shoes 'll want a thund'rin sight o'  
patchin',  
Ef this ere fashion is to last we've gut into o' hatchin'  
A pair o' second Washintons fer every new election,—  
Though, fer ez number one's consarned, I don't make  
no objection.

I wuz agoin' to say thet wen at fust I saw  
The masses would stick to't I wuz the Country's father-  
'n-law,

(They would ha' hed it *Father*, but I told 'em 'twouldn't du,

Coz thet wuz sutthin' of a sort they couldn't split in tu,  
An' Washinton hed hed the thing laid fairly to his door,  
Nor darsn't say 'tworn't his'n, much ez sixty year afore,)   
But 'tain't no matter ez to thet ; wen I wuz nomernated,  
'Tworn't natur but wut I should feel consid'able elated,  
An' wile the hooraw o' the thing wuz kind o' noo an' fresh,

I thought our ticket would ha' caird the country with a resh.

Sence I've come hum, though, an' looked round, I think  
I seem to find

Strong argimunts ez thick ez fleas to make me change  
my mind ;

It's clear to any one whose brain ain't fur gone in a  
phthisis,

Thet hail Columby's happy land is goin' thru a crisis,  
An' 'twouldn't noways du to hev the people's mind dis-  
tracted

By bein' all at once by sev'ral pop'lar names attackted ;  
'Twould save holl haycartloads o' fuss an' three four  
months o' jaw

Ef some illustrious paytriot should back out an' with-  
draw :

So, ez I ain't a crooked stick, jest like—like ole (I swow,  
I dunno ez I know his name)—I'll go back to my plough.

Wenever an Amerikin distinguished politishin  
Begins to try et wut they call definin' his posishin,  
Wal, I, fer one, feel sure he ain't gut nothin' to define ;  
It's so nine cases out o' ten, but jest that tenth is mine ;  
And 'tain't no more'n is proper'n' right in sech a  
sitooation

To hint the course you think'll be the savin' o' the nation :  
 To funk right out o' p'lit'cal strife ain't thought to be  
     the thing,  
 Without you deacon off the toon you want your folks  
     should sing ;  
 So I edvise the noomrous friends thet's in one boat with  
     me  
 To jest up killock, jam right down their hellum hard a  
     lee,  
 Haul the sheets taut, an' laying out upon the Suthun tack,  
 Make fer the safest port they can, wich, / think, is Ole  
     Zack.

Next thing you'll want to know, I spose, wut argimunts  
     I seem  
 To see thet makes me think this ere'll be the strongest  
     team ;  
 Fust place, I've ben consid'ble round in bar-rooms an'  
     saloons  
 Agetherin public sentiment 'mongst Demmercrats and  
     Coons,  
 An' 'tain't ve'y offen thet I meet a chap but wut goes in  
 Fer Rough an' Ready, fair an' square, hufs, taller, horns,  
     an' skin ;  
 I don't deny but wut, fer one, ez fur ez I could see,  
 I didn't like at fust the Pheladelphia nomernee :  
 I could ha' pintoed to a man thet wuz, I guess, a peg  
 Higher than him,—a soger, tu, an' with a wooden leg ;  
 But every day with more an' more o' Taylor zeal I'm  
     burnin',  
 Seein' wich way the tide thet sets to office is aturnin' ;  
 Wy, into Bellers's we notched the votes down on three  
     sticks,—  
 "Twuz Birdofredum *one*, Cass *aught*, an' Taylor *twenty*.  
     *six*,

An' bein' the on'y canderdate thet wuz upon the ground,  
They said 'twuz no more'n right thet I should pay the  
drinks all round ;

Ef I'd expected sech a trick, I wouldn't ha' cut my foot  
By goin' an' votin' fer myself like a consumed coot ;  
It didn't make no diff'rence, though ; I wish I may be  
cust,

Ef Bellers wuzn't slim enough to say he wouldn't trust !

Another pint thet influences the minds o' sober jedges  
Is thet the Gin'ral hezn't gut tied hand an' foot with  
pledges ;

He hezn't told ye wut he is, an' so there ain't no knowin'  
But wut he may turn out to be the best there is agoin' ;

This, at the on'y spot thet pinched, the shoe directly  
eases,

Coz every one is free to 'xpect percisely wut he pleases :  
I want free-trade ; you don't ; the Gin'ral isn't bound to  
neither ;

I vote my way ; you, yourn ; an' both air sooted to a T  
there.

Ole Rough an' Ready, tu, 's a Wig, but without bein'  
ultry

(He's like a holsome hayin' day, thet's warm, but isn't  
sultry)

He's jest wut I should call myself, a kin o' *scratch* ez't  
ware,

Thet ain't exactly all a wig nor wholly your own hair ;  
I've ben a Wig three weeks myself, jest o' this mod'rate  
sort,

An' don't find them an' Demmercrats so different ez I  
thought ;

They both act pooty much alike, an' push an' scrouge  
an' cus ;

They're like two pickpockets in league fer Uncle  
Samwell's pus ;  
Each takes a side, an' then they squeeze the ole man in  
between 'em,  
'Turn all his pockets wrong side out an' quick ez lightnin'  
clean 'em ;  
'To nary one on 'em I'd trust a secon'-handed rail  
No funder off 'an I could sling a bullock by the tail.

Webster sot matters right in thet air Mashfiel' speech o'  
his'n ;—  
“ Taylor,” sez he, “ ain't nary ways the one thet I'd a  
chizzen,  
Nor he ain't fittin' fer the place, an' like ez not he ain't  
No more'n a tough ole bullethead, an' no gret of a saint ;  
But then,” sez he, “ obsarve my pint, he's jest ez good  
to vote fer  
Ez though the greasin' on him worn't a thing to hire  
Choate fer ;  
Aint it ez easy done to drop a ballot in a box  
Fer one ez 'tis fer t'other, fer the bull-dog ez the fox ? ”  
It takes a mind like Dannel's, fact, ez big ez all ou' doors,  
'To find out thet it looks like rain arter it fairly pours ;  
I 'gree with him, it ain't so dreffle troublesome to vote  
Fer Taylor arter all,—it's jest to go an' change your coat ;  
Wen he's once greased, you'll swaller him an' never  
know on't, surrence,  
Unless he scratches, goin' down, with them 'ere Gin'ral's  
spurs.  
I've ben a votin' Demmercrat, ez reg'lar as a clock,  
But don't find goin' Taylor gives my narves no gret 'f a  
shock ;  
Truth is, the cutest leadin' Wigs, ever sence fust they  
found

Wich side the bread gut buttered on, hev kep' a edgin' round ;

'They kin' o' slipt the planks frum out th' ole platform one by one

An' made it gradooally noo, 'fore folks know'd wut wuz done,

'Till, fur'z I know, there ain't an inch thet I could lay my han' on,

But I, or any Demmercrat, feels comf'tble to stan' on,  
An' ole Wig doctrines act'lly look, their occ'pants bein' gone,

Lonesome ez staddles on a mash without no hayricks on.

I spose it's time now I should give my thoughts upon the plan,

Thet chipped the shell at Buffalo, o' settin' up ole Van.  
I used to vote fer Martin, but, I swan, I'm clean disgusted,—

He ain't the man thet I can say is fittin' to be trusted ;  
He ain't half antislav'ry 'nough, nor I ain't sure, ez some be,

He'd go in fer abolishin' the Deestrick o' Columby ;  
An', now I come to recollect, it kin' o' make me sick 'z  
A horse, to think o' wut he wuz in eighteen thirty-six.  
An' then, another thing ;—I guess, though mebbly I am wrong,

This Buff'lo plaster ain't agoin' to dror almighty strong ;  
Some folks, I know, hev gut th' idee thet No'thun dough'll rise,

Though, 'fore I see it riz an' baked, I wouldn't trust my eyes ;

'Twill take more emptins, a long chalk, than this noo party's gut,

To give sech heavy cakes ez them a start, I tell ye wut.



But even ef they caird the day, there wouldn't be no  
endurin'

To stan' upon a platform with sech critters ez Van  
Buren ;—

An' his son John, tu, I can't think how thet 'ere chap  
should dare

To speak ez he doos ; wy, they say he used to cuss an'  
swear !

I spose he never read the hymn thet tells how down the  
stairs

A feller with long legs wuz throwed thet wouldn't say  
his prayers.

This brings me to another pint : the leaders o' the party  
Ain't jest sech men ez I can act along with free an'  
hearty ;

They ain't not quite respectable, an' wen a feller's  
morrils

Don't toe the straightest kin' o' mark, wy, him an' me  
jest quarrels.

I went to a free soil meetin' once, an' wut d'ye think I see ?  
A feller was aspoutin' there thet act'lly come to me,  
About two year ago last spring, ez nigh ez I can judge,  
An' axed me ef I didn't want to sign the Temprunce  
pledge !

He's one o' them that goes about an' sez you hedn't  
ough'ter

Drink nothin', mornin', noon, or night, stronger 'an  
'Taunton water.

There's one rule I've ben guided by, in settlin' how to  
vote, ollers,—

I take the side thet *isn't* took by them consarned  
teetotallers.

Ez fer the niggers, I've ben South, an' thet hez changed  
my min' ;

A lazier, more ongrateful set, you couldn't nowers fin'.

You know I mentioned in my last that I should buy a  
nigger,

Ef I could make a purchase at a pooty mod'rate figger ;  
So, ez there's nothin' in the world I'm fonder of 'an  
gunnin',

I closed a bargain finally to take a feller runnin'.

I shou'dered queen's-arm an' stumped out, an' wen I  
come t' th' swamp,

Tworn't very long afore I gut upon the nest o' Pomp ;  
I come acrost a kin' o' hut, an', playin' round the door,  
Some little woolly-headed cubs, ez many'z six or more.

At fust I thought o' firin', but *think twice* is safest ollers ;  
There ain't, thinks I, not one on 'em but's wuth his  
twenty dollars,

Or would be, ef I hed 'em back into a Christian land,—  
How temptin' all on 'em would look upon an auction-  
stand !

(Not but wut *I* hate Slavery, in th' abstract, stem to  
starn,—

I leave it ware our fathers did, a privit State consarn.)  
Soon'z they see me, they yelled an' run, but Pomp wuz  
out ahoein'

A leetle patch o' corn he hed, or else there ain't on  
knowin'

He wouldn't ha' took a pop at me ; but I hed gut the start,  
An' wen he looked, I vow he groaned ez though he'd broke  
his heart ;

He done it like a wite man, tu, ez nat'ral ez a pictur,  
The imp'dunt, pis'nous hypocrite ! wus 'an a boy  
constrictur.

" You can't gum *me*, I tell ye now, an' so you needn't try,  
I 'xpect my eye-teeth every mail, so jest shet up," sez I.

" Don't go to actin' ugly now, or else I'll let her strip,  
You'd best draw kindly, seein' 'z how I've gut ye on the  
hip ;

Besides, you darned ole fool, it ain't no gret of a disaster  
To be benev'lently druv back to a contented master,  
Ware you hed Christian priv'ledges you don't seem quite  
aware on,

Or you'd ha' never run away from bein' well took care on ;  
Ez fer kin' treatment, wy, he wuz so fond on ye, he said  
He'd give a fifty spot right out, to git ye, 'live or dead ;  
Wite folks ain't sot by half ez much ; 'member I run  
away,

Wen I wuz bound to Cap'n Jakes, to Mattysqumscot  
Bay ;

Don' know him, likely? Spose not : wal, the mean ole  
codger went

An' offered—wut reward, think? Wal, it worn't no *less*  
'n a cent."

Wal, I jest gut 'em into line, an' druv 'em on afore me,  
The pis'nous brutes, I'd no idee o' the ill-will they bore  
me,

We walked till som'ers about noon, an' then it grew so  
hot

I thought it best to camp awile, so I chose out a spot  
Jest under a magnoly tree, an' there right down I sot ;  
Then I unstrapped my wooden leg, coz it begun to chafe,  
An' laid it down 'longside o' me, supposin' all wuz safe ;  
I made my darkies all set down around me in a ring,  
An' sot an' kin' o' ciphered up how much the lot would  
bring ;

But, wile I drinked the peaceful cup of a pure heart an'  
min'

(Mixed with some wiskey, now an' then), Pomp he snaked  
up behin',

An' creepin' grad'lly close tu, ez quiet ez a mink,  
Jest grabbed my leg, and then pulled foot, quicker 'an  
you could wink,

An', come to look, they each on 'em hed gut behin' a  
tree,  
An' Pomp poked out the leg a piece, jest so ez I could  
see,  
An' yelled to me to throw away my pistils an' my gun,  
Or else thet they'd cair off the leg, an' fairly cut an' run.  
I vow I didn't b'lieve there wuz a decent alligatur  
'Thet hed a heart so destitoot o' common human natur ;  
However, ez there worn't no help, I finally give in  
An' heft my arms away to git my leg safe back agin.  
Pomp gethered all the weapins up, an' then he come an'  
grinned,  
He showed his ivory some, I guess, an' sez, " You're  
fairly pinned ;  
Jest buckle on your leg agin, an' git right up an' come,  
'Twun't du for fammerly men like me to be so long frum  
hum."  
At fust I put my toot right down an' swore I wouldn't  
budge.  
" Jest ez you choose," sez he, quite cool, " either be shot  
or trudge."  
So this black-hearted monster took an' act'lly druv me  
back  
Along the very feetmarks o' my happy mornin' track,  
An' kep' me pris'ner 'bout six months, an' worked me, tu,  
like sin,  
Till I hed gut his corn an' his Carliny taters in ;  
He made me larn him readin', tu (although the crittur saw  
How much it hut my morril sense to act agin the law),  
So'st he could read a Bible he'd gut ; an axed ef I could  
pint  
The North Star out ; but there I put his nose some out o'  
jint,  
Fer I weeled roun' about sou'west, an' lookin' up a bit,  
Picked out a middlin' shiny one an' tole him thet wuz it.

Fin'lly, he took me to the door, an', givin' me a kick,  
Sez,—“ Ef you know wut's best fer ye, be off, now, double-  
quick ;

The winter-time's a comin' on, an', though I gut ye cheap,  
You're so darned lazy, I don't think you're hardly wuth  
your keep ;

Besides, the childrin's growin' up, an' you ain't jest the  
model

I'd like to hev 'em immertate, an' so you'd better toddle !”

Now is there anythin' on airth 'll ever prove to me

Thet renegader slaves like him air fit fer bein' free ?

D' you think they'll suck me in to jine the Buff'lo chaps,  
an' them

Rank infidels thet go agin the Scriptur'l cus o' Shem ?

Not by a jugfull ! sooner 'n thet, I'd go thru fire an'  
water ;

Wen I hev once made up my mind, a meet'nhus ain't  
sotter !

No, not though all the crows thet flies to pick my bones  
wuz cawin',—

I guess we're in a Christian land,—

Yourn,

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN.

[Here, patient reader, we take leave of each other, I trust with some mutual satisfaction. I say *patient*, for I love not that kind which skims dippingly over the surface of the page, as swallows over a pool before rain. By such no pearls shall be gathered. But if no pearls there be (as, indeed, the world is not without example of books wherefrom the longest-winded diver shall bring up no more than his proper handful of mud), yet let us hope that an oyster or two may reward adequate perseverance. If neither pearls nor oysters, yet is patience itself a gem worth diving deeply for.

It may seem to some that too much space has been usurped by my own private lucubrations, and some may be fain to bring against me that old jest of him who preached all his hearers out of the meeting-house save only the sexton, who, remaining for yet a little space, from a sense of official duty, at last gave out

also, and presenting the keys, humbly requested our preacher to lock the doors, when he should have wholly relieved himself of his testimony. I confess to a satisfaction in the self-act of preaching, nor do I esteem a discourse to be wholly thrown away even upon a sleeping or unintelligent auditory. I cannot easily believe that the Gospel of Saint John, which Jacques Cartier ordered to be read in the Latin tongue to the Canadian savages, upon his first meeting with them, fell altogether upon stony ground. For the earnestness of the preacher is a sermon appreciable by dumbest intellects and most alien ears. In this wise did Episcopi<sup>us</sup> convert many to his opinions, who yet understood not the language in which he discoursed. The chief thing is that the messenger believe that he has an authentic message to deliver. For counterfeit messengers that mode of treatment which Father John de Plano Carпинi relates to have prevailed among the Tartars would seem effectual, and, perhaps, deserved enough. For my own part, I may lay claim to so much of the spirit of martyrdom as would have led me to go into banishment with those clergymen whom Alphonso the Sixth of Portugal drove out of his kingdom for refusing to shorten their pulpit eloquence. It is possible, that, having been invited into my brother Biglow's desk, I may have been too little scrupulous in using it for the venting of my own peculiar doctrines to a congregation drawn together in the expectation and with the desire of hearing him.

I am not wholly unconscious of a peculiarity of mental organisation which impels me, like the railroad-engine with its train of cars, to run backward for a short distance in order to obtain a fairer start. I may compare myself to one fishing from the rocks when the sea runs high, who, misinterpreting the suction of the undertow for the biting of some larger fish, jerks suddenly, and finds that he has *caught bottom*, hauling in upon the end of his line a trail of various *algæ*, among which, nevertheless, the naturalist may haply find somewhat to repay the disappointment of the angler. Yet have I conscientiously endeavoured to adapt myself to the impatient temper of the age, daily degenerating more and more from the high standard of our pristine New England. To the catalogue of lost arts I would mournfully add also that of listening to two-hour sermons. Surely we have been abridged into a race of pygmies. For, truly, in those of the old discourses yet subsisting to us in print, the endless spinal column of divisions and subdivisions can be likened to nothing so exactly as to the vertebræ of the saurians, whence the theorist may conjecture a race of Anakim proportionate to the withstanding of these other monsters. I say Anakim rather than Nephelim, because there seem reasons for supposing that the race of those whose heads (though no giants) are constantly enveloped in clouds (which that name imports) will never become extinct.

The attempt to vanquish the innumerable *heads* of one of those afore-mentioned discourses may supply us with a plausible interpretation of the second labour of Hercules, and his successful experiment with fire affords us a useful precedent.

But while I lament the degeneracy of the age in this regard, I cannot refuse to succumb to its influence. Looking out through my study-window, I see Mr. Biglow at a distance busy ingathering his Baldwins, of which, to judge by the number of barrels lying about under the trees, his crop is more abundant than my own,—by which sight I am admonished to turn to those orchards of the mind wherein my labours may be more prospered, and apply myself diligently to the preparation of my next Sabbath's discourse.—H. W.]







MELIBŒUS-HIPPONAX.

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THE  
Biglow Papers,

SECOND SERIES.

Εστιν ἄρ' ὁ ιδιωτισμὸς ἐνίστε τοῦ κόσμου παραπολὺ ἐμφανιστικώτερον.

LONGINUS.

"J aimerois mieulx que mon fils apprinst aux tavernes à parler, qu'aux escholes de la parlerie."

MONTAIGNE.

"Unser Sprach ist auch ein Sprach und kann so wohl ein Sack nennen als die Lateiner saccus."

FISCHART.

"Vim rebus aliquando ipsa verborum humilitas affert."

QUINTILIANUS.

"O ma lengo,  
Plantarèy une estèlo à toun froun encrumit !"

JASMIN.



TO  
E. R. HOAR.

“ Multos enim, quibus loquendi ratio non desit, invenias, quos curiose potius loqui dixeris quam Latine ; quomodo et illa Attica anus Theophrastum, hominem alioqui disertissimum, annotata unius affectatione verbi, hospitem dixit, nec alio se id deprehendisse interrogata respondit, quam quod nimium Attice loqueretur.”—QUINTILIANUS.

“ Et Anglice sermonicari solebat populo, sed secundum linguam Norfolchie ubi natus et nutritus erat.”—CRONICA JOCELINI.

“ La politique est une pierre attachée au cou de la littérature, et qui en moins de six mois la submerge. . . . Cette politique va offenser mortellement une moitié des lecteurs, et ennuyer l'autre qui l'a trouvée bien autrement spéciale et énergique dans le journal du matin.”—HENRI BEYLE.

## INTRODUCTION.

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THOUGH prefaces seem of late to have fallen under some reproach, they have at least this advantage, that they set us again on the feet of our personal consciousness and rescue us from the gregarious mock-modesty or cowardice of that *we* which shrills feebly throughout modern literature like the shrieking of mice in the walls of a house that has passed its prime. Having a few words to say to the many friends whom the "Biglow Papers" have won me, I shall accordingly take the freedom of the first person singular of the personal pronoun. Let each of the good-natured unknown who have cheered me by the written communication of their sympathy look upon this Introduction as a private letter to himself.

When, more than twenty years ago, I wrote the first of the series, I had no definite plan and no intention of ever writing another. Thinking the Mexican war, as I think it still, a national crime committed in behoof of Slavery, our common sin, and wishing to put the feeling of those who thought as I did in a way that would tell, I imagined to myself such an upcountry man as I had often seen at antislavery gatherings, capable of district-school English, but always instinctively falling back into the natural stronghold of his homely dialect when heated to the point of self-forgetfulness. When I began to carry out my conception, and to write in my assumed character, I

found myself in a strait between two perils. On the one hand, I was in danger of being carried beyond the limit of my own opinions, or at least of that temper with which every man should speak his mind in print, and on the other I feared the risk of seeming to vulgarise a deep and sacred conviction. I needed on occasion to rise above the level of mere *patois*, and for this purpose conceived the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, who should express the more cautious element of the New England character and its pedantry, as Mr. Biglow should serve for its homely common-sense vivified and heated by conscience. The parson was to be the complement rather than the antithesis of his parishioner, and I felt or fancied a certain humorous element in the real identity of the two under a seeming incongruity. Mr. Wilbur's fondness for scraps of Latin, though drawn from the life, I adopted deliberately to heighten the contrast. Finding soon after that I needed some one as a mouthpiece of the mere drollery, for I conceive that true humour is never divorced from moral conviction, I invented Mr. Sawin for the clown of my little puppet-show. I meant to embody in him that half-conscious *un-morality* which I had noticed as the recoil in gross natures from a Puritanism that still strove to keep in its creed the intense savour which had long gone out of its faith and life. In the three I thought I should find room enough to express, as it was my plan to do, the popular feeling and opinion of the time. For the names of two of my characters, since I have received some remonstrances from very worthy persons who happen to bear them, I would say that they were purely fortuitous, probably mere unconscious memories of sign-boards or directories. Mr. Sawin's sprang from the accident of a rhyme at the end of his first epistle, and I purposely christened him by the impossible surname of Birdofredum not more to stigmatise him as the incarnation of "Manifest Destiny," in



other words, of national recklessness as to right and wrong, than to avoid the chance of wounding any private sensitiveness.

The success of my experiment soon began not only to astonish me, but to make me feel the responsibility of knowing that I held in my hand a weapon instead of the mere fencing-stick I had supposed. Very far from being a popular author under my own name, so far, indeed, as to be almost unread, I found the verses of my pseudonyme copied everywhere ; I saw them pinned up in workshops ; I heard them quoted and their authorship debated ; I once even, when rumour had at length caught up my name in one of its eddies, had the satisfaction of overhearing it demonstrated, in the pauses of a concert, that I was utterly incompetent to have written anything of the kind. I had read too much not to know the utter worthlessness of contemporary reputation, especially as regards satire, but I knew also that by giving a certain amount of influence it also had its worth, if that influence were used on the right side. I had learned, too, that the first requisite of good writing is to have an earnest and definite purpose, whether æsthetic or moral, and that even good writing, to please long, must have more than an average amount either of imagination or common-sense. The first of these falls to the lot of scarcely one in several generations ; the last is within the reach of many in every one that passes ; and of this an author may fairly hope to become in part the mouthpiece. If I put on the cap and bells and made myself one of the court-fools of King Demos, it was less to make his majesty laugh than to win a passage to his royal ears for certain serious things which I had deeply at heart. I say this because there is no imputation that could be more galling to any man's self-respect than that of being a mere jester. I endeavoured, by generalising my satire, to give it what

value I could beyond the passing moment and the immediate application. How far I have succeeded I cannot tell, but I have had better luck than I ever looked for in seeing my verses survive to pass beyond their nonage.

In choosing the Yankee dialect, I did not act without forethought. It had long seemed to me that the great vice of American writing and speaking was a studied want of simplicity, that we were in danger of coming to look on our mother-tongue as a dead language, to be sought in the grammar and dictionary rather than in the heart, and that our only chance of escape was by seeking it at its living sources among those who were, as Scottowe says of Major-General Gibbons, "divinely illiterate." President Lincoln, the only really great public man whom these latter days have seen, was great also in this, that he was master—witness his speech at Gettysburg—of a truly masculine English, classic because it was of no special period, and level at once to the highest and lowest of his countrymen. But whoever should read the debates in Congress might fancy himself present at a meeting of the city council of some city of Southern Gaul in the decline of the Empire, where barbarians with a Latin varnish emulated each other in being more than Ciceronian. Whether it be want of culture, for the highest outcome of that is simplicity, or for whatever reason, it is certain that very few American writers or speakers wield their native language with the directness, precision, and force that are common as the day in the mother country. We use it like Scotchmen, not as if it belonged to us, but as if we wished to prove that we belonged to it, by showing our intimacy with its written rather than with its spoken dialect. And yet all the while our popular idiom is racy with life and vigour and originality, bucksoine (as Milton used the word) to our new occasions, and proves itself no mere graft by sending up new suckers

from the old root in spite of us. It is only from its roots in the living generations of men that a language can be reinforced with fresh vigour for its needs ; what may be called a literate dialect grows ever more and more pedantic and foreign, till it becomes at last as unfitting a vehicle for living thought as monkish Latin. That we should all be made to talk like books is the danger with which we are threatened by the Universal Schoolmaster, who does his best to enslave the minds and memories of his victims to what he esteems the best models of English composition, that is to say, to the writers whose style is faultily correct and has no blood-warmth in it. No language after it has faded into *diction*, none that cannot suck up the feeding juices secreted for it in the rich mother-earth of common folk, can bring forth a sound and lusty book. True vigour and heartiness of phrase do not pass from page to page, but from man to man, where the brain is kindled and the lips supplied by downright living interests and by passion in its very throes. Language is the soil of thought, and our own especially is a rich leaf-mould, the slow deposit of ages, the shed foliage of feeling, fancy, and imagination, which has suffered an earth-change, that the vocal forest, as Howell called it, may clothe itself anew with living green. There is death in the dictionary ; and, where language is too strictly limited by convention, the ground for expression to grow in is limited also : and we get a *potted* literature, Chinese dwarfs instead of healthy trees.

But, while the schoolmaster has been busy starching our language and smoothing it flat with the mangle of a supposed classical authority, the newspaper reporter has been doing even more harm by stretching and swelling it to suit his occasions. A dozen years ago I began a list, which I have added to from time to time, of some of the changes which may be fairly laid at his door. I

give a few of them as showing their tendency, all the more dangerous that their effect, like that of some poisons, is insensibly cumulative, and that they are sure at last of effect among a people whose chief reading is the daily paper. I give in two columns the old style and its modern equivalent.

*Old Style.*

Was hanged.  
When the halter was put round his neck.

A great crowd came to see.

Great fire.  
The fire spread.

House burned.  
The fire was got under.

Man fell.  
A horse and waggon ran against.

The frightened horse.  
Sent for the doctor.

The mayor of the city in a short speech welcomed.

I shall say a few words

Began his answer.  
A bystander advised.

He died.

*New Style.*

Was launched into eternity  
When the fatal noose was adjusted about the neck of the unfortunate victim of his own unbridled passions.

A vast concourse was assembled to witness.

Disastrous conflagration  
The conflagration extended its devastating career.

Edifice consumed.  
The progress of the devouring element was arrested.

Individual was precipitated.  
A valuable horse attached to a vehicle driven by J. S., in the employment of J. B., collided with.

The infuriated animal.  
Called into requisition the services of the family physician.

The chief magistrate of the metropolis, in well-chosen and eloquent language, frequently interrupted by the plaudits of the surging multitude, officially tendered the hospitalities.

I shall, with your permission, beg leave to offer some brief observations.

Commenced his rejoinder.  
One of those omnipresent characters who, as if in pursuance of some previous arrangement, are certain to be encountered in the vicinity when an accident occurs, ventured the suggestion.

He deceased, he passed out of existence, his spirit quitted its earthly habitation, winged its way to eternity, shook off its burden, &c.

In one sense this is nothing new. The school of Pope in verse ended by wire-drawing its phrase to such thinness

that it could bear no weight of meaning whatever. Nor is fine writing by any means confined to America. All writers without imagination fall into it of necessity whenever they attempt the figurative. I take two examples from Mr. Merivale's "History of the Romans under the Empire," which, indeed, is full of such. "The last years of the age familiarly styled the Augustan were singularly barren of the literary glories from which its celebrity was chiefly derived. One by one the stars in its firmament had been lost to the world; Virgil and Horace, &c., had long since died; the charm which the imagination of Livy had thrown over the earlier annals of Rome had ceased to shine on the details of almost contemporary history; and if the flood of his eloquence still continued flowing, we can hardly suppose that the stream was as rapid, as fresh, and as clear as ever." I will not waste time in criticising the bad English or the mixture of metaphor in these sentences, but will simply cite another from the same author which is even worse. "The shadowy phantom of the Republic continued to flit before the eyes of the Cæsar. There was still, he apprehended, a germ of sentiment existing, on which a scion of his own house, or even a stranger, might boldly throw himself and raise the standard of patrician independence." Now a ghost may haunt a murderer, but hardly, I should think, to scare him with the threat of taking a new lease of its old tenement. And fancy the *scion* of a *house* in the act of *throwing itself* upon a *germ of sentiment* to *raise a standard*! I am glad, since we have so much in the same kind to answer for, that this bit of horticultural rhetoric is from beyond sea. I would not be supposed to condemn truly imaginative prose. There is a simplicity of splendour, no less than of plainness, and prose would be poor indeed if it could not find a tongue for that meaning of the mind

which is behind the meaning of the words. It has sometimes seemed to me that in England there was a growing tendency to curtail language into a mere convenience, and to defecate it of all emotion as thoroughly as algebraic signs. This has arisen, no doubt, in part from that healthy national contempt of humbug which is characteristic of Englishmen, in part from that sensitiveness to the ludicrous which makes them so shy of expressing feeling, but in part also, it is to be feared, from a growing distrust, one might almost say hatred, of whatever is super-material. There is something sad in the scorn with which their journalists treat the notion of there being such a thing as a national ideal, seeming utterly to have forgotten that even in the affairs of this world the imagination is as much matter-of-fact as the understanding. If we were to trust the impression made on us by some of the cleverest and most characteristic of their periodical literature, we should think England hopelessly stranded on the good-humoured cynicism of well-to-do middle-age, and should fancy it an enchanted nation, doomed to sit for ever with its feet under the mahogany in that after-dinner mood which follows conscientious repletion, and which it is ill-manners to disturb with any topics more exciting than the quality of the wines. But there are already symptoms that a large class of Englishmen are getting weary of the dominion of consols and divine common-sense, and to believe that eternal three per cent. is not the chief end of man, nor the highest and only kind of interest to which the powers and opportunities of England are entitled.

The quality of exaggeration has often been remarked on as typical of American character, and especially of American humour. In Dr. Petri's *Gedrängtes Handbuch der Fremdwörter*, we are told that the word *humbug* is commonly used for the exaggerations of the North

Americans. To be sure, one would be tempted to think the dream of Columbus half fulfilled, and that Europe had found in the West a nearer way to Orientalism, at least in diction. But it seems to me that a great deal of what is set down as mere extravagance is more fitly to be called intensity and picturesqueness, symptoms of the imaginative faculty in full health and strength, though producing, as yet, only the raw and formless material in which poetry is to work. By and by, perhaps, the world will see it fashioned into poem and picture, and Europe, which will be hard pushed for originality ere long, may have to thank us for a new sensation. The French continue to find Shakespeare exaggerated because he treated English just as our country-folk do when they speak of a "steep price," or say that they "freeze to" a thing. The first postulate of an original literature is that a people should use their language instinctively and unconsciously, as if it were a lively part of their growth and personality, not as the mere torpid boon of education or inheritance. Even Burns contrived to write very poor verse and prose in English. Vulgarisms are often only poetry in the egg. The late Mr. Horace Mann, in one of his public addresses, commented at some length on the beauty and moral significance of the French phrase *s'orienter*, and called on his young friends to practise upon it in life. There was not a Yankee in his audience whose problem had not always been to find out what was *about east*, and to shape his course accordingly. This charm which a familiar expression gains by being commented, as it were, and set in a new light by a foreign language, is curious and instructive. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Matthew Arnold forgets this a little too much sometimes when he writes of the beauties of French style. It would not be hard to find in the works of French Academicians phrases as coarse as those he



cites from Burke, only they are veiled by the unfamiliarity of the language. But, however this may be, it is certain that poets and peasants please us in the same way by translating words back again to their primal freshness, and infusing them with a delightful strangeness which is anything but alienation. What, for example, is Milton's "edge of battle" but a doing into English of the Latin *acies*? *Was die Gans gedacht das der Schwan vollbracht*, what the goose but thought, that the swan full brought (or, to de-Saxonise it a little, what the goose conceived, that the swan achieved), and it may well be that the life, invention, and vigour shown by our popular speech, and the freedom with which it is shaped to the instant want of those who use it, are of the best omen for our having a swan at last. The part I have taken on myself is that of the humbler bird.

But it is affirmed that there is something innately vulgar in the Yankee dialect. M. Sainte-Beuve says, with his usual neatness: "*Je définis un patois une ancienne langue qui a eu des malheurs, ou encore une langue toute jeune et qui n'a pas fait fortune.*" The first part of his definition applies to a dialect like the Provençal, the last to the Tuscan before Dante had lifted it into a classic, and neither, it seems to me, will quite fit a *patois*, which is not properly a dialect, but rather certain archaisms, proverbial phrases, and modes of pronunciation, which maintain themselves among the uneducated side by side with the finished and universally accepted language. Norman-French, for example, or Scotch down to the time of James VI., could hardly be called *patois*, while I should be half inclined to name the Yankee a *lingo* rather than a dialect. It has retained a few words now fallen into disuse in the mother country, like *to tarry*, *to progress*, *fleshy*, *fall*, and some others; it has changed the meaning of some, as in *freshet*; and it



has clung to what I suspect to have been the broad Norman pronunciation of *e* (which Molière puts into the mouth of his rustics) in such words as *sarvant*, *parfect*, *vartoo*, and the like. It maintains something of the French sound of *a* also in words like *chamber*, *dänger* (though the latter had certainly begun to take its present sound so early as 1636, when I find it sometimes spelt *dainger*). But in general it may be said that nothing can be found in it which does not still survive in some one or other of the English provincial dialects. I am not speaking now of Americanisms properly so called, that is, of words or phrases which have grown into use here either through necessity, invention, or accident, such as a *carry*, a *one-horse affair*, a *prairie*, to *vamose*. Even these are fewer than is sometimes taken for granted. But I think some fair defence may be made against the charge of vulgarity. Properly speaking, vulgarity is in the thought, and not in the word or the way of pronouncing it. Modern French, the most polite of languages, is barbarously vulgar if compared with the Latin out of which it has been corrupted, or even with Italian. There is a wider gap, and one implying greater boorishness, between *ministerium* and *métier*, or *sapiens* and *sachant*, than between *druv* and *drove* or *agin* and *against*, which last is plainly an arrant superlative. Our rustic *coverlid* is nearer its French original than the diminutive *coverlet*, into which it has been ignorantly corrupted in politer speech. I obtained from three cultivated Englishmen at different times three diverse pronunciations of a single word,—*cowcumber*, *coocumber*, and *cucumber*. Of these the first, which is Yankee also, comes nearest to the nasality of *concombre*. Lord Ossory assures us that Voltaire saw the best society in England, and Voltaire tells his countrymen that *handkerchief* was pronounced *handkercher*. I find it so spelt in Hakluyt

and elsewhere. This enormity the Yankee still persists in, and as there is always a reason for such deviations from the sound as represented by the spelling, may we not suspect two sources of derivation, and find an ancestor for *kercher* in *couverture* rather than in *couvrechef*? And what greater phonetic vagary (which Dryden, by the way, called *fegary*) in our *lingua rustica* than this *ker* for *couvre*? I copy from the fly-leaves of my books, where I have noted them from time to time, a few examples of pronunciation and phrase which will show that the Yankee often has antiquity and very respectable literary authority on his side. My list might be largely increased by referring to glossaries, but to them every one can go for himself, and I have gathered enough for my purpose.

I will take first those cases in which something like the French sound has been preserved in certain single letters and diphthongs. And this opens a curious question as to how long this Gallicism maintained itself in England. Sometimes a divergence in pronunciation has given us two words with different meanings, as in *genteel* and *jaunty*, which I find coming in toward the close of the seventeenth century, and wavering between *genteel* and *jantee*. It is usual in America to drop the *u* in words ending in *our*,—a very proper change recommended by Howell two centuries ago, and carried out by him so far as his printers would allow. This and the corresponding changes in *musique*, *musick*, and the like, which he also advocated, show that in his time the French accent indicated by the superfluous letters (for French had once nearly as strong an accent as Italian) had gone out of use. There is plenty of French accent down to the end of Elizabeth's reign. In Daniel we have *riches* and *counsel'*, in Bishop Hall *comet'*, *chapèlain*, in Donne *pictures'*, *virtue'*, *presence'*, *mortal'*, *merit'*, *hainous'*, *giant'*,

with many more, and Marston's satires are full of them. The two latter, however, are not to be relied on, as they may be suspected of Chaucerizing. Herrick writes *baptime*. The tendency to throw the accent backward began early. But the incongruities are perplexing, and perhaps mark the period of transition. In Warner's "Albion's England" we have *creator'* and *crëature'* side by side with the modern *creator* and *creature*. *E'nvyy* and *e'nvying* occur in Campion (1602), and yet *envy'* survived Milton. In some cases we have gone back again nearer to the French, as in *rev'enue* for *reven'ue*. I had been so used to hearing *imbecile* pronounced with the accent on the first syllable, which is in accordance with the general tendency in such matters, that I was surprised to find *imbec'ile* in a verse of Wordsworth. The dictionaries all give it so. I asked a highly cultivated Englishman, and he declared for *imbeceel'*. In general it may be assumed that accent will finally settle on the syllable dictated by greater ease and therefore quickness of utterance. *Blas'phemous*, for example, is more rapidly pronounced than *blasphem'ous*, to which our Yankee clings, following in this the usage of many of the older poets. *Amer'ican* is easier than *Ameri'can*, and therefore the false quantity has carried the day, though the true one may be found in George Herbert, and even so late as Cowley.

To come back to the matter in hand. Our "uplandish man" retains the soft or thin sound of the *u* in some words, such as *rule*, *truth* (sometimes also pronounced *trüth*, not *trooth*), while he says *noo* for *new*, and gives to *view* and *few* so indescribable a mixture of the two sounds with a slight nasal tincture that it may be called the Yankee shibboleth. Spenser writes *deow* (*dew*) which can only be pronounced with the Yankee nasality. In *rule* the least sound of *a* precedes the *u*. I find *reule*

in Pecock's "Repressor." He probably pronounced it *rayoolē*, as the old French word from which it is derived was very likely to be sounded at first, with a reminiscence of its original *regula*. Tindal has *rueler*, and the Coventry Plays have *preudent*. As for *noo*, may it not claim some sanction in its derivation, whether from *nouveau* or *neuf*, the ancient sound of which may very well have been *noof*, as nearer *novus*? *Beef* would seem more like to have come from *buffe* than from *bœuf*, unless the two were mere varieties of spelling. The Saxon *few* may have caught enough from its French cousin *peu* to claim the benefit of the same doubt as to sound; and our slang phrase *a few* (as "I licked him a few") may well appeal to *un peu* for sense and authority. Nay, might not *lick* itself turn out to be the good old word *lam* in an English disguise, if the latter should claim descent as, perhaps, he fairly might, from the Latin *lambere*? The New England *ferce* for *fierce*, and *perce* for *pierce* (sometimes heard as *fairce* and *pairce*), are also Norman. For its antiquity I cite the rhyme of *verse* and *pierce* in Chapman and Donne and in some commendatory verses by a Mr. Berkenhead before the poems of Francis Beaumont. Our *pairlous* for *perilous* is of the same kind, and is nearer Shakespeare's *parlous* than the modern pronunciation. One other Gallicism survives in our pronunciation. Perhaps I should rather call it a semi-Gallicism, for it is the result of a futile effort to reproduce a French sound with English lips. Thus for *joint*, *employ*, *royal*, we have *jynt*, *emply*, *rȳle*, the last differing only from *rile* (*roil*) in a prolongation of the *y* sound. In Walter de Bibbesworth I find *solives* Englished by *gistes*. This, it is true, may have been pronounced *jeests*, but the pronunciation *jystes* must have preceded the present spelling, which was no doubt adopted after the radical meaning was forgotten, as analogical with other words

in *oi*. In the same way after Norman-French influence had softened the *l* out of *would* (we already find *woud* for *veut* in N.-F. poems), *should* followed the example, and then an *l* was put into *could*, where it does not belong, to satisfy the logic of the eye, which has affected the pronunciation and even the spelling of English more than is commonly supposed. I meet with *eyster* for *oyster* as early as the fourteenth century. I find *dystrye* for *destroy* in the Coventry Plays, *viage* in Bishop Hall and Middleton the dramatist, *bile* in Donne and Chrononhotontologos, *line* in Hall, *ryall* and *chyse* (for *choice*) in the Coventry Plays. In Chapman's "All Fools" is the misprint of *employ* for *imply*, fairly inferring an identity of sound in the last syllable. Indeed, this pronunciation was habitual till after Pope, and Rogers tells us that the elegant Gray said *naise* for *noise* just as our rustics still do. Our *cornish* (which I find also in Herrick) remembers the French better than *cornice* does. While, clinging more closely to the Anglo-Saxon in dropping the *g* from the end of the present participle, the Yankee now and then pleases himself with an experiment in French nasality in words ending in *n*, it is not, so far as my experience goes, very common, though it may formerly have been more so. *Capt'ing*, for instance, I never heard save in jest, the habitual form being *kepp'n*. But at any rate it is no invention of ours. In that delightful old volume, "Ane Compendious Buke of Godly and Spirituall Songs," in which I know not whether the piety itself or the simplicity of its expression be more charming, I find *burding*, *garding*, and *cousing*, and in the State Trials *uncerting* used by a gentleman. I confess that I like the *n* better than the *ng*.

Of Yankee preterites I find *risse* and *rize* for *rose* in Middleton and Dryden, *clim* in Spenser, *chees* (*chose*) in Sir John Mandevil, *give* (*gave*) in the Coventry Plays.

*shet* (*shut*) in Golding's Ovid,\* *het* in Chapman and in Weever's Epitaphs, *thriv* and *smit* in Drayton, *quit* in Ben Jonson and Henry More, and *pled* in the Paston Letters, nay, even in the fastidious Landor. *Rid* for *rode* was anciently common. So likewise was *see* for *saw*, but I find it in no writer of authority (except Golding), unless Chaucer's *seie* was so sounded. *Shew* is used by Hector Boece, Giles Fletcher, Drummond of Hawthornden, and in the Paston Letters. Similar strong preterites, like *snew*, *threw*, and even *mew*, are not without example. I find *sew* for *sewed* in Piers Ploughman. Indeed, the anomalies in English preterites are perplexing. We have probably transferred *flew* from *flow* (as the preterite of which I have heard it) to *fly* because we had another preterite in *fled*. Of weak preterites the Yankee retains *growed*, *blowed*, for which he has good authority, and less often *knowed*. His *sot* is merely a broad sounding of *sat*, no more inelegant than the common *got* for *gat*, which he further degrades into *gut*. When he says *darst*, he uses a form as old as Chaucer.

The Yankee has retained something of the long sound of the *a* in such words as *axe*, *wax*, pronouncing them *exe*, *wex* (shortened from *aix*, *waix*). He also says *hev* and *hed* (*hāve*, *hād*) for *have* and *had*. In most cases he follows an Anglo-Saxon usage. In *aix* for *axle* he certainly does. I find *wex* and *aisches* (*ashes*) in Pecock, and *exe* in the Paston Letters. Golding rhymes *wax* with *wexe*, and spells *challenge chelenge*. Chaucer wrote *hendi*. Dryden rhymes *can* with *men*, as Mr. Biglow would. Alexander Gill, Milton's teacher, in his "Logonomia" cites *hez* for *hath* as peculiar to Lincolnshire. I find *hayth* in Collier's "Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature" under the date 1584, and Lord Cromwell so wrote it. Sir Christopher Wren wrote

\* Cited in Warton's Obs. Faery.



*belcony*. Our *fect* is only the O. F. *faict*. *Thaim* for *them* was common in the sixteenth century. We have an example of the same thing in the double form of the verb *thrash*, *thresh*. While the New-Englander cannot be brought to say *instead* for *instid* (commonly '*stid*' where not the last word in a sentence), he changes the *i* into *e* in *red* for *rid*, *tell* for *till*, *hender* for *hinder*, *rense* for *rinse*. I find *red* in the old interlude of "Thersytes," *tell* in a letter of Daborne to Henslowe, and also, I shudder to mention it, in a letter of the great Duchess of Marlborough, Atossa herself! It occurs twice in a single verse of the Chester Plays,

"*Tell* the day of dome, *tell* the beames blow."

From the word *blow* is formed *blowth*, which I heard again this summer after a long interval. Mr. Wright\* explains it as meaning "a blossom." With us a single blossom is a *blow*, while *blowth* means the blossoming in general. A farmer would say that there was a good *blowth* on his fruit-trees. The word retreats farther inland and away from the railways, year by year. Wither rhymes *hinder* with *slender*, and Shakespeare and Lovelace have *renched* for *rinsed*. In "Gammer Gurton" is *sence* for *since*; Marlborough's Duchess so writes it, and Donne rhymes *since* with *Amiens* and *patience*, Bishop Hall and Otway with *pretence*, Chapman with *citizens*, Dryden with *providence*. Indeed, why should not *sithence* take that form? Dryden's wife (an earl's daughter) has *tell* for *till*, Margaret, mother of Henry VII., writes *seche* for *such*, and our *ef* finds authority in the old form *yeffe*.

*E* sometimes takes the place of *u*, as *jedge*, *tredge*, *bresh*. I find *tredge* in the interlude of "Jack Jugler," *bresh* in a citation by Collier from "London Cries" of the middle of the seventeenth century, and *resche* for *rush*

\* Dictionary of Obsolete and Provincial English.

(fifteenth century) in the very valuable "Volume of Vocabularies" edited by Mr. Wright. *Resce* is one of the Anglo-Saxon forms of the word in Bosworth's A.-S. Dictionary. Golding has *shet*. The Yankee always shortens the *u* in the ending *ture*, making *ventur*, *natur*, *pictur*, and so on. This was common, also, among the educated of the last generation. I am inclined to think it may have been once universal, and I certainly think it more elegant than the vile *vencher*, *naycher*, *pickcher*, that have taken its place, sounding like the invention of a lexicographer with his mouth full of hot pudding. Nashe in his "Pierce Penniless" has *ventur*, and so spells it, and I meet it also in Spenser, Drayton, Ben Jonson, Herrick, and Prior. Spenser has *tort'rest*, which can be contracted only from *tortur* and not from *torch*. Quarles rhymes *nature* with *creator*, and Dryden with *satire*, which he doubtless pronounced according to its older form of *satyr*. Quarles has also *torture* and *mortar*. Mary Boleyn writes *kreatur*.

I shall now give some examples which cannot so easily be ranked under any special head. Gill charges the Eastern counties with *kiver* for *cover* and *ta* for *to*. The Yankee pronounces both *too* and *to* like *ta* (like the *tou* in *touch*) where they are not emphatic. When they are, both become *tu*. In old spelling, *to* is the common (and indeed correct) form of *too*, which is only *to* with the sense of *in addition*. I suspect that the sound of our *too* has caught something from the French *tout*, and it is possible that the old *too too* is not a reduplication, but a reminiscence of the feminine form of the same word (*toute*) as anciently pronounced, with the *e* not yet silenced. Gill gives a Northern origin to *geaun* for *gown* and *waund* for *wound* (*vulnus*). Lovelace has *waund*, but there is something too dreadful in suspecting Spenser (who borealized in his pastorals) of having ever been guilty of



*geaun!* And yet some delicate mouths even now are careful to observe the Hibernicism of *ge-ard* for *guard*, and *ge-url* for *girl*. Sir Philip Sydney (*credite posteri!*) wrote *furr* for *far*. I would hardly have believed it had I not seen it in *fac-simile*. As some consolation, I find *furder* in Lord Bacon and Donne, and Wither rhymes *far* with *cur*. The Yankee, who omits the final *d* in many words, as do the Scotch, makes up for it by adding one in *geound*. The purist does not feel the loss of the *d* sensibly in *lawn* and *yon*, from the former of which it has dropped again after a wrongful adoption (retained in *laundry*), while it properly belongs to the latter. But what shall we make of *git*, *yit*, and *yis*? I find *yis* and *git* in Warner's "Albion's England," *yet* rhyming with *wit*, *admit*, and *fit* in Donne, with *wit* in the "Revenger's Tragedy," Beaumont, and Suckling, with *writ* in Dryden, and latest of all with *wit* in Sir Hanbury Williams. Prior rhymes *fitting* and *begetting*. Worse is to come. Among others, Donne rhymes *again* with *sin*, and Quarles repeatedly with *in*. *Ben* for *been*, of which our dear Whittier is so fond, has the authority of Sackville, "Gammer Gurton" (the work of a bishop), Chapman, Dryden, and many more, though *bin* seems to have been the common form. Whittier's accenting the first syllable of *rom'ance* finds an accomplice in Drayton among others, and though manifestly wrong, is analogous with *Rom'ans*. Of other Yankeeisms, whether of form or pronunciation, which I have met with I add a few at random. Pecoek writes *sowdiers* (*sogers*, *soudoyers*), and Chapman and Gill *sodder*. This absorption of the *l* is common in various dialects, especially in the Scottish. Pecoek writes also *biyende*, and the authors of "Jack Jugler" and "Gammer Gurton" *yender*. The Yankee includes "*yon*" in the same category, and says "hither an' yen," for "to and fro." (Cf. German

*jenseits*.) Pecock and plenty more have *wrastle*. Tindal has *agynste*, *gretter*, *shett*, *ondone*, *debytë*, and *scace*. "Jack Jugler" has *scacely* (which I have often heard, though *skurce* is the common form), and Donne and Dryden make *great* rhyme with *set*. In the inscription on Caxton's tomb I find *ynd* for *end*, which the Yankee more often makes *eend*, still using familiarly the old phrase "right anend" for "continuously." His "stret (straight) along" in the same sense, which I thought peculiar to him, I find in Pecock. Tindal's *debytë* for *deputy* is so perfectly Yankee that I could almost fancy the brave martyr to have been deacon of the First Parish at Jaalam Centre. "Jack Jugler" further gives us *playsent* and *sartayne*. Dryden rhymes *certain* with *parting*, and Chapman and Ben Jonson use *certain*, as the Yankee always does, for *certainly*. The "Coventry Mysteries" have *occapièd*, *massage*, *nateralle*, *materal* (*material*), and *meracles*,—all excellent Yankeeisms. In the "Quatre fils, Aymon" (1504),\* is *vertus* for *virtuous*. Thomas Fuller called *volume vollum*, I suspect, for he spells it *volumne*. However, *per contra*, Yankees habitually say *colume* for *column*. Indeed, to prove that our ancestors brought their pronunciation with them from the Old Country, and have not wantonly debased their mother tongue, I need only to cite the words *scriptur*, *Israll*, *athists*, and *cherfulness* from Governor Bradford's "History." So **the** good man wrote them, and so the good descendants of his fellow-exiles still pronounce them. Brampton Gurdon writes *shet* in a letter to Winthrop. *Purtend* (*pretend*) has crept like a serpent into the "Paradise of Dainty Devices;" *purvide*, which is not so bad, is in Chaucer. These, of course, are universal vulgarisms, and not peculiar to the Yankee.

\* Cited in Collier. (I give my authority where I do not quote from the original book.)

Butler has a Yankee phrase, and pronunciation too, in "To which these carr'ings-on did tend." Langham or Laneham, who wrote an account of the festivities at Kenilworth in honour of Queen Bess, and who evidently tried to spell phonetically, makes *sorrows* into *sororz*. Herrick writes *hollow* for *halloo*, and perhaps pronounced it (*horresco suggerens*!) *holla*, as Yankees do. Why not, when it comes from *holà*? I find *ffelaschyppe* (fellowship) in the Coventry Plays. Spenser and his queen neither of them scrupled to write *afore*, and the former feels no inelegance even in *chaw* and *idee*. 'Fore was common till after Herrick. Dryden has *do's* for *does*, and his wife spells *worse* *wosce*. *Afeard* was once universal. Warner has *ery* for *ever a*; nay, he also has *illy*, with which we were once ignorantly reproached by persons more familiar with Murray's Grammar than with English literature. And why not *illy*? Mr. Bartlett says it is "a word used by writers of an inferior class, who do not seem to perceive that *ill* is itself an adverb, without the termination *ly*," and quotes Dr. Messer, President of Brown University, as asking triumphantly, "Why don't you say *welly*?" I should like to have had Dr. Messer answer his own question. It would be truer to say that it was used by people who still remembered that *ill* was an adjective, the shortened form of *evil*, out of which Shakespeare ventured to make *evilly*. I find *illy* in Warner. The objection to *illy* is not an etymological one, but simply that it is contrary to good usage,—a very sufficient reason. *Ill* as an adverb was at first a vulgarism, precisely like the rustic's when he says, "I was treated *bad*." May not the reason of this exceptional form be looked for in that tendency to dodge what is hard to pronounce, to which I have already alluded? If the letters were distinctly uttered, as they should be, it would take too much time to say *ill-ly*, *well-ly*, and it is to be observed

that we have avoided *smally*\* and *tally* in the same way, though we add *ish* to them without hesitation in *smallish* and *tallish*. We have, to be sure, *dully* and *fully*, but for the one we prefer *stupidly*, and the other (though this may have come from eliding the *y* before *as*) is giving way to *full*. The uneducated, whose utterance is slower, still make adverbs when they will by adding *like* to all manner of adjectives. We have had *big* charged upon us, because we use it where an Englishman would now use *great*. I fully admit that it were better to distinguish between them, allowing to *big* a certain contemptuous quality; but as for authority, I want none better than that of Jeremy Taylor, who, in his noble sermon "On the Return of Prayer," speaks of "Jesus, whose spirit was meek and gentle up to the greatness of the *biggest* example." As for our double negative, I shall waste no time in quoting instances of it, because it was once as universal in English as it still is in the neo-Latin languages, where it does not strike us as vulgar. I am not sure that the loss of it is not to be regretted. But surely I shall admit the vulgarity of slurring or altogether eliding certain terminal consonants? I admit that a clear and sharp-cut enunciation is one of the crowning charms and elegances of speech. Words so uttered are like coins fresh from the mint, compared with the worn and dingy drudges of long service,—I do not mean American coins, for those look less badly the more they lose of their original ugliness. No one is more painfully conscious than I of the contrast between the rifle-crack of an Englishman's *yes* and *no*, and the wet-fuse drawl of the same monosyllables in the mouths of my countrymen. But I do not find the dropping of final consonants disagreeable in Allan Ramsay or Burns, nor do I believe

\* The word occurs in a letter of Mary Boleyn in Golding and Warner.

that our literary ancestors were sensible of that inelegance in the fusing them together of which we are conscious. How many educated men pronounce the *t* in *chestnut*? how many say *pentise* for *penthouse*, as they should? When a Yankee skipper says that he is "boun' for Gloster" (not Gloucester, with the leave of the Universal Schoolmaster), he but speaks like Chaucer or an old ballad-singer, though they would have pronounced it *boon*. This is one of the cases where the *d* is surreptitious, and has been added in compliment to the verb *bind*, with which it has nothing to do. If we consider the root of the word (though of course I grant that every race has a right to do what it will with what is so peculiarly its own as its speech), the *d* has no more right there than at the end of *gone*, where it is often put by children, who are our best guides to the sources of linguistic corruption, and the best teachers of its processes. Cromwell, minister of Henry VIII., writes *worle* for *world*. Chapman has *wan* for *wand*, and *lawn* has rightfully displaced *laund*, though with no thought, I suspect, of etymology. Rogers tells us that Lady Bathurst sent him some letters written to William III. by Queen Mary, in which she addresses him as "*Dear Husban.*" The old form *expoun'*, which our farmers use, is more correct than the form with a barbarous *d* tacked on which has taken its place. Of the kind opposite to this, like our *gownd* for *gown*, and the London Cockney's *wind* for *wine*, I find *drownd* for *drown* in the "*Misfortunes of Arthur*" (1584) and in Swift. And, by the way, whence came the long sound of *wind* which our poets still retain, and which survives in "*winding*" a horn, a totally different word from "*winding*" a kite string? We say *behind* and *hinder* (comparative), and yet *to hinder*. Shakespeare pronounced *kind ktnd*, or what becomes of his play on that word and *kin* in Hamlet? Nay, did he not even

(shall I dare to hint it?) drop the final *d* as the Yankee still does? John Lilly plays in the same way on *kindred* and *kindness*. But to come to some other ancient instances. Warner rhymes *bounds* with *crowns*, *grounds* with *towns*, *text* with *sex*, *worst* with *crust*, *interrupts* with *cups*; Drayton, *defects* with *sex*; Chapman, *amends* with *cleanse*; Webster, *defects* with *checks*; Ben Jonson, *minds* with *combines*; Marston, *trust* and *obsequious*, *clothes* and *shows*; Dryden gives the same sound to *clothes*, and has also *minds* with *designs*. Of course, I do not affirm that their ears may not have told them that these were imperfect rhymes (though I am by no means sure even of that), but they surely would never have tolerated any such had they suspected the least vulgarity in them. Prior has the rhyme *first* and *trust*, but puts it into the mouth of a landlady. Swift has *stunted* and *burnt it*, an intentionally imperfect rhyme, no doubt, but which I cite as giving precisely the Yankee pronunciation of *burned*. Donne couples in unhallowed wedlock *after* and *matter*, thus seeming to give to both the true Yankee sound; and it is not uncommon to find *after* and *daughter*. Worse than all, in one of Dodsley's Old Plays we have *onions* rhyming with *minions*,—I have tears in my eyes while I record it. And yet what is viler than the universal *Misses* (*Mrs.*) for *Mistress*? This was once a vulgarism, and in "The Miseries of Inforced Marriage" the rhyme (printed as prose in Dodsley's Old Plays by Collier),

"To make my young *mistress*,  
Delighting in *kisses*,"

is put in the mouth of the clown. Our people say *Injun* for *Indian*. The tendency to make this change where *i* follows *d* is common. The Italian *giorno* and French *jour* from *diurnus* are familiar examples. And yet *Injun*

is one of those depravations which the taste challenges peremptorily, though it have the authority of Charles Cotton—who rhymes “*Indies*” with “*cringes*”—and four English lexicographers, beginning with Dr. Sheridan, bid us say *invidgeous*. Yet after all it is no worse than the debasement which all our terminations in *tion* and *tience* have undergone, which yet we hear with *resignashun* and *payshunce*, though it might have aroused both *impatience* and *indig-na-ti-on* in Shakespeare's time. When George Herbert tells us that if the sermon be dull,

“God takes a text and preacheth pati-ence,”

the prolongation of the word seems to convey some hint at the longanimity of the virtue. Consider what a poor curtal we have made of Ocean. There was something of his heave and expanse in *o-ce-an*, and Fletcher knew how to use it when he wrote so fine a verse as the second of these, the best deep-sea verse I know,—

“In desperate storms stem with a little rudder  
The tumbling ruins of the oceān.”

Oceanus was not then wholly shorn of his divine proportions, and our modern *oshun* sounds like the gush of small-beer in comparison. Some other contractions of ours have a vulgar air about them. *More'n* for *more than*, as one of the worst, may stand for a type of such. Yet our old dramatists are full of such obscurations (elisions they can hardly be called) of the *th*, making *we'r* of *whether*, *bro'r* of *brother*, *smo'r* of *smother*, *mo'r* of *mother*, and so on. Indeed, it is this that explains the word *rare* (which has Dryden's support), and which we say of meat where an Englishman would use *underdone*. I do not believe, with the dictionaries, that it had ever anything to do with the Icelandic *hrar* (*raw*), as it plainly has not in *rareripe*, which means earlier ripe. And I do not

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believe it, for this reason, that the earlier form of the word with us was, and the commoner now in the inland parts still is, so far as I can discover, *raredone*. Golding has "egs reere-rosted." I find *rather* as a monosyllable in Donne, and still better, as giving the sound, rhyming with *fair* in Warner. There is an epigram of Sir Thomas Browne in which the words *rather than* make a monosyllable :

"What furie is't to take Death's part  
And rather than by Nature, die by Art !"

The contraction *more'n* I find in the old play "Fuimus Troes," in a verse where the measure is so strongly accented as to leave it beyond doubt,—

"A golden crown whose heirs  
More than half the world subdue."

It may be, however, that the contraction is in "th' orld." It is unmistakable in the "Second Maiden's Tragedy :"—

"It were but folly,  
Dear soul, to boast of *more than* I can perform."

Is our *gin* for *given* more violent than *mar'l* for *marvei*, which was once common, and which I find as late as Herrick? Nay, Herrick has *gin* (spelling it *g'en*), too, as do the Scotch, who agree with us likewise in preferring *chimly* to *chimney*.

I will now leave pronunciation and turn to words or phrases which have been supposed peculiar to us, only pausing to pick up a single dropped stitch, in the pronunciation of the word *sup'reme*, which I had thought native till I found it in the well-languaged Daniel. I will begin with a word of which I have never met with any example in print. We express the first stage of withering in a green plant suddenly cut down by the verb



*to wilt*. It is, of course, own cousin of the German *welken*, but I have never come upon it in print, and my own books of reference give me faint help. Graff gives *welhen marcescere*, and refers to *weih* (*weak*), and conjecturally to A. S. *hvelan*. The A. S. *wealwian* (*to wither*) is nearer, but not so near as two words in the Icelandic, which perhaps put us on the track of its ancestry,—*velgi tepefacere* (and *velki*, with the derivative) meaning *contaminare*. *Wilt*, at any rate, is a good word, filling, as it does, a sensible gap between drooping and withering, and the imaginative phrase “he wilted right down,” like “he caved right in,” is a true Americanism. *Wilt* occurs in English provincial glossaries, but is explained by *wither*, which with us it does not mean. We have a few words such as *cache*, *cohog*, *carry* (*portage*), *shoot* (*chute*), *timber* (*forest*), *bushwhack* (to pull a boat along by the bushes on the edge of a stream), *buckeye* (a picturesque word for the horse-chestnut); but how many can we be said to have fairly brought into the language, as Alexander Gill, who first mentions Americanisms, meant it when he said, “*Sed et ab Americanis nonnulla mutuamur ut MAIZ et CANOA*”? Very few, I suspect, and those mostly by borrowing from the French, German, Spanish, or Indian. “The Dipper” for the “Great Bear” strikes me as having a native air. *Bogus*, in the sense of *worthless*, is undoubtedly ours, but is, I more than suspect, a corruption of the French *bagasse* (from Low Latin *bagasea*), which travelled up the Mississippi from New Orleans, where it was used for the refuse of the sugar-cane. It is true, we have modified the meaning of some words. We use *freshet* in the sense of *flood*, for which I have not chanced upon any authority. Our New England cross between Ancient Pistol and Dugald Dalgetty, Captain Underhill, uses the word (1638) to mean a *current*, and I do not recollect it elsewhere in

that sense. I therefore leave it with a ? for future explorers. *Crick* for *creek* I find in Captain John Smith and in the dedication of Fuller's "Holy Warre," and *run*, meaning a *small stream* in Waymouth's "Voyage" (1605). *Humans* for *men*, which Mr. Bartlett includes in his "Dictionary of Americanisms," is Chapman's habitual phrase in his translation of Homer. I find it also in the old play of "The Hog hath lost his Pearl." *Dogs* for *andirons* is still current in New England, and in Walter de Bibbesworth I find *chiens* glossed in the margin by *andirons*. *Gunning* for *shooting* is in Drayton. We once got credit for the poetical word *fall* for *autumn*, but Mr. Bartlett and the last edition of Webster's Dictionary refer us to Dryden. It is even older, for I find it in Drayton, and Bishop Hall has *autumn fall*. Middleton plays upon the word: "May'st thou have a reasonable good *spring*, for thou art like to have many dangerous foul *falls*." Daniel does the same, and Coleridge uses it as we do. Gray uses the archaism *picked* for *peaked*, and the word *smudge* (as our backwoodsmen do) for a smothered fire. Lord Herbert of Cherbury (more properly perhaps than even Sidney, the last *preux chevalier*) has "the Emperor's folks" just as a Yankee would say it. *Loan* for *lend*, with which we have hitherto been blackened, I must retort upon the mother island, for it appears so long ago as in "Albion's England." *Fleshy*, in the sense of *stout*, may claim Ben Jonson's warrant. *Chore* is also Jonson's word, and I am inclined to prefer it to *chare* and *char*, because I think that I see a more natural origin for it in the French *jour*—whence it might come to mean a day's work, and thence a job—than anywhere else. *At onst* for *at once* I thought a corruption of our own, till I found it in the Chester Plays. I am now inclined to suspect it no corruption at all, but only an erratic and obsolete superlative *at onest*. *To*

*progress'* was flung in our teeth till Mr. Pickering retorted with Shakespeare's "doth pro'gress down thy cheeks." I confess that I was never satisfied with this answer, because the accent was different, and because the word might here be reckoned a substantive quite as well as a verb. Mr. Bartlett (in his dictionary above cited) adds a surrebutter in a verse from Ford's "Broken Heart." Here the word is clearly a verb, but with the accent unhappily still on the first syllable. Mr. Bartlett says that he "cannot say whether the word was used in Bacon's time or not." It certainly was, and with the accent we give to it. Ben Jonson, in the "Alchemist," has this verse,

"Progress' so from extreme unto extreme,"

and Sir Philip Sidney,

"Progressing then from fair Turia's golden place."

Surely we may now sleep in peace, and our English cousins will forgive us, since we have cleared ourselves from any suspicion of originality in the matter! *Poor* for *lean*, *thirds* for *dower*, and *dry* for *thirsty* I find in Middleton's plays. *Dry* is also in Skelton and in the "World" (1754). In a note on Middleton, Mr. Dyce thinks it needful to explain the phrase *I can't tell* (universal in America) by the gloss *I could not say*. Middleton also uses *snecked*, which I had believed an Americanism till I saw it there. It is, of course, only another form of *snatch*, analogous to *theek* and *thatch* (cf. the proper names Dekker and Thacher), *break* (*brack*) and *breach*, *make* (still common with us) and *match*. 'Long on for *occasioned by* ("who is this 'long on?") occurs likewise in Middleton. 'Cause *why* is in Chaucer. *Raising* (an English version of the French *leaven*) for *yeast* is employed by Gayton in his "Festivous Notes on Don

Quixote." I have never seen an instance of our New England word *emptins* in the same sense, nor can I divine its original. Gayton has *limekill*; also *shuts* for *shutters*, and the latter is used by Mrs. Hutchinson in her "Life of Colonel Hutchinson." Bishop Hall, and Purchas in his "Pilgrims," have *chist* for *chest*, and it is certainly nearer *cista*, as well as to its form in the Teutonic languages, whence probably we got it. We retain the old sound in *cist*, but *chest* is as old as Chaucer. Lovelace says *wropt* for *wrapt*. "Musicianer" I had always associated with the militia-musters of my boyhood, and too hastily concluded it an abomination of our own, but Mr. Wright calls it a Norfolk word, and I find it to be as old as 1642 by an extract in Collier. "Not worth the time of day" had passed with me for native till I saw it in Shakespeare's "Pericles." For *slick* (which is only a shorter sound of *sleek*, like *crick* and the now universal *britches* for *breeches*) I will only call Chapman and Jonson. "That's a sure card!" and "That's a stinger!" both sound like modern slang, but you will find the one in the old interlude of "Thersytes" (1537), and the other in Middleton. "Right here," a favourite phrase with our orators, and with a certain class of our editors, turns up *passim* in the Chester and Coventry Plays. Mr. Dickens found something very ludicrous in what he considered our neologism *right away*. But I find a phrase very like it, and which I would gladly suspect to be a misprint for it, in "Gammer Gurton:"—

"Lyght it and bring it *tite away*."

After all, what is it but another form of *straightway*? *Cussedness*, meaning *wickedness*, *malignity*, and *cuss*, a sneaking, ill-natured fellow, in such phrases as "He done it out o' pure cussedness," and "He is a nateral cuss," have been commonly thought Yankeeisms. To

vent certain contemptuously indignant moods they are admirable in their rough-and-ready way. But neither is our own. *Cursydnesse*, in the same sense of malignant wickedness, occurs in the Coventry Plays, and *cuss* may perhaps claim to have come in with the Conqueror. At least the term is also French. Saint Simon uses it and confesses its usefulness. Speaking of the Abbé Dubois, he says, "Qui étoit en plein ce qu'un mauvais françois appelle un *sacre*, mais qui ne se peut guère exprimer autrement." "Not worth a cuss," though supported by "not worth a damn," may be a mere corruption, since "not worth a *cress*" is in "Piers Ploughman." "I don't see it" was the popular slang a year or two ago, and seemed to spring from the soil; but no, it is in Cibber's "Careless Husband." *Green sauce* for *vegetables* I meet in Beaumont and Fletcher, Gayton, and elsewhere. Our rustic pronunciation *sahce* (for either the diphthong *au* was anciently pronounced *ah*, or else we have followed abundant analogy in changing it to the latter sound, as we have in *chance*, *dance*, and so many more) may be the older one, and at least gives some hint at its ancestor *salsa*. *Warn*, in the sense of *notify*, is, I believe, now peculiar to us, but Pecoek so employs it. *To cotton to* is, I rather think, an Americanism. The nearest approach to it I have found is *cotton together*, in Congreve's "Love for Love." *To cotton* or *cotten*, in another sense, is old and common. Our word means to *cling*, and its origin, possibly, is to be sought in another direction, perhaps in A. S. *cvead*, which means *mud*, *clay* (both proverbially clinging), or better yet, in the Icelandic *qvoda* (otherwise *kód*, meaning *resin* and *glue*, which are *καρ' ἑξοχήν*, sticky substances. *To spit cotton* is, I think, American, and also, perhaps, *to flax* for *to beat*. *To the halves* still survives among us, though apparently obsolete in England. It means either to let or to hire a piece of land,

receiving half the profit in money or in kind (*partibus locare*). I mention it because in a note by some English editor, to which I have lost my reference, I have seen it wrongly explained. The editors of Nares cite Burton. *To put*, in the sense of *to go*, as *Put ! for Begone !* would seem our own, and yet it is strictly analogous to the French *se mettre à la voie*, and the Italian *mettersi in via*. Indeed, Dante has a verse,

“*Io sarei [for mi sarei] già messo per lo sentiero,*”

which, but for the indignity, might be translated,

“I should, ere this, have *put* along the way.”

I deprecate in advance any share in General Banks's notions of international law, but we may all take a just pride in his exuberant eloquence as something distinctively American. When he spoke a few years ago of “letting the Union slide,” even those who, for political purposes, reproached him with the sentiment, admired the indigenous virtue of his phrase. Yet I find “let the world slide” in Heywood's “Edward IV. ;” and in Beaumont and Fletcher's “Wit without Money” Valentine says,

“Will you go drink,  
And let the world slide?”

So also in Sidney's *Arcadia*,

“Let his dominion slide.”

In the one case it is put into the mouth of a clown, in the other of a gentleman, and was evidently proverbial. It has even higher sanction, for Chaucer writes,

“Well nigh all other curës *let he slide.*”

Mr. Bartlett gives “above one's bend” as an Ameri-

anism ; but compare Hamlet's " to the top of my bent." *In his tracks* for *immediately* has acquired an American accent, and passes where he can for a native, but it is an importation nevertheless ; for what is he but the Latin *e vestigio*, or at best the Norman French *eneslespas*, both which have the same meaning? *Hotfoot* (provincial also in England), I find in the old romance of " Tristan,"

" *Si se'n parti* CHAUT PAS."

*Like* for *as* is never used in New England, but is universal in the South and West. It has on its side the authority of two kings (*ego sum rex Romanorum et supra grammaticam*), Henry VIII. and Charles I. This were ample, without throwing into the scale the scholar and poet Daniel. *Them* was used as a nominative by the majesty of Edward VI., by Sir P. Hoby, and by Lord Paget (in Froude's " History "). I have never seen any passage adduced where *guess* was used as the Yankee uses it. The word was familiar in the mouths of our ancestors, but with a different shade of meaning from that we have given it, which is something like *rather think*, though the Yankee implies a confident certainty by it when he says, " I guess I *du* ! " There are two examples in Otway, one of which ( " So in the struggle, I guess the note was lost " ) perhaps might serve our purpose, and Coleridge's

" I guess 'twas fearful there to see,"

certainly comes very near. But I have a higher authority than either in Selden, who, in one of his notes to the " Polyolbion," writes, " The first inventor of them (I *guess* you dislike not the addition) was one Berthold Swartz." Here he must mean by it, " I take it for granted." Another peculiarity almost as prominent is the beginning sentences, especially in answer to questions, with



"well." Put before such a phrase as "How d'e do?" it is commonly short, and has the sound of *wul*, but in reply it is deliberative, and the various shades of meaning which can be conveyed by difference of intonation, and by prolonging or abbreviating, I should vainly attempt to describe. I have heard *ooa-ahl*, *wahl*, *ahl*, *wal*, and something nearly approaching the sound of the *le* in *able*. Sometimes before "I" it dwindles to a mere *l*, as "I *l* dunno." A friend of mine (why should I not please myself, though I displease him, by brightening my page with the initials of the most exquisite of humourists, J. H. ?) told me that he once heard five "wells," like pioneers, precede the answer to an inquiry about the price of land. The first was the ordinary *wul*, in deference to custom ; the second, the long perpending *ooahl*, with a falling inflection of the voice ; the third, the same, but with a voice rising, as if in despair of a conclusion, into a plaintively nasal whine ; the fourth, *wulh*, ending in the aspirate of a sigh ; and then, fifth, came a short, sharp *wal*, showing that a conclusion had been reached. I have used this latter form in the "Biglow Papers," because, if enough nasality be added, it represents most nearly the average sound of what I may call the interjection.

A locution prevails in the Southern and Middle States which is so curious that, though never heard in New England, I will give a few lines to its discussion, the more readily because it is extinct elsewhere. I mean the use of *allow* in the sense of *affirm*, as "I allow that's a good horse." I find the word so used in 1558 by Anthony Jenkinson in Hakluyt : "Corne they sowe not, neither doe eate any bread, mocking the Christians for the same, and disabling our strengthe, saying we live by eating the toppe of a weed, and drinke a drinke made of the same, *allowing* theyr great devouring of flesh and drinking of milke to be the increase of theyr strength." That is,

they undervalued our strength, and affirmed their own to be the result of a certain diet. In another passage of the same narrative the word has its more common meaning of approving or praising: "The said King, much *allowing* this declaration, said." Ducange quotes Bracton *sub voce* ADLOCARE for the meaning "to admit as proved," and the transition from this to "affirm" is by no means violent. At the same time, when we consider some of the meanings of *allow* in old English, and of *allower* in old French, and also remember that the verbs *prize* and *praise* are from one root, I think we must admit *allaudare* to a share in the paternity of *allow*. The sentence from Hakluyt would read equally well, "contemning our strengthe, . . . and praising (or valuing) their great eating of flesh as the cause of their increase in strength." After all, if we confine ourselves to *allocare* it may turn out that the word was somewhere and somewhen used for *to bet*, analogously to *put up*, *put down*, *post* (cf. Spanish *apostar*), and the like. I hear boys in the street continually saying, "I bet that's a good horse," or what not, meaning by no means to risk anything beyond their opinion in the matter.

The word *improve*, in the sense of "to occupy, make use of, employ," as Dr. Pickering defines it, he long ago proved to be no neologism. He would have done better, I think, had he substituted *profit by* for *employ*. He cites Dr. Franklin as saying that the word had never, so far as he knew, been used in New England before he left it in 1723, except in Dr. Mather's "Remarkable Providences," which he oddly calls a "very old book." Franklin, as Dr. Pickering goes on to show, was mistaken. Mr. Bartlett in his "Dictionary" merely abridges Pickering. Both of them should have confined the application of the word to material things, its extension to which is all that is peculiar in the supposed American

use of it. For surely "Complete Letter-Writers" have been "*improving* this opportunity" time out of mind. I will illustrate the word a little further, because Pickering cites no English authorities. Skelton has a passage in his "Phyllyp Sparowe," which I quote the rather as it contains also the word *allowed*, and as it distinguishes *improve* from *employ* :—

"His [Chaucer's] Englysh well alowed,  
So as it is *enproved*,  
For as it is employd,  
There is no English voyd."

Here the meaning is *to profit by*. In Fuller's "Holy Warre" (1647), we have, "The Egyptians standing on the firm ground, were thereby enabled to *improve* and enforce their darts to the utmost." Here the word might certainly mean *to make use of*. Mrs. Hutchinson (Life of Colonel H.) uses the word in the same way: "And therefore did not *emproove* his interest to engage the country in the quarrell." Swift in one of his letters says: "There is not an acre of land in Ireland turned to half its advantage; yet it is better *improved* than the people." I find it also in "Strength out of Weakness" (1652), and Plutarch's "Morals" (1714), but I know of only one example of its use in the purely American sense, and that is, "a very good *improvement* for a mill" in the "State Trials" (Speech of the Attorney-General in the Lady Ivy's case, 1684). In the sense of *employ*, I could cite a dozen old English authorities.

In running over the fly-leaves of those delightful folios for this reference, I find a note which reminds me of another word, for our abuse of which we have been deservedly ridiculed. I mean *lady*. It is true I might cite the example of the Italian *donna* \* (*domina*), which

\* *Dame*, in English is a decayed gentlewoman of the same family.

has been treated in the same way by a whole nation, and not, as *lady* among us, by the uncultivated only. It perhaps grew into use in the half-democratic republics of Italy in the same way and for the same reasons as with us. But I admit that our abuse of the word is villainous. I know of an orator who once said in a public meeting where bonnets preponderated, that "the ladies were last at the cross and first at the tomb!" But similar sins were committed before our day and in the mother country. In the "State Trials" I learn of "a *gentlewoman* that lives cook with" such a one, and I hear the Lord High Steward speaking of the wife of a waiter at a bagnio as a *gentlewoman*! From the same authority, by the way, I can state that our vile habit of chewing tobacco had the somewhat unsavoury example of Titus Oates, and I know by tradition from an eye-witness that the elegant General Burgoyne partook of the same vice. Howell, in one of his letters (dated August 26, 1623), speaks thus of another "institution" which many have thought American: "They speak much of that boisterous Bishop of Halverstadt (for so they term him here), that, having taken a place wher ther were two Monasteries of Nuns and Friers, he caus'd divers feather-beds to be rip'd, and all the feathers to be thrown in a great Hall, whither the Nuns and Friers were thrust naked with their bodies oil'd and pitch'd, and to tumble among the feathers." Howell speaks as if the thing were new to him, and I know not if the "boisterous" Bishop was the inventor of it, but I find it practised in England before our Revolution.

Before leaving the subject, I will add a few comments made from time to time on the margin of Mr. Bartlett's excellent "Dictionary," to which I am glad thus publicly to acknowledge my many obligations. "Avails" is good old English, and the *vails* of Sir Joshua Reynolds's porter are famous. *Averse from*, *averse to*, and in connection with

them the English vulgarism "different *to*." The corrupt use of *to* in these cases, as well as in the Yankee "he lives *to* Salem," "to home," and others, must be a very old one, for in the one case it plainly arose from confounding the two French prepositions *à* (from Latin *ad* and *ab*), and in the other from translating the first of them. I once thought "different *to*" a modern vulgarism, and Mr. Thackeray, on my pointing it out to him in "Henry Esmond," confessed it to be an anachronism. Mr. Bartlett refers to "the old writers quoted in Richardson's Dictionary" for "different *to*," though in my edition of that work all the examples are with *from*. But I find *to* used invariably by Sir R. Hawkins in Hakluyt. *Banjo* is a negro corruption of O. E. *bandore*. *Bind-weed* can hardly be modern, for *wood-bind* is old and radically right, intertwining itself through *bindan* and *windan* with classic stems. *Bobolink*: is this a contraction for Bob o' Lincoln? I find *bobolynes* in one of the poems attributed to Skelton, where it may be rendered *giddybate*, a term very fit for the bird in his ecstasies. *Cruel* for *great* is in Hakluyt. *Bowling-alley* is in Nash's "Pierce Penniless." *Curious*, meaning *nice*, occurs continually in old writers, and is as old as Pecoek's "Repressor." *Droger* is O. E. *drugger*. *Educational* is in Burke. *Feeze* is only a form of *fizz*. *To fix*, in the American sense, I find used by the Commissioners of the United Colonies so early as 1675, "their arms well *fixed* and fit for service." *To take the foot in the hand* is German; so is *to go under*. *Gundalow* is old: I find *gundelo* in Hakluyt, and *gundello* in Booth's reprint of the folio of Shakespeare of 1623. *Gonoff* is O. E. *gnoffe*. *Heap* is in "Piers Ploughman" ("and other names *an heep*"), and in Hakluyt ("seeing such a *heap* of their enemies ready to devour them"). *To liquor* is in the "Puritan" ("Call 'em in, and liquor em' a little"). *To*

*loaf*: this, I think, is unquestionably German. *Laufen* is pronounced *lofen* in some parts of Germany, and I once heard one German student say to another, *Ich lauf* (lofe) *heir bis du wiederkehrest*, and he began accordingly to saunter up and down, in short, to *loaf*. *To mull*, Mr. Bartlett says, means "to soften, to dispirit," and quotes from "Margaret,"—"There has been a pretty considerable *mullin* going on among the doctors,"—where it surely cannot mean what he says it does. We have always heard *mullin* used for *stirring*, *bustling*, sometimes in an underhand way. It is a metaphor derived probably from *mulling* wine, and the word itself must be a corruption of *mell*, from O. F. *mesler*. *Pair of stairs* is in Hakluyt. *To pull up stakes* is in Curwen's Journal, and therefore pre-Revolutionary. I think I have met with it earlier. *Raise*: under this word Mr. Bartlett omits "to raise a house," that is, the frame of a wooden one, and also the substantive formed from it, a *raisin*. *Retire for go to bed* is in Fielding's "Amelia." *Setting-poles* cannot be new, for I find "some *set* [the boats] with long *poles*" in Hakluyt. *Shoulder-hitters*: I find that *shoulder-striker* is old, though I have lost the reference to my authority. *Snag* is no new word, though perhaps the Western application of it is so; but I find in Gill the proverb, "A bird in the bag is worth two on the snag." Dryden has *swoop* and *to rights*. *Trail*: Hakluyt has "many wayes *traled* by the wilde beastes."

I subjoin a few phrases not in Mr. Bartlett's book which I have heard. *Bald-headed*: "to go it bald-headed;" in great haste, as where one rushes out without his hat. *Bogue*: "I don't git much done 'thout I *bogue* right in along 'th my men. *Carry*: a *portage*. *Cat-nap*: a short doze. *Cat-stick*: a small stick. *Chowder-head*: a muddle-brain. *Cling-john*: a soft cake of rye. *Cocoa-nut*: the head. *Cohees*: applied to the people of certain



settlements in Western Pennsylvania, from their use of the archaic form *Quo' he*. *Dunnow's I know*: the nearest your true Yankee ever comes to acknowledging ignorance. *Essence-pedler*: a skunk. *First rate and a half*. *Fish-flakes*, for drying fish: O. E. *fleck* (*cratis*). *Gander-party*: a social gathering of men only. *Gaw-nicus*: a dolt. *Hawkins's whetsone*: rum; in derision of one Hawkins, a well-known temperance-lecturer. *Hyper*: to bustle; "I mus' *hyper* about an' git tea." *Keeler-tub*: one in which dishes are washed. ("And Greasy Joan doth *keel* the pot.") *Lap-tea*: where the guests are too many to sit at table. *Last of pea-time*: to be hard up. *Löse-laid* (loose-laid): a weaver's term, and probably English; weak-willed. *Malahack*: to cut up hastily or awkwardly. *Moonglade*: a beautiful word for the track of moonlight on the water. *Off-ox*: an unmanageable, cross-grained fellow. *Old Driver*, *Old Splitfoot*: the Devil. *Onhitch*: to pull trigger (cf. Spanish *disparar*). *Popular*: conceited. *Rote*: sound of surf before a storm. *Rot-gut*: cheap whiskey; the word occurs in Heywood's "English Traveller" and Addison's "Drummer," for a poor kind of drink. *Seem*: it is habitual with the New Englander to put this verb to strange uses, as, "I can't *seem* to be suited," "I couldn't *seem* to know him." *Sidehill*, for *hillside*. *State house*: this seems an Americanism, whether invented or derived from the Dutch *Stadhuys*, I know not. *Strike and string*: from the game of ninepins; to make a *strike* is to knock down all the pins with one ball, hence it has come to mean fortunate, successful. *Swampers*: men who break out roads for lumberers. *Tormented*: euphemism for damned, as, "not a tormented cent." *Virginia fence, to make a*: to walk like a drunken man.

It is always worth while to note down the erratic words or phrases which one meets with in any dialect. They



may throw light on the meaning of other words, of the relationship of languages, or even on history itself. In so composite a language as ours they often supply a different form to express a different shade of meaning, as in *viol* and *fiddle*, *thrid* and *thread*, *smother* and *smoulder*, where the *l* has crept in by a false analogy with *would*. We have given back to England the excellent adjective *lengthy*, formed honestly like *earthy*, *drouthy*, and others, thus enabling their journalists to characterise our President's messages by a word civilly compromising between *long* and *tedious*, so as not to endanger the peace of the two countries by wounding our national sensitiveness to British criticism. Let me give two curious examples of the antiseptic property of dialects at which I have already glanced. Dante has *dindi* as a childish or low word for *danari* (money), and in Shropshire small Roman coins are still dug up which the peasants call *dinders*. This can hardly be a chance coincidence, but seems rather to carry the word back to the Roman soldiery. So our farmers say *chuk*, *chuk*, to their pigs, and *ciacco* is one of the Italian words for *hog*. When a countryman tells us that he "fell *all of a heap*," I cannot help thinking that he unconsciously points to an affinity between our word *tumble* and the Latin *tumulus*, that is older than most others. I believe that words, or even the mere intonation of them, have an astonishing vitality and power of propagation by the root, like the gardener's pest, quitchgrass,\* while the application or combination of them may be new. It is in these last that my countrymen seem to me full of humour, invention, quickness of wit, and that sense of subtle analogy which needs only refining to become fancy and imagination.

\* Which, whether in that form, or under its aliases *witch-grass* and *cooch-grass*, points us back to its original Saxon *quick*.

Prosaic as American life seems in many of its aspects to a European, bleak and bare as it is on the side of tradition, and utterly orphaned of the solemn inspiration of antiquity, I cannot help thinking that the ordinary talk of unlettered men among us is fuller of metaphor and of phrases that suggest lively images than that of any other people I have seen. Very many such will be found in Mr. Bartlett's book, though his short list of proverbs at the end seem to me, with one or two exceptions, as un-American as possible. Most of them have no character at all but coarseness, and are quite too long-skirted for working proverbs, in which language always "takes off its coat to it," as a Yankee would say. There are plenty that have a more native and puckery flavour, seedlings from the old stock often, and yet new varieties. One hears such not seldom among us Easterners, and the West would yield many more. "Mean enough to steal acorns from a blind hog;" "Cold as the north side of a Jenooary gravestone by starlight;" "Hungry as a graven image;" "Pop'lar as a hen with one chicken;" "A hen's time ain't much;" "Quicker'n greased lightnin';" "Ther's sech a thing as bein' *tu*" (our Yankee paraphrase of *μηδὲ ἄγαν*); hence the phrase *too in' round*, meaning a supererogatory activity like that of flies; "Stingy enough to skim his milk at both eends;" "Hot as the Devil's kitchen;" "Handy as a pocket in a shirt;" "He's a whole team and the dog under the waggon;" "All deacons are good, but there's odds in deacons" (to *deacon* berries is to put the largest atop); "So thievish they hev to take in their stone walls nights;"\* may serve as specimens. "I take my tea *barfoot*," said a backwoodsman when asked if he would have cream and sugar. (I find *barfoot*, by the way, in the Coventry

\* And, by the way, the Yankee never says "o' nights," but uses the older adverbial form, analogous to the German *nachts*.

Plays.) A man speaking to me once of a very rocky clearing said, "Stone's got a pretty heavy mortgage on that land," and I overheard a guide in the woods say to his companions who were urging him to sing, "Wal, I *did* sing once, but toons gut invented, an' thet spilt my trade." Whoever has driven over a stream by a bridge made of *slabs* will feel the picturesque force of the epithet *slab-bridged* applied to a fellow of shaky character. Almost every county has some good die-sinker in phrase, whose mintage passes into the currency of the whole neighbourhood. Such a one described the county jail (the one stone building where all the dwellings are of wood) as "the house whose underpinnin' come up to the eaves," and called hell "the place where they didn't rake up their fires nights." I once asked a stage-driver if the other side of a hill were as steep as the one we were climbing: "Steep? chain lightnin' couldn' go down it 'thout puttin' the shoe on!" And this brings me back to the exaggeration of which I spoke before. To me there is something very taking in the negro "so black that charcoal made a chalk-mark on him," and the wooden shingle "painted so like marble that it sank in water," as if its very consciousness or its vanity had been over-persuaded by the cunning of the painter. I heard a man, in order to give a notion of some very cold weather, say to another that a certain Joe, who had been taking mercury, found a lump of quicksilver in each boot, when he went home to dinner. This power of rapidly dramatising a dry fact into flesh and blood, and the vivid conception of Joe as a human thermometer, strike me as showing a poetic sense that may be refined into faculty. At any rate there is humour here, and not mere quickness of wit,—the deeper and not the shallower quality. The *tendency* of humour is always towards overplus of expression, while the very essence of wit is its logical precision.

Captain Basil Hall denied that our people had any humour, deceived, perhaps, by their gravity of manner. But this very seriousness is often the outward sign of that humorous quality of the mind which delights in finding an element of identity in things seemingly the most incongruous, and then again in forcing an incongruity upon things identical. Perhaps Captain Hall had no humour himself, and if so he would never find it. Did he always feel the point of what was said to himself? I doubt it, because I happen to know a chance he once had given him in vain. The Captain was walking up and down the veranda of a country tavern in Massachusetts while the coach changed horses. A thunderstorm was going on, and, with that pleasant European air of indirect self-compliment in condescending to be surprised by American merit, which we find so conciliating, he said to a countryman lounging against the door, "Pretty heavy thunder you have here." The other, who had divined at a glance his feeling of generous concession to a new country, drawled gravely, "Waal, we *du*, considerin' the number of inhabitants." This, the more I analyse it, the more humorous does it seem. The same man was capable of wit also when he would. He was a cabinet-maker, and was once employed to make some commandment tables for the parish meeting-house. The parson, a very old man, annoyed him by looking into his workshop every morning, and cautioning him to be very sure to pick out "clear mahogany without any *knots* in it." At last, wearied out, he retorted one day: "Wal, Dr. B., I guess ef I was to leave the *nots* out o' some o' the c'man'ments, 't 'ould soot you full ez wal!"

If I had taken the pains to write down the proverbial or pithy phrases I have heard, or if I had sooner thought of noting the Yankeeisms I met with in my reading, I might have been able to do more justice to my theme.

But I have done all I wished in respect to pronunciation, if I have proved that where we are vulgar, we have the countenance of very good company. For, as to the *jus et norma loquendi*, I agree with Horace and those who have paraphrased or commented him, from Boileau to Gray. I think that a good rule for style is Galiani's definition of sublime oratory,—“l'art de tout dire sans être mis à la Bastille dans un pays où il est défendu de rien dire.” I profess myself a fanatical purist, but with a hearty contempt for the speech-gilders who affect purism without any thorough, or even pedagogic, knowledge of the engendure, growth, and affinities of the noble language about whose *mésalliances* they profess (like Dean Alford) to be so solicitous. If *they* had their way—! “Doch es sey,” says Lessing, “dass jene gothische Höflichkeit eine unentbehrliche Tugend des heutigen Umganges ist. Soll sie darum unsere Schriften eben so schaal und falsch machen als unsern Umgang?” And Drayton was not far wrong in affirming that

“’Tis possible to climb,  
To kindle, or to slake,  
Although in Skelton's rhyme.”

Cumberland in his *Memoirs* tells us that when, in the midst of Admiral Rodney's great sea-fight, Sir Charles Douglas said to him, “Behold, Sir George, the Greeks and Trojans contending for the body of Patroclus!” the Admiral answered peevishly, “Damn the Greeks and damn the Trojans! I have other things to think of.” After the battle was won, Rodney spoke thus to Sir Charles, “Now, my dear friend, I am at the service of your Greeks and Trojans, and the whole of Homer's *Iliad*, or as much of it as you please!” I had some such feeling of the impertinence of our pseudo-classicality when I chose our homely dialect to work in. Should we

be nothing, because somebody had contrived to be something (and that perhaps in a provincial dialect) ages ago? and to be nothing by our very attempt to be that something, which they had already been, and which therefore nobody could be again without being a bore? Is there no way left, then, I thought, of being natural, of being *naïf*, which means nothing more than native, of belonging to the age and country in which you are born? The Yankee, at least, is a new phenomenon; let us try to be *that*. It is perhaps a *pis aller*, but is not *No Thoroughfare* written up everywhere else? In the literary world, things seemed to me very much as they were in the latter half of the last century. Pope, skimming the cream of good sense and expression wherever he could find it, had made, not exactly poetry, but an honest, saleable butter of worldly wisdom which pleasantly lubricated some of the drier morsels of life's daily bread, and, seeing this, scores of harmlessly insane people went on for the next fifty years coaxing his buttermilk with the regular up and down of the pentameter churn. And in our day do we not scent everywhere, and even carry away in our clothes against our will, that faint perfume of musk which Mr. Tennyson has left behind him, or worse, of Heine's *pachouli*? And might it not be possible to escape them by turning into one of our narrow New England lanes, shut in though it were by bleak stone walls on either hand, and where no better flowers were to be gathered than golden-rod and hardhack?

Beside the advantage of getting out of the beaten track, our dialect offered others hardly inferior. As I was about to make an endeavour to state them, I remembered something which the clear-sighted Goethe had said about Hebel's *Allemannische Gedichte*, which, making proper deduction for special reference to the book under review, expresses what I would have said far better than I could



hope to do: "Allen diesen innern guten Eigenschaften kommt die behagliche naive Sprache sehr zu statten. Man findet mehrere sinnlich bedeutende und wohlklingende Worte . . . von einem, zwei Buchstaben, Abbreviationen, Contractionen, viele kurze, leichte Sylben, neue Reime, welches, mehr als man glaubt, ein Vortheil für den Dichter ist. Diese Elemente werden durch glückliche Constructionen und lebhafte Formen zu einem Styl zusammengedrängt der zu diesem Zwecke vor unserer Büchersprache grosse Vorzüge hat." Of course I do not mean to imply that *I* have come near achieving any such success as the great critic here indicates, but I think the success is *there*, and to be plucked by some more fortunate hand.

Nevertheless, I was encouraged by the approval of many whose opinions I valued. With a feeling too tender and grateful to be mixed with any vanity, I mention as one of these the late A. H. Clough, who, more than any one of those I have known (no longer living), except Hawthorne, impressed me with the constant presence of that indefinable thing we call genius. He often suggested that I should try my hand at some Yankee Pastoral, which would admit of more sentiment and a higher tone without foregoing the advantage offered by the dialect. I have never completed anything of the kind, but, in this Second Series, both my remembrance of his counsel and the deeper feeling called up by the great interests at stake, led me to venture some passages nearer to what is called poetical than could have been admitted without incongruity into the former series. The time seemed calling to me, with the old poet.—

"Leave, then, your wonted prattle,  
The oaten reed forbear;  
For I hear a sound of battle,  
And trumpets rend the air!"



The only attempt I had ever made at anything like a pastoral (if that may be called an attempt which was the result almost of pure accident) was in "The Courtin'." While the introduction to the First Series was going through the press, I received word from the printer that there was a blank page left which must be filled. I sat down at once and improvised another fictitious "notice of the press," in which, because verse would fill up space more cheaply than prose, I inserted an extract from a supposed ballad of Mr. Biglow. I kept no copy of it, and the printer, as directed, cut it off when the gap was filled. Presently I began to receive letters asking for the rest of it, sometimes for the *balance* of it. I had none, but to answer such demands, I patched a conclusion upon it in a later edition. Those who had only the first continued to importune me. Afterward, being asked to write it out as an autograph for the Baltimore Sanitary Commission Fair, I added other verses, into some of which I infused a little more sentiment in a homely way, and after a fashion completed it by sketching in the characters and making a connected story. Most likely I have spoiled it, but I shall put it at the end of this introduction, to answer once for all those kindly importunings.

As I have seen extracts from what purported to be writings of Mr. Biglow, which were not genuine, I may properly take this opportunity to say, that the two volumes now published contain every line I ever printed under that pseudonyme, and that I have never, so far as I can remember, written an anonymous article (elsewhere than in the *North American Review* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, during my editorship of it) except a review of Mrs. Stowe's "Minister's Wooing," and, some twenty years ago, a sketch of the antislavery movement in America for an English journal

A word more on pronunciation. I have endeavoured to express this so far as I could by the types, taking such pains as, I fear, may sometimes make the reading harder than need be. At the same time, by studying uniformity I have sometimes been obliged to sacrifice minute exactness. The emphasis often modifies the habitual sound. For example, *for* is commonly *fer* (a shorter sound than *fur* for *far*), but when emphatic it always becomes *for*, as "wut *for*!" So *too* is pronounced like *to* (as it was anciently spelt), and *to* like *ta* (the sound is in the *tou* of *touch*), but *too*, when emphatic, changes into *tue*, and *to* sometimes, in similar cases, into *toe*, as, "I did n' hardly know wut *toe* du!" Where vowels come together, or one precedes another following an aspirate, the two melt together, as was common with the older poets who formed their versification on French or Italian models. Drayton is thoroughly Yankee when he says "I 'xpect," and Pope when he says 't'inspire." *With* becomes sometimes 'ith, 'ũth, or 'th, or even disappears wholly where it comes before *the*, as, "I went along th' Square" (along with the Squire), the *are* sound being an archaism which I have noticed also in *choir*, like the old Scottish *quhair*. (Herrick has, "Of flowers ne'er sucked by th' theeving bee.") *Without* becomes *athout* and 'thout. *Afterwards* always retains its locative *s*, and is pronounced always *ahterwurds'*, with a strong accent on the last syllable. This oddity has some support in the erratic *towards'* instead of *to'wards*, which we find in the poets and sometimes hear. The sound given to the first syllable of *to'wards*, I may remark, sustains the Yankee lengthening of the *o* in *to*. At the beginning of a sentence, *ahterwurds* has the accent on the first syllable; at the end of one, on the last; as, "*ah'terwurds* he tol' me," "he tol' me *ahterwurds'*." The Yankee never makes a mistake in his aspirates. *U* changes in many words to *e*,

always in *such*, *brush*, *tush*, *hush*, *rush*, *blush*, seldom in *much*, oftener in *trust* and *crust*, never in *mush*, *gust*, *bust*, *tumble*, or (?) *flush*, in the latter case probably to avoid confusion with *flesh*. I have heard *flush* with the *e* sound, however. For the same reason, I suspect, never in *gush* (at least, I never heard it), because we have already one *gesh* for *gash*. *A* and *i* short frequently become *e* short. *U* always becomes *o* in the prefix *un* (except *unto*), and *o* in return changes to *u* short in *uv* for *of*, and in some words beginning with *om*. *T* and *d*, *b* and *p*, *v* and *w*, remain intact. So much occurs to me in addition to what I said on this head in the preface to the former volume.

Of course in what I have said I wish to be understood as keeping in mind the difference between provincialisms properly so called and *slang*. *Slang* is always vulgar, because it is not a natural but an affected way of talking, and all mere tricks of speech or writing are offensive. I do not think that Mr. Biglow can be fairly charged with vulgarity, and I should have entirely failed in my design if I had not made it appear that high and even refined sentiment may co-exist with the shrewder and more comic elements of the Yankee character. I believe that what is essentially vulgar and mean-spirited in politics seldom has its source in the body of the people, but much rather among those who are made timid by their wealth or selfish by their love of power. A democracy can *afford* much better than an aristocracy to follow out its convictions, and it is perhaps better qualified to build those convictions on plain principles of right and wrong, rather than on the shifting sands of expediency. I had always thought "Sam Slick" a libel on the Yankee character, and a complete falsification of Yankee modes of speech, though, for aught I know, it may be true in both respects so far as the British provinces are concerned. To me

the dialect was native, was spoken all about me when a boy, at a time when an Irish day-labourer was as rare as an American one now. Since then I have made a study of it so far as opportunity allowed. But when I write in it, it is as in a mother tongue, and I am carried back far beyond any studies of it to long-ago noonings in my father's hay-fields, and to the talk of Sam and Job over their jug of *blackstrap* under the shadow of the ash-tree which still dapples the grass whence they have been gone so long.

But life is short, and prefaces should be. And so, my good friends, to whom this introductory epistle is addressed, farewell. Though some of you have remonstrated with me, I shall never write any more "Biglow Papers," however great the temptation,—great especially at the present time,—unless it be to complete the original plan of this Series by bringing out Mr. Sawin as an "original Union man." The very favour with which they have been received is a hindrance to me, by forcing on me a self-consciousness from which I was entirely free when I wrote the First Series. Moreover, I am no longer the same careless youth, with nothing to do but live to myself, my books, and my friends, that I was then. I always hated politics, in the ordinary sense of the word, and I am not likely to grow fonder of them, now that I have learned how rare it is to find a man who can keep principle clear from party and personal prejudice, or can conceive the possibility of another's doing so. I feel as if I could in some sort claim to be an *emeritus*, and I am sure that political satire will have full justice done it by that genuine and delightful humourist, the Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby. I regret that I killed off Mr. Wilbur so soon, for he would have enabled me to bring into this preface a number of learned quotations, which must now go a-begging, and also enabled me to dispersonalise myself

into a vicarious egotism. He would have helped me also in clearing myself from a charge which I shall briefly touch on, because my friend Mr. Hughes has found it needful to defend me in his preface to one of the English editions of the "Biglow Papers." I thank Mr. Hughes heartily for his friendly care of my good name, and were his Preface accessible to my readers here (as I am glad it is not, for its partiality makes me blush), I should leave the matter where he left it. The charge is of profanity, brought in by persons who proclaimed African slavery of Divine institution, and is based (so far as I have heard) on two passages in the First Series—

"An' you've gut to git up airly,  
Ef you want to take in God."

and,

"God'll send the bill to you,"

and on some Scriptural illustrations by Mr. Sawin.

Now, in the first place, I was writing under an assumed character, and must talk as the person would whose mouthpiece I made myself. Will any one familiar with the New England countryman venture to tell me that he does *not* speak of sacred things familiarly? that Biblical allusions (allusions, that is, to the single book with whose language, from his church-going habits, he is intimate) are *not* frequent on his lips? If so, he cannot have pursued his studies of the character on so many long-ago muster-fields and at so many cattle-shows as I. But I scorn any such line of defence, and will confess at once that one of the things I am proud of in my countrymen is (I am not speaking now of such persons as I have assumed Mr. Sawin to be), that they do not put their Maker away far from them, or interpret the fear of God into being afraid of Him. The Talmudists had conceived a deep truth when they said,

that "all things were in the power of God, save the fear of God;" and when people stand in great dread of an invisible power, I suspect they mistake quite another personage for the Deity. I might justify myself for the passages criticised by many parallel ones from Scripture, but I need not. The Reverend Homer Wilbur's note-books supply me with three apposite quotations. The first is from a Father of the Roman Church, the second from a father of the Anglican, and the third from a Father of Modern English poetry. The Puritan divines would furnish me with many more such. St. Bernard says, *Sapiens nummularius est Deus: nummum fictum non recipiet*; "A cunning money-changer is God: he will take in no base coin." Latimer says, "You shall perceive that God, by this example, shaketh us by the noses and taketh us by the ears." Familiar enough, both of them, one would say! But I should think Mr. Biglow had verily stolen the last of the two maligned passages from Dryden's "Don Sebastian," where I find

"And beg of Heaven to charge the bill on me."

And there I leave the matter, being willing to believe that the Saint, the Martyr, and even the Poet, were as careful of God's honour as my critics are ever likely to be.

J. R. L.

### THE COURTIN'.

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still  
 Fur 'z you can look or listen,  
 Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,  
 All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown,  
 An' peeked in thru' the winder,  
 An' there sot Huld' all alone,  
 'ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side  
With half a cord o' wood in—  
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)  
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out  
Towards the pootiest, bless her,  
An' leetle flames danced all about  
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,  
An' in amongst em rusted  
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young  
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,  
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',  
An' she looked full ez rosy agin  
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look  
On sech a blessed cretur,  
A dogrose blushin' to a brook  
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A1,  
Clear grit an' human natur' ;  
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton  
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,  
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,  
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—  
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run  
All crinkly like curled maple,



The side she breshed felt full o' sun  
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing  
Ez hisn in the choir ;  
My ! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,  
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,  
When her new meetin'-bunnet  
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair  
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some* !  
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,  
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,  
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,  
A-raspin' on the scraper,—  
All ways to once her feelins flew  
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,  
Some doubtfle o' the sekle,  
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,  
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk  
Ez though she wished him funder,  
An' on her apples kep' to work,  
Parin' away like murder.

" You want to see my Pa, I s'pose ? "  
" Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin " —  
" To see my Ma ? She's sprinklin' clo'es  
Agin to-morrer's i'ning."

To say why gals acts so or so,  
Or don't, 'ould be presumin' ;  
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*  
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,  
Then stood a spell on t'other,  
An' on which one he felt the wust  
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, " I'd better call agin ;"  
Says she, " Think likely, Mister : "  
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,  
An' . . . Wal, he up and kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,  
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,  
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips  
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind  
Whose naturs never vary,  
Like streams that keep a summer mind  
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued  
Too tight for all expressin',  
Tell mother see how metters stood,  
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide  
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,  
An' all I know is they was cried  
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.



# THE BIGLOW PAPERS.



No. I.

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN, ESQ., TO  
MR. HOSEA BIGLOW.

LETTER FROM THE REVEREND HOMER WILBUR, A.M.,  
INCLOSING THE EPISTLE AFORESAID.

JAALAM, 15th Nov., 1861.

. . . . .

IT is not from any idle wish to obtrude my humble person with undue prominence upon the publick view that I resume my pen upon the present occasion. *Juniores ad labores.* But having been a main instrument in rescuing the talent of my young parishioner from being buried in the ground, by giving it such warrant with the world as could be derived from a name already widely known by several printed discourses (all of which I may be permitted without immodesty to state have been deemed worthy of preservation in the Library of Harvard College by my esteemed friend Mr. Sibley), it seemed becoming that I should not only testify to the genuineness of the following production, but call attention to it, the more as Mr. Biglow had so long been silent as to be in danger of absolute oblivion. I insinuate no claim to any share in the authorship (*vix ea nostra voco*) of the works already published by Mr. Biglow, but merely take to myself the credit of having fulfilled towards them the office of taster

(II.)

(*experto crede*), who, having first tried, could afterwards bear witness (*credenzen* it was amply named by the Germans), an office always arduous, and sometimes even dangerous, as in the case of those devoted persons who venture their lives in the deglutition of patent medicines (*dolus latet in generalibus*, there is deceit in the most of them) and thereafter are wonderfully preserved long enough to append their signatures to testimonials in the diurnal and hebdomadal prints. I say not this as covertly glancing at the authors of certain manuscripts which have been submitted to my literary judgment (though an epick in twenty-four books on the "Taking of Jericho" might, save for the prudent forethought of Mrs. Wilbur in secret-ing the same just as I had arrived beneath the walls and was beginning a catalogue of the various horns and their blowers, too ambitiously emulous in longanimity of Homer's list of ships, might, I say, have rendered frustrate any hope I could entertain *vacare Musis* for the small remainder of my days), but only the further to secure myself against any imputation of unseemly forth-putting. I will barely subjoin, in this connection, that, whereas Job was left to desire, in the soreness of his heart, that his adversary had written a book, as perchance mis-anthropically wishing to indite a review thereof, yet was not Satan allowed so far to tempt him as to send Bildad, Eliphaz, and Zophar, each with an unprinted work in his wallet to be submitted to his censure. But of this enough. Were I in need of other excuse, I might add that I write by the express desire of Mr. Biglow himself, whose entire winter leisure is occupied, as he assures me, in answering demands for autographs, a labour exacting enough in itself, and egregiously so to him, who, being no ready penman, cannot sign so much as his name without strange contortions of the face (his nose, even, being essential to complete success) and painfully suppressed Saint-Vitus-

dance of every muscle in his body. This, with his having been put in the Commission of the Peace by our excellent Governor (*O, si sic omnes!*) immediately on his accession to office, keeps him continually employed. *Haud inexpertus loquor*, having for many years written myself J.P., and being not seldom applied to for specimens of my chirography, a request to which I have sometimes over weakly assented, believing as I do that nothing written of set purpose can properly be called an autograph, but only those unpremeditated sallies and lively runnings which betray the fireside Man instead of the hunted Notoriety doubling on his pursuers. But it is time that I should bethink me of St. Austin's prayer, *libera me a meipso*, if I would arrive at the matter in hand.

Moreover, I had yet another reason for taking up the pen myself. I am informed that the *Atlantic Monthly* is mainly indebted for its success to the contributions and editorial supervision of Dr. Holmes, whose excellent "Annals of America" occupy an honoured place upon my shelves. The journal itself I have never seen; but if this be so, it might seem that the recommendation of a brother-clergyman (though *par magis quam similis*) should carry a greater weight. I suppose that you have a department for historical lucubrations, and should be glad, if deemed desirable, to forward for publication my "Collections for the Antiquities of Jaalam," and my (now happily complete) pedigree of the Wilbur family from its *fons et origo*, the Wild Boar of Ardennes. Withdrawn from the active duties of my profession by the settlement of a colleague-pastor, the Reverend Jeduthun Hitchcock, formerly of Brutus Four-Corners, I might find time for further contributions to general literature on similar topics. I have made large advances towards a completer genealogy of Mrs Wilbur's family,

the Pilcoxes, not, if I know myself, from any idle vanity, but with the sole desire of rendering myself useful in my day and generation. *Nulla dies sine lineâ*. I inclose a meteorological register, a list of the births, deaths, and marriages, and a few *memorabilia* of longevity in Jaalam East Parish for the last half-century. Though spared to the unusual period of more than eighty years, I find no diminution of my faculties or abatement of my natural vigour, except a scarcely sensible decay of memory and a necessity of recurring to younger eyesight or spectacles for the finer print in Cruden. It would gratify me to make some further provision for declining years from the emoluments of my literary labours. I had intended to effect an insurance on my life, but was deterred therefrom by a circular from one of the offices, in which the sudden death of so large a proportion of the insured was set forth as an inducement, that it seemed to me little less than a tempting of Providence. *Neque in summâ inopiâ levis esse senectus potest, ne sapienti quidem*.

Thus far concerning Mr. Biglow ; and so much seemed needful (*brevis esse laboro*) by way of preliminary, after a silence of fourteen years. He greatly fears lest he may in this essay have fallen below himself, well knowing that, if exercise be dangerous on a full stomach, no less so is writing on a full reputation. Beset as he has been on all sides, he could not refrain, and would only imprecate patience till he shall again have "got the hang" (as he calls it), of an accomplishment long disused. The letter of Mr. Sawin was received some time in last June, and others have followed which will in due season be submitted to the publick. How largely his statements are to be depended on, I more than merely dubitate. He was always distinguished for a tendency to exaggeration,—it might almost be qualified by a stronger

term. *Fortiter mentire, aliquid hæret*, seemed to be his favourite rule of rhetorick. That he is actually where he says he is the post-mark would seem to confirm ; that he was received with the publick demonstrations he describes would appear consonant with what we know of the habits of those regions ; but further than this I venture not to decide. I have sometimes suspected a vein of humour in him which leads him to speak by contraries ; but since, in the unrestrained intercourse of private life, I have never observed in him any striking powers of invention, I am the more willing to put a certain qualified faith in the incidents and the details of life and manners which give to his narratives some portion of the interest and entertainment which characterises a Century Sermon.

It may be expected of me that I should say something to justify myself with the world for a seeming inconsistency with my well-known principles in allowing my youngest son to raise a company for the war, a fact known to all through the medium of the publick prints. I did reason with the young man, but *expellas naturam furcâ, tamen usque recurrit*. Having myself been a chaplain in 1812, I could the less wonder that a man of war had sprung from my loins. It was, indeed, grievous to send my Benjamin, the child of my old age ; but after the discomfiture of Manassas, I with my own hands did buckle on his armour, trusting in the great Comforter and Commander for strength according to my need. For truly the memory of a brave son dead in his shroud were a greater staff of my declining years than a living coward (if those may be said to have lived who carry all of themselves into the grave with them), though his days might be long in the land, and he should get much goods. It is not till our earthen vessels are broken that we find and truly possess the treasure that was laid up in them. *Migravi*



*in animam meam*, I have sought refuge in my own soul; nor would I be shamed by the heathen comedian with his *Nequam illud verbum, bene vult, nisi bene facit*. During our dark days, I read constantly in the inspired book of Job, which I believe to contain more food to maintain the fibre of the soul for right living and high thinking than all pagan literature together, though I would by no means vilipend the study of the classics. There I read that Job said in his despair, even as the fool saith in his heart there is no God,—“The tabernacles of robbers prosper, and they that provoke God are secure” (Job xii. 6). But I sought farther till I found this Scripture also, which I would have those perpend who have striven to turn our Israel aside to the worship of strange gods:—“If I did despise the cause of my man-servant or of my maid-servant when they contended with me, what then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth what shall I answer him?” (Job xxxi. 13, 14). On this text I preached a discourse on the last day of Fasting and Humiliation with general acceptance, though there were not wanting one or two Laodiceans who said that I should have waited till the President announced his policy. But let us hope and pray, remembering this of Saint Gregory, *Vult Deus rogari, vult cogi, vult quâdam importunitate vinci*.

We had our first fall of snow on Friday last. Frosts have been unusually backward this fall. A singular circumstance occurred in this town on the 20th October, in the family of Deacon Pelatiah Tinkham. On the previous evening, a few moments before family prayers,

[The editors of the *Atlantic* find it necessary here to cut short the letter of their valued correspondent, which seemed calculated rather on the rates of longevity in

Jaalam than for less favoured localities. They have every encouragement to hope that he will write again.]

With esteem and respect,

Your obedient servant,

HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

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It's some consid'ble of a spell sence I hain't writ no letters,

An' ther's gret changes hez took place in all polit'cle metters ;

Some canderdates air dead an' gone, an' some hez ben defeated,

Which 'mounts to pooty much the same ; fer it's ben proved repeated

A betch o' bread thet hain't riz once ain't goin' to rise agin,

An' it's jest money throwed away to put the emptins in : But thet's wut folks wun't never larn ; they dunno how to go,

Arter you want their room, no more'n a bullet-headed beau ;

Ther's ollers chaps a-hangin' roun' thet can't see peatime's past,

Mis'ble as roosters in a rain, heads down an' tails half-mast :

It ain't disgraceful bein' beat, when a holl nation does it, But Chance is like an amberill,—it don't take twice to lose it.

I spose you're kin' o' cur'ous, now, to know why I hain't writ.

Wal, I've ben where a litt'ry taste don't somehow seem to git

Th' encouragement a feller 'd think, thet's used to public  
schools,  
An' where sech things ez paper 'n' ink air clean agin the  
rules ;  
A kind o' vicyvarsy house, built dreffle strong an'  
stout,  
So 's 't honest people can't get in, ner t'other sort  
git out,  
An' with the winders so contrived, you'd prob'ly like the  
view  
Better alookin' in than out, though it seems sing'lar, tu ;  
But then the landlord sets by ye, can't bear ye out o'  
sight,  
And locks ye up ez reg'lar ez an outside door at night.

This world is awfle contrary : the rope may stretch your  
neck  
Thet 'mebby kep' another chap frum washin' off a  
wreck ;  
An' you may see the taters grow in one poor feller's  
patch,  
So small no self-respectin' hen thet valled time 'ould  
scratch,  
So small the rot can't find 'em out, an' then agin, nex'  
door,  
Ez big ez wut hogs dream on when they're 'most too fat  
to snore.  
But groutin' ain't no kin' o' use ; an' ef the fust throw  
fails,  
Why, up an' try agin, thet's all,—the coppers ain't all  
tails ;  
Though I hev seen 'em when I thought they hedn't no  
more head  
Than 'd sarve a nussin' Brigadier thet gets some ink to  
shed.

When I writ last, I'd ben turned loose by thet blamed  
nigger, Pomp,  
Ferlorner than a musquash, ef you'd took an' dreened  
his swamp :  
But I ain't o' the meechin' kind, thet sets an' thinks fer  
weeks  
The bottom's out o' th' univarse coz their own gillpot  
leaks.  
I hed to cross bayous an' criks (wal, it did beat all  
natur'),  
Upon a kin' o' corderoy, fust log, then alligator ;  
Luck'ly, the critters warn't sharpsot ; I guess 'twuz over-  
ruled  
They'd done their mornin's marketin' an' gut their hunger  
cooled ;  
Fer missionaries to the Creeks an' runaways are viewed  
By them an' folks ez sent express to be their reg'lar  
food ;  
Wutever 'twuz, they laid an' snoozed ez peacefully ez  
sinners,  
Meek ez digestin' deacons be at ordination dinners ;  
Ef any on 'em turned an' snapped, I let 'em kin' o' taste  
My live-oak leg, an' so, ye see, ther' warn't no gret o'  
waste ;  
Fer they found out in quicker time than ef they'd ben to  
college  
'Twarn't heartier food than though 'twuz made out o' the  
tree o' knowledge.  
But I tell *you* my other leg hed larned wut pizon-nettle  
meant,  
An' var'ous other usefle things, afore I reached a settle-  
ment,  
An' all o' me thet wuzn't sore an' sendin' prickles  
thru me  
Wuz jest the leg I parted with in lickin' Montezumy :

A useful limb it's ben to me, an' more of a support  
Than wut the other hez ben,—coz I dror my pension  
for 't.

Wal, I gut in at last where folks wuz civerlized an' white,  
Ez I diskivered to my cost afore 't warn't hardly night ;  
Fer 'z I wuz settin' in the bar a-takin' sunthin' hot,  
An' feelin' like a man agin, all over in one spot,  
A feller thet sot oppersite, arter a squint at me,  
Lep up an' drewed his peacemaker, an', "Dash it, sir,"  
suz he,

"I'm doubledashed ef you ain't him thet stole my yaller  
chettle,

(You're all the stranger thet's around), so now you've gut  
to settle ;

It ain't no use to argerfy ner try to cut up frisky,  
I know ye ez I know the smell of ole chain-lightnin'  
whiskey ;

We're lor-abidin' folks down here, we'll fix ye so's 't  
a bar

Would n' tech ye with a ten-foot pole ; (Jedge, you jest  
warm the tar ;)

You'll think you'd better ha' gut among a tribe o'  
Mongrel Tartars,

'Fore we've done showin' how we raise our Southun  
prize tar-martyrs ;

A moultin' fallen cherubim, ef he should see ye 'd  
snicker,

Thinkin' he warn't a suckemstance. Come, genlemun,  
le' 's liquor ;

An', Gin'ral, when you've mixed the drinks an' chalked  
'em up, tote roun'

An' see ef ther's a feather-bed (thet's borryable) in town.  
We'll try ye fair, ole Grafted-Leg, an' ef the tar wun't  
stick,

Th' ain't not a juror here but wut'll 'quit ye double-quick."

To cut it short, I wun't say sweet, they gi' me a good dip,

(They ain't *perfessin'* Bahptists here), then give the bed a rip,—

The jury 'd sot, an' quicker 'n a flash they hatched me out, a livin'

Extemp'ry mammoth turkey-chick fer a Fejee Thanks-givin'.

Thet I felt some stuck up is wut it's nat'ral to suppose,  
When poppylar enthusiasm hed funnished me sech clo'es ;  
(Ner 't ain't without edvantiges, this kin' o' suit, ye see,

It's water-proof, an' water's wut I like kep' out o me ;)  
But nut content with thet, they took a kerridge from the fence

An' rid me roun' to see the place, entirely free 'f expense,  
With forty-'leven new kines o' sarse without no charge acquainted me,

Gi' me three cheers, an' vowed thet I wuz all their fahncy painted me ;

They treated me to all their eggs (they keep 'em I should think,

Fer sech ovations, pooty long, for they wuz mos' distinct' ;)

They starred me thick'z the Milky-Way with indiscrim'nit cherity,

Fer wut we call reception eggs air sunthin' of a rerity ;  
Green ones is plentifle anough, skurce wuth a nigger's getherin',

But your dead-ripe ones ranges high fer treatin' Nothun bretherin ;

A spottedder, ringstreakeder child the' warn't in Uncle Sam's

Holl farm,—a cross of stripèd pig an' one of Jacob's lambs ;

'Twuz Dannil in the lions' den, new an' enlarged edition,  
An' everythin' fust-rate o' 'ts kind ; the' warn't no im-  
persition.

People's impulsiver down here than wut our folks to  
home be,

An' kin' o' go it 'ith a resh in raisin' Hail Columby :

Thet's *so* : an' they swarmed out like bees, for your real  
Southun men's

Time isn't o' much more account than an ole settin'  
hen's ;

(They jest work semioccashnally, or else don't work at  
all,

An' so their time an' 'tention both air at saci'ty's call.)

Talk about hospatality ! wut Nothun town d'ye know

Would take a totle stranger up an' treat him gratis so ?

You'd better b'lieve ther's nothin' like this spendin' days  
an' nights

Along 'ith a dependent race fer civerlizin' whites.

But this wuz all prelim'nary ; it's so Gran' Jurors here

Fin' a true bill, a hendier way than ourn, an' nut so  
dear ;

So arter this they sentenced me, to make all tight 'n'  
snug,

Afore a reg'lar court o' law, to ten years in the Jug.

I didn't make no gret defence : you don't feel much like  
speakin',

When, ef you let your clamshells gape, a quart o' tar will  
leak in :

I *hev* hearn tell o' wingèd words, but pint o' fact it  
tethers

The spoutin' gift to hev your words *tu* thick sot on with  
feathers,



An' Choate ner Webster wouldn't ha' made an A 1 kin' o' speech

Astride a Southun chestnut horse sharper 'n a baby's screech.

Two year ago they ketched the thief, 'n' seein' I wuz innercent,

They jest uncorked an' le' me run, an' in my stid the sinner sent

To see how *he* liked pork 'n' pone flavoured with wa'nut saplin',

An' narry social priv'ledge but a one-hoss, starn-wheel chaplin.

When I come out, the folks behaved mos gen'manly an' harnsome ;

They 'lowed it wouldn't be more'n right, ef I should cuss 'n' darn some :

The Cunnle he apolergised ; suz he, " I'll du wut's right, I'll give ye settisfaction now by shootin' ye at sight,

An' give the nigger (when he's caught), to pay him fer his trickin'

In gittin' the wrong man took up, a most H fired lickin',—

It's jest the way with all on 'em, the inconsistent critters, They're 'most enough to make a man blaspheme his mornin' bitters ;

I'll be your frien' thru thick an' thin an' in all kins o' weathers,

An' all you'll hev to pay fer 's jest the waste o' tar an' feathers :

A lady owned the bed, ye see, a widder, tu, Miss Shennon ;

It wuz her mite ; we would ha' took another, ef there'd ben one ;

We don't make *no* charge for the ride an' all the other fixins.

Le' 's liquor ; Gin'ral, you can chalk our friend for all the mixins."

A meetin' then was called, where they " RESOLVED, Thet we respec'

B. S. Esquire for quallerties o' heart an' intellec'  
Peculiar to Columby's sile, an' not to no one else's,  
Thet makes European tyrans scringe in all their gilded pel'ces,

An' doos gret honour to our race an' Southun institootions : "

(I give ye jest the substance o' the leadin' resolootions) :

" RESOLVED, Thet we revere in him a soger 'thout a flor,  
A martyr to the princerples o' libbaty an' lor :

RESOLVED, Thet other nations all, ef sot 'longside o' us,  
For vartoo, larnin, chivverly, ain't noways wuth a cuss."

They gut up a subscription, tu, but no gret come o' *thet* ;  
I 'xpect in cairin' of it roun' they took a leaky hat ;

Though Southun genelmun ain't slow at puttin' down  
their name,

(When they can write,) fer in the eend it comes to jes' the  
same,

Because, ye see, 't's the fashion here to sign an' not to  
think

A critter 'd be so sorded ez to ax 'em for the chink :

I didn't call but jest on one, an' *he* drawed toothpick on  
me,

An' reckoned he warn't goin' to stan' no sech doggauned  
econ'my ;

So nothin' more was realised, 'ceptin' the good-will shown,  
Than ef't had ben from fust to last a reg'lar Cotton Loan.

It's a good way, though, come to think, coz ye enjy the  
sense

O lendin' lib'rally to the Lord, an' nary red o' 'xpense :

Sence then I've gut my name up for a gin'rous-hearted  
man

By jes' subscribin' right an' left on this high-minded  
plan ;

I've gin away my thousans so to every Southun sort  
O' missions, colleges, an' sech, ner ain't no poorer for't.

I warn't so bad off, arter all ; I needn't hardly mention  
That Guv'ment owed me quite a pile for my arrears o'  
pension,—

I mean the poor, weak thing we *hed* : we run a new one  
now,

Thet strings a feller with a claim up ta the nighes' bough,  
An' *prectises* the rights o' man, purtects down-trodden  
debtors,

Ner wun't hev creditors about a-scrougin' o' their betters :  
Jeff's gut the last idees ther is, poscrip', fourteenth  
edition,

He knows it takes some enterprise to run an oppersition ;  
Ourn's the fust thru-by-daylight train, with all ou'doors  
for deepot :

Yourn goes so slow you'd think 'twuz drawed by a las'  
cent'ry teapot ;—

Wal, I gut all on't paid in gold afore our State seceded,  
An' done wal, for Confed'rit bonds warn't jest the cheese  
I needed :

Nut but wut they're ez *good* ez gold, but then it's hard a-  
breakin' on 'em.

An' ignorant folks is ollers sot an' wun't git used to takin'  
on 'em ;

They're wuth ez much ez wut they wuz afore ole  
Mem'nger signed 'em,

An' go off middlin' wal for drinks, when ther's a knife  
behind 'em ;

We *du* miss silver, jes fer that an' ridin' in a bus,  
Now we've shook off the desputs thet wuz suckin' at our  
pus ;

An' it's *because* the South's so rich ; 'twuz nat'ral to expect  
Supplies o' change wuz jes' the things we shouldn't re-  
collec' ;

We'd ough' to ha' thought aforehan', though, o' thet  
good rule o' Crockett's,

For 't's tiresome cairin' cotton-bales and niggers in your  
pockets,

Ner 'taint quite hendy to pass off one o' your six-foot  
Guineas

An' git your halves an' quarters back in gals an' picka-  
ninnies :

Wal, 'taint quite all a feller'd ax, but then ther's this to say,

It's on'y jest among ourselves that we expect to pay ;

Our system would ha' caird us thru in any Bible cent'ry,

'Fore this onscripterl plan come up o' books by double  
entry ;

We go the patriarkle here out o' all sight an' hearin',

For Jacob warn't a suckemstance to Jeff at financierin' ;

*He* never'd thought o' borryin' from Esau like all nater

An' then cornfiscatin' all debts to sech a small pertater ;

There's p'litickle econ'my, now, combined 'ith morril  
beauty

Thet saycrifices privit eends (your in'my's, tu) to dooty !

Wy, Jeff d ha' gin him five an' won his eye-teeth 'fore he  
knowed it,

An', stid o' wastin' pottage, he'd ha eat it up an' owed it.

But I wuz goin' on to say how I come here to dwell ;—

'Nough said, thet, arter lookin' roun', I liked the place  
so wal,

Where niggers doos a double good, with us atop to  
stiddy 'em,

By bein' proofs o' prophecy an' suckleatin' medium,

Where a man's sunthin' coz he's white, an' whiskey's  
cheap ez fleas,

An' the financial pollercy jes' sooted my ideas,

Thet I friz down right where I wuz, merried the Widder  
Shennon,  
(Her thirds wuz part in cotton-land, part in the curse o'  
Canaan,)  
An' here I be ez lively ez a chipmunk on a wall,  
With nothin' to feel riled about much later'n Eddam's  
fall.

Ez fur ez human foresight goes, we made an even trade :  
She gut an overseer, an' I a fem'ly ready-made,  
The youngest on 'em's 'mos' growed up, rugged an' spry  
ez weazles,  
So's 't ther's no risk o' doctors' bills fer hoopin'-cough  
an' measles.  
Our farm's at Turkey-Buzzard Roost, Little Big Boosy  
River,  
Wal located in all respex,—fer 't ain't the chills 'n' fever  
Thet makes my writin' seem to squirm ; a Southuner'd  
allow I'd  
Some call to shake, for I've jest hed to meller a new  
cowhide.  
Miss S. is all 'f a lady ; th' ain't no better on Big Boosy  
Ner one with more accomplishmunts 'twixt here an'  
Tuscaloosy ;  
She's an F. F., the tallest kind, an' prouder'n the Gran'  
Turk,  
An' never hed a relative thet done a stroke o' work ;  
Hern ain't a scrimpin' fem'ly sech ez *you* git up Down  
East,  
Th' ain't a growed member on't but owes his thousuns et  
the least :  
She *is* some old ; but then agin ther's drawbacks in my  
sheer :  
Wut's left o' me ain't more 'n enough to make a  
Brigadier :

Wust is, thet she hez tantrums ; she's like Seth Moody's  
gun

(Him thet wuz nicknamed frum his limp Ole Dot an'  
Kerry One) ;

He'd left her loaded up a spell, an' hed to get her clear,  
So he onhitched,—Jeerusalem ! the middle o' last year  
Wuz right nex' door compared to where she kicked the  
critter tu

(Though *jest* where he brought up wuz wut no human  
never knew) ;

His brother Asaph picked her up an' tied her to a tree,  
An' then she kicked an hour 'n' a half afore she'd let it  
be :

Wal, Miss S. *doos* hev cuttins-up an' pourins-out o' vials,  
But then she hez her widder's thirds, an' all on us hez  
trials.

My objec', though, in writin' now warn't to allude to  
sech,

But to another suckemstance more dellykit to tech,—  
I want thet you should grad'lly break my merriage to  
Jerushy,

An' there's a heap of argymunts thet's emple to indooce  
ye :

Fust place, State's Prison,—wal, it's true it warn't fer  
crime, o' course,

But then it's jest the same fer her in gittin' a disvorce ;  
Nex' place, my State's secedin' out hez leg'lly lef' me free  
To merry any one I please, pervidin' it's a she ;

Fin'lly, I never wun't come back, she needn't hev no  
fear on't,

But then it's wal to fix things right fer fear Miss S.  
should hear on't ;

Lastly, I've gut religion South, an' Rushy she's a pagan  
Thet sets by th' graven imiges o' the gret Nothun  
Dagon ;

(Now I hain't seen one in six munts, for, sence our  
Treashry Loan,  
'Though yaller boys is thick anough, eagles hez kind o'  
flown) ;  
An' ef J wants a stronger pint than them thet I hev  
stated,  
Wy, she's an aliun in'my now, an' I've been cornfis-  
cated,—  
For sence we've entered on th' estate o' the late nayshnul  
eagle,  
She hain't no kin' o' right but jes' wut I allow ez legle :  
Wut *doos* Secedin' mean, ef't ain't thet nat'rul rights hez  
riz, 'n'  
Thet wut is mine's my own, but wut's another man's  
ain't his'n?

Besides, I couldn't do no else ; Miss S. suz she to me  
“ You've sheered my bed,” [thet's when I paid my inter-  
duction fee  
To Southun rites,] “ an' kep' your sheer,” [wal, I allow  
it sticked  
So's 't I wuz most six weeks in jail afore I gut me picked],  
“ Ner never paid no demmiges ; but thet wun't do no  
harm,  
Pervidin' thet you'll undertake to oversee the farm ;  
(My eldes' boy's so took up, wut with the Ringtail  
Rangers  
An' settin' in the Jestice-Court for welcomin' o'  
strangers ;)”  
[He sot on *me* ;] “ an so, ef you'll jest undertake the care  
Upon a mod'rit sellery, we'll up an' call it square ;  
But ef you *can't* conclude,” suz she, an' giv a kin' o'  
grin,  
“ Wy, the Gran' Jurymen, I 'xpect, 'll hev to set agin.”  
That's the way metters stood at fust ; now wut wuz I to du,



But jes' to make the best on't an' off coat an' buckle tu?  
Ther' ain't a livin' man thet finds an income necessarier  
Than me,—bimeby I'll tell ye how I fin'ly come to  
merry her.

She hed another motive, tu : I mention of it here  
T' encourage lads thet's growin' up to study 'n' persevere,  
An' show 'em how much better 't pay to mind their  
winter-schoolin'

Than to go off on benders 'n' sech, an' waste their time  
in foolin' ;

Ef 'twarn't for studyin' evenin's, why, I never'd ha' ben  
here

An' orn'ment o' sacity, in my appropriut spear :

She wanted somebody, ye see, o' taste an' cultivation,  
To talk along o' preachers when they stopt to the plan-  
tation ;

For folks in Dixie th't read an' rite, onless it is by  
jarks,

Is skurce ez wut they wuz among th' oridgenle patri-  
archs ;

To fit a feller f' wut they call the soshle higherarchy,  
All thet you've gut to know is jes' beyond an evrage  
danky ;

Schoolin's wut they can't seem to stan', they're tu  
consarned high-pressure,

An' knowin' t' much might spile a boy for bein' a  
Secesher,

We hain't no settled preachin' here, ner ministeril taxes ;  
The min'ster's only settlement's the carpet-bag he packs  
his

Razor an' soap-brush intu, with his hymbook an' his  
Bible,—

But they *du* preach, I swan to man, it's puf'kly indes-  
crib'le !

They go it like an Ericsson's ten-hoss-power coleric  
 ingine,  
 An make Ole Split-Foot winch an' squirm, for all he's  
 used to singein' ;  
 Hawkins's whetstone ain't a pinch o' primin' to the  
 innards  
 To hearin' on 'em put free grace t' a lot o' tough old  
 sinhard's !  
 But I must eend this letter now : 'fore long I'll send a  
 fresh un ;  
 I've lots o' things to write about, perticklerly Seceshun :  
 I'm called off now to mission-work, to let a leetle law in  
 To Cynthy's hide : an' so, till death,

Yourn,  
 BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN.

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## No. II.

### MASON AND SLIDELL: A YANKEE IDYLL.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

JAALAM, 6th Jan., 1862.

GENTLEMEN,—I was highly gratified by the insertion of a portion of my letter in the last number of your valuable and entertaining Miscellany, though in a type which rendered its substance inaccessible even to the beautiful new spectacles presented to me by a Committee of the Parish on New Year's Day. I trust that I was able to bear your very considerable abridgment of my lucubrations with a spirit becoming a Christian. My third grand-daughter, Rebekah, aged fourteen years, and whom I have trained to read slowly and with proper emphasis (a practice too much neglected in our modern systems of education), read aloud to me the excellent

essay upon "Old Age," the author of which I cannot help suspecting to be a young man who has never yet known what it was to have snow (*canities morosa*) upon his own roof. *Dissolve frigus, large super foco ligna reponens*, is a rule for the young, whose wood-pile is yet abundant for such cheerful lenitives. A good life behind him is the best thing to keep an old man's shoulders from shivering at every breath of sorrow or ill-fortune. But methinks it were easier for an old man to feel the disadvantages of youth than the advantages of age. Of these latter I reckon one of the chiefest to be this: that we attach a less inordinate value to our own productions, and, distrusting daily more and more our own wisdom (with the conceit whereof at twenty we wrap ourselves away from knowledge as with a garment), do reconcile ourselves with the wisdom of God. I could have wished, indeed, that room might have been made for the residue of the anecdote relating to Deacon Tinkham, which would not only have gratified a natural curiosity on the part of the publick (as I have reason to know from several letters of inquiry already received), but would also, as I think, have largely increased the circulation of your Magazine in this town. *Nihil humani alienum*, there is a curiosity about the affairs of our neighbours which is not only pardonable, but even commendable. But I shall abide a more fitting season.

As touching the following literary effort of Esquire Biglow, much might be profitably said on the topick of Idyllick and Pastoral Poetry, and concerning the proper distinctions to be made between them, from Theocritus, the inventor of the former, to Collins, the latest author I know of who has emulated the classicks in the latter style. But in the time of a Civil War worthy a Milton to defend and a Lucan to sing, it may be reasonably doubted whether the publick, never too studious or

serious instruction, might not consider other objects more deserving of present attention. Concerning the title of Idyll, which Mr. Biglow has adopted at my suggestion, it may not be improper to animadvert, that the name properly signifies a poem somewhat rustick in phrase (for, though the learned are not agreed as to the particular dialect employed by Theocritus, they are univ-ersanimous both as to its rusticity and its capacity of rising now and then to the level of more elevated sentiments and expressions), while it is also descriptive of real scenery and manners. Yet it must be admitted that the production now in question (which here and there bears perhaps too plainly the marks of my correcting hand) does partake of the nature of a Pastoral, inasmuch as the interlocutors therein are purely imaginary beings, and the whole is little better than *καπνοῦ σκιᾶς ὄναρ*. The plot was, as I believe, suggested by the "Twa Brigs" of Robert Burns, a Scottish poet of the last century, as that found its prototype in the "Mutual Complaint of Plainstones and Causey" by Fergusson, though the metre of this latter be different by a foot in each verse. I reminded my talented young parishioner and friend that Concord Bridge had long since yielded to the edacious tooth of Time. But he answered me to this effect: that there was no greater mistake of an author than to suppose the reader had no fancy of his own; that, if once that faculty was to be called into activity, it were *better* to be in for the whole sheep than the shoulder; and that he knew Concord like a book,—an expression questionable in propriety, since there are few things with which he is not more familiar than with the printed page. In proof of what he affirmed, he showed me some verses which with others he had stricken out as too much delaying the action, but which I communicate in this place because they rightly define

“punkin-seed” (which Mr. Bartlett would have a kind of perch,—a creature to which I have found a rod or pole not to be so easily equivalent in our inland waters as in the books of arithmetic), and because it conveys an eulogium on the worthy son of an excellent father, with whose acquaintance (*eheu, fugaces anni!*) I was formerly honoured.

“But nowadays the Bridge ain’t wut they show,  
So much ez Em’son, Hawthorne, an’ Thoreau,  
I know the village, though; was sent there once  
A-schoolin’, ’cause to home I played the dunce;  
An’ I’ve ben sence a-visitin’ the Jedge,  
Whose garding whispers with the river’s edge,  
Where I’ve sot mornin’s lazy as the bream,  
Whose on’y business is to head up stream,  
(We call ’em punkin-seed), or else in chat  
Along ’th the Jedge, who covers with his hat  
More wit an’ gumption an’ shrewd Yankee sense  
Than there is mosses on an ole stone fence.”

Concerning the subject-matter of the verses, I have not the leisure at present to write so fully as I could wish, my time being occupied with the preparation of a discourse for the forthcoming bi-centenary celebration of the first settlement of Jaalam East Parish. It may gratify the publick interest to mention the circumstance, that my investigations to this end have enabled me to verify the fact (of much historick importance, and hitherto hotly debated) that Shearjashub Tarbox was the first child of white parentage born in this town, being named in his father’s will under date August 7th, or 9th, 1662. It is well known that those who advocate the claims of Mehetable Goings are unable to find any trace of her existence prior to October of that year. As respects the settlement of the Mason and Slidell question, Mr. Biglow has not incorrectly stated the popular sentiment, so far as I can judge by its expression in this locality.

For myself, I feel more sorrow than resentment: for I am old enough to have heard those talk of England who still, even after the unhappy estrangement, could not unschool their lips from calling her the Mother-Country. But England has insisted on ripping up old wounds, and has undone the healing work of fifty years; for nations do not reason, they only feel, and the *spretæ injuria formæ* rankles in their minds as bitterly as in that of a woman. And because this is so, I feel the more satisfaction that our Government has acted (as all governments should, standing as they do between the people and their passions) as if it had arrived at years of discretion. There are three short and simple words, the hardest of all to pronounce in any language (and I suspect they were no easier before the confusion of tongues), but which no man or nation that cannot utter can claim to have arrived at manhood. Those words are *I was wrong*; and I am proud that, while England played the boy, our rulers had strength enough from the People below and wisdom enough from God above to quit themselves like men.

The sore points on both sides have been skilfully exasperated by interested and unscrupulous persons, who saw in a war between the two countries the only hope of profitable return for their investment in Confederate stock, whether political or financial. The always supercilious, often insulting, and sometimes even brutal tone of British journals and publick men, has certainly not tended to soothe whatever resentment might exist in America.

“Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,  
But why did you kick me down stairs?”

We have no reason to complain that England, as a necessary consequence of her clubs, has become a great

society for the minding of other people's business, and we can smile good-naturedly when she lectures other nations on the sins of arrogance and conceit ; but we may justly consider it a breach of the political *convenances* which are expected to regulate the intercourse of one well-bred government with another, when men holding places in the ministry allow themselves to dictate our domestic policy, to instruct us in our duty, and to stigmatise as unholy a war for the rescue of whatever a high-minded people should hold most vital and most sacred. Was it in good taste, that I may use the mildest term, for Earl Russell to expound our own Constitution to President Lincoln, or to make a new and fallacious application of an old phrase for our benefit, and tell us that the Rebels were fighting for independence and we for empire? As if all wars for independence were by nature just and deserving of sympathy, and all wars for empire ignoble and worthy only of reprobation, or as if these easy phrases in any way characterised this terrible struggle,—terrible not so truly in any superficial sense, as from the essential and deadly enmity of the principles that underlie it. His Lordship's bit of borrowed rhetoric would justify Smith O'Brien, Nana Sahib, and the Maori chieftains, while it would condemn nearly every war in which England has ever been engaged. Was it so very presumptuous in us to think that it would be decorous in English statesmen if they spared time enough to acquire some kind of knowledge, though of the most elementary kind, in regard to this country and the questions at issue here, before they pronounced so off-hand a judgment? Or is political information expected to come Dogberry-fashion in England, like reading and writing, by nature?

And now all respectable England is wondering at our irritability, and sees a quite satisfactory explanation of it in our national vanity. *Suave mari magno*, it is pleasant,



sitting in the easy-chairs of Downing Street, to sprinkle pepper on the raw wounds of a kindred people struggling for life, and philosophical to find in self-conceit the cause of our instinctive resentment. Surely we were of all nations the least liable to any temptation of vanity at a time when the gravest anxiety and the keenest sorrow were never absent from our hearts. Nor is conceit the exclusive attribute of any one nation. The earliest of English travellers, Sir John Mandeville, took a less provincial view of the matter when he said, "For fro what partie of the erthe that men duellen, other aboven or beneath, it semethe always to hem that duellen that thei gon more righte than any other folke." The English have always had their fair share of this amiable quality. We may say of them still, as the author of the *Lettres Cabalistiques* said of them more than a century ago, "*Ces derniers disent naturellement qu'il n'y a qu'eux qui soient estimables.*" And, as he also says, "*J'aimerois presque autant tomber entre les mains d'un Inquisiteur que d'un Anglois qui me fait sentir sans cesse combien il s'estime plus que moi, et qui ne daigne me parler que pour injurier ma Nation et pour m'ennuyer du recit des grandes qualités de la sienne.*" Of this Bull we may safely say with Horace, *habet fœnum in cornu*. What we felt to be especially insulting was the quiet assumption that the descendants of men who left the Old World for the sake of principle, and who had made the wilderness into a New World patterned after an Idea, could not possibly be susceptible of a generous or lofty sentiment, could have no feeling of nationality deeper than that of a tradesman for his shop. One would have thought, in listening to England, that we were presumptuous in fancying that we were a nation at all, or had any other principle of union than that of booths at a fair, where there is no higher notion of government than the constable,

or better image of God than that stamped upon the current coin.

It is time for Englishmen to consider whether there was nothing in the spirit of their press and of their leading publick men calculated to rouse a just indignation, and to cause a permanent estrangement on the part of any nation capable of self-respect, and sensitively jealous, as ours then was, of foreign interference. Was there nothing in the indecent haste with which belligerent rights were conceded to the Rebels; nothing in the abrupt tone assumed in the Trent case, nothing in the fitting out of Confederate privateers, that might stir the blood of a people already overcharged with doubt, suspicion, and terrible responsibility? The laity in any country do not stop to consider points of law, but they have an instinctive appreciation of the *animus* that actuates the policy of a foreign nation; and in our own case they remembered that the British authorities in Canada did not wait till diplomacy could send home to England for her slow official tinder-box to fire the "Caroline." Add to this, what every sensible American knew, that the moral support of England was equal to an army of two hundred thousand men to the Rebels, while it insured us another year or two of exhausting war. It was not so much the spite of her words (though the time might have been more tastefully chosen) as the actual power for evil in them that we felt as a deadly wrong. Perhaps the most immediate and efficient cause of mere irritation was the sudden and unaccountable change of manner on the other side of the water. Only six months before, the Prince of Wales had come over to call us cousins; and everywhere it was nothing but "our American brethren," that great offshoot of British institutions in the New World, so almost identical with them in laws, language, and literature,—this last of the alliterative compliments

being so bitterly true, that perhaps it will not be retracted even now. To this outburst of long-repressed affection we responded with genuine warmth, if with something of the awkwardness of a poor relation bewildered with the sudden tightening of the ties of consanguinity when it is rumoured that he has come into a large estate. Then came the Rebellion, and, *presto!* a flaw in our titles was discovered, the plate we were promised at the family table is flung at our head, and we were again the scum of creation, intolerably vulgar, at once cowardly and overbearing,—no relations of theirs, after all, but a dreggy hybrid of the basest bloods of Europe. Panurge was not quicker to call Friar John his *former* friend. I cannot help thinking of Walter Mapes's jingling paraphrase of Petronius,—

“Dummodo sim splendidis vestibus ornatus,  
Et multa familia sim circumvallatus,  
Prudens sum et sapiens et morigeratus,  
Et tuus nepos sum et tu meus cognatus,”

which I may freely render thus :—

So long as I was prosperous, I'd dinners by the dozen,  
Was well-bred, witty, virtuous, and everybody's cousin :  
If luck should turn, as well she may, her fancy is so flexible,  
Will virtue, cousinship, and all return with her from exile ?

There was nothing in all this to exasperate a philosopher, much to make him smile rather ; but the earth's surface is not chiefly inhabited by philosophers, and I revive the recollection of it now in perfect good-humour, merely by way of suggesting to our *ci-devant* British cousins, that it would have been easier for them to hold their tongues than for us to keep our tempers under the circumstances.

The English Cabinet made a blunder, unquestionably, in taking it so hastily for granted that the United States

had fallen for ever from their position as a first-rate power, and it was natural that they should vent a little of their vexation on the people whose inexplicable obstinacy in maintaining freedom and order, and in resisting degradation, was likely to convict them of their mistake. But if bearing a grudge be the sure mark of a small mind in the individual, can it be a proof of high spirit in a nation? If the result of the present estrangement between the two countries shall be to make us more independent of British twaddle (*Indomito nec diram ferens stipendia Tauro*), so much the better; but if it is to make us insensible to the value of British opinion in matters where it gives us the judgment of an impartial and cultivated outsider, if we are to shut ourselves out from the advantages of English culture, the loss will be ours, and not theirs. Because the door of the old homestead has been once slammed in our faces, shall we in a huff reject all future advances of conciliation, and cut ourselves foolishly off from any share in the humanising influences of the place, with its ineffable riches of association, its heirlooms of immemorial culture, its historic monuments, ours no less than theirs, its noble gallery of ancestral portraits? We have only to succeed, and England will not only respect, but, for the first time, begin to understand us. And let us not, in our justifiable indignation at wanton insult, forget that England is not the England only of snobs who dread the democracy they do not comprehend, but the England of history, of heroes, statesmen, and poets, whose names are dear, and their influence as salutary to us as to her.

Let us strengthen the hands of those in authority over us, and curb our own tongues, remembering that General Wait commonly proves in the end more than a match for General Headlong, and that the Good Book ascribes safety to a multitude, indeed, but not to a mob, of coun-

sellors. Let us remember and perpend the words of Paulus Emilius to the people of Rome ; that, "if they judged they could manage the war to more advantage by any other, he would willingly yield up his charge ; but if they confided in him, *they were not to make themselves his colleagues in his office, or raise reports, or criticise his actions, but, without talking, supply him with means and assistance necessary to the carrying on of the war ; for, if they proposed to command their own commander, they would render this expedition more ridiculous than the former.*" (*Vide Plutarchum in Vitâ P. E.*) Let us also not forget what the same excellent author says concerning Perseus's fear of spending money, and not permit the covetousness of Brother Jonathan to be the good fortune of Jefferson Davis. For my own part, till I am ready to admit the Commander-in-Chief to my pulpit, I shall abstain from planning his battles. If courage be the sword, yet is patience the armour of a nation ; and in our desire for peace, let us never be willing to surrender the Constitution bequeathed us by fathers at least as wise as ourselves (even with Jefferson Davis to help us), and, with those degenerate Romans, *tuta et presentia quam vetera et periculosa malle.*

And not only should we bridle our own tongues, but the pens of others, which are swift to convey useful intelligence to the enemy. This is no new inconvenience ; for, under date, 3d June 1745, General Pepperell wrote thus to Governor Shirley from Louisbourg : "What your Excellency observes of the *army's being made acquainted with any plans proposed until ready to be put in execution*, has always been disagreeable to me, and I have given many cautions relating to it. But when your Excellency considers that *our Council of War consists of more than twenty members*, I am persuaded you will think it *impossible for me to hinder it*, if any of them will persist in

communicating to inferior officers and soldiers what ought to be kept secret. I am informed that the Boston newspapers are filled with paragraphs from private letters relating to the expedition. Will your Excellency permit me to say I think it may be of ill consequence? Would it not be convenient, if your Excellency should forbid the Printers inserting such news?" Verily, if *tempora mutantur*, we may question the *et nos mutamur in illis*; and if tongues be leaky, it will need all hands at the pumps to save the Ship of State. Our history dotes and repeats itself. If Sassycus (rather than Alcibiades) find a parallel in Beauregard, so Weakwash, as he is called by the brave Lieutenant Lion Gardiner, need not seek far among our own Sachems for his anti-type.

With respect,

Your obt<sup>h</sup> humble serv<sup>t</sup>,

HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

I LOVE to start out arter night's begun,  
 An' all the chores about the farm are done,  
 The critters milked an' foddered, gates shet fast,  
 Tools cleaned aginst to-morrer, supper past,  
 An' Nancy darnin' by her ker'sene lamp,—  
 I love, I say, to start upon a tramp,  
 To shake the kinkles out o' back an' legs,  
 An' kind o' rack my life off from the dregs  
 Thet's apt to settle in the buttery-hutch  
 Of folks thet foller in one rut too much:  
 Hard work is good an' wholesome, past all doubt;  
 But 't ain't so, ef the mind gits tuckered out.  
 Now, bein' born in Middlesex, you know,  
 There's certin spots where I like best to go:  
 The Concord road, for instance (I, for one,  
 Most gin'lly ollers call it *John Bull's Run*),



The field o' Lexin'ton where England tried  
The fastest colours thet she ever dyed,  
An' Concord Bridge, thet Davis, when he came,  
Found was the bee-line track to heaven an' fame,  
Ez all roads be by natur', ef your soul  
Don't sneak thru shun-pikes so's to save the toll.

They're 'most too fur away, take too much time  
To visit of'en, ef it ain't in rhyme ;  
But the' 's a walk thet's hendier, a sight,  
An' suits me fust-rate of a winter's night,—  
I mean the round whale's-back o' Prospect Hill.  
I love to l'iter there while night grows still,  
An' in the twinklin' villages about,  
Fust here, then there, the well-saved lights goes out,  
An' nary sound but watch-dogs' false alarms,  
Or muffled cock-crows from the drowsy farms,  
Where some wise rooster (men act jest thet way)  
Stands to 't thet moon-rise is the break o' day :  
(So Mister Seward sticks a three-month's pin  
Where the war 'd oughto eend, then tries agin ;  
My gran'ther's rule was safer 'n 't is to crow :  
*Don't never prophesy—onless ye know.*)  
I love to muse there till it kind o' seems  
Ez ef the world went eddyin' off in dreams ;  
The northwest wind thet twitches at my baird  
Blows out o' sturdier days not easy scared,  
An' the same moon thet this December shines  
Starts out the tents an' booths o' Putnam's lines ;  
The rail-fence posts, acrost the hill thet runs,  
Turn ghosts o' sogers should'rin' ghosts o' guns ;  
Ez wheels the sentry, glints a flash o' light,  
Along the firelock won at Concord Fight,  
An', 'twixt the silences, now fur, now nigh,  
Rings the sharp challenge, hums the low reply.



Ez I was settin' so, it warn't long sence,  
 Mixin' the puffict with the present tense,  
 I heerd two voices som'ers in the air,  
 Though, ef I was to die, I can't tell where :  
 Voices I call 'em : 'twas a kind o' sough  
 Like pine-trees thet the wind's ageth'rin' through ;  
 An', fact, I thought it *was* the wind a spell,  
 Then some misdoubted, couldn't fairly tell,  
 Fust sure, then not, jest as you hold an eel,  
 I knowed, an' didn't,—fin'ly seemed to feel  
 'Twas Concord Bridge a talkin' off, to kill  
 With the Stone Spike thet's druv thru Bunker Hill ;  
 Whether 'twas so, or ef I on'y dreamed,  
 I couldn't say ; I tell it ez it seemed.

## THE BRIDGE.

Wal, neighbour, tell us wut's turned up thet's new ?  
 You're younger 'n I be,—nigher Boston, tu :  
 An' down to Boston, ef you take their showin',  
 Wut they don't know ain't hardly wuth the knowin',  
 There's *sunthin'* goin' on, I know : las' night  
 The British sogers killed in our gret fight  
 (Nigh fifty year they hedn't stirred nor spoke)  
 Made sech a coil you'd thought a dam hed broke :  
 Why, one he up an' beat a revellee  
 With his own crossbones on a holler tree,  
 Till all the graveyards swarmed out like a hive  
 With faces I hain't seen sence Seventy-five.  
 Wut *is* the news ? 'Tain't good, or they'd be cheerin'.  
 Speak slow an' clear, for I'm some hard o' hearin'.

## THE MONIMENT.

I don't know hardly ef it's good or bad,—

## THE BRIDGE.

At wust, it can't be wus than wut we've had.

## THE MONIMENT.

You know them envys thet the Rebbles sent,  
An' Cap'n Wilkes he borried o' the Trent?

## THE BRIDGE.

Wut ! they ha'n't hanged 'em ? Then their wits is gone !  
Thet's the sure way to make a goose a swan !

## THE MONIMENT.

No : England she *would* hev 'em, *Fee, Faw, Fum !*  
(Ez though she hedn't fools enough to home,)  
So they've returned 'em—

## THE BRIDGE.

*Hev* they ? Wal, by heaven,  
Thet's the wust news I've heerd sence Seventy-seven !  
*By George*, I meant to say, though I declare  
It's 'most enough to make a deacon swear.

## THE MONIMENT.

Now don't go off half-cock : folks never gains  
By usin' pepper-sarse instid o' brains.  
Come, neighbour, you don't understand—

## THE BRIDGE.

How ? Hey ?  
Not understand ? Why, wut's to hender, pray ?  
Must I go huntin' round to find a chap  
To tell me when my face hez hed a slap ?

## THE MONIMENT.

See here : the British they found out a flaw  
In Cap'n Wilkes's readin' o' the law :  
(They *make* all laws, you know, an' so, o' course,  
It's nateral they should understan' their force :)

He'd oughto ha' took the vessel into port,  
 An' hed her sot on by a reg'lar court ;  
 She was a mail-ship, an' a steamer, tu,  
 An' thet, they say, hez changed the pint o' view,  
 Coz the old practice, bein' meant for sails,  
 Ef tried upon a steamer, kind o' fails ;  
 You *may* take out despatches, but you mus'n't  
 Take nary man—

#### THE BRIDGE.

You mean to say, you dus'n't !  
 Changed pint o' view ! No, no,—it's overboard  
 With law an' gospel, when their ox is gored !  
 I tell ye, England's law, on sea an' land,  
 Hez ollers ben, "*I ve gut the heaviest hand.*"  
 Take nary man ? Fine preachin' from *her* lips !  
 Why, she hez taken hunderds from our ships,  
 An' would agin, an' swear she had a right to,  
 Ef we warn't strong enough to be perlite to.  
 Of all the sarse thet I can call to mind,  
 England *doos* make the most onpleasant kind :  
 It's you're the sinner ollers, she's the saint ;  
 Wut's good's all English, all thet isn't ain't ;  
 Wut profits her is ollers right an' just,  
 An' ef you don't read Scriptur so, you must ;  
 She's praised herself ontill she fairly thinks  
 There ain't no light in Natur when she winks ;  
 Hain't she the Ten Comman'ments in her pus ?  
 Could the world stir 'thout she went, tu, ez nus ?  
 She ain't like other mortals, thet's a fact :  
*She* never stopped the habus-corpus act,  
 Nor specie payments, nor she never yet  
 Cut down the int'rest on her public debt ;  
*She* don't put down rebellions, lets 'em breed,  
 An's ollers willin' Ireland should secede ;

She's all thet's honest, honnable, an' fair,  
An' when the vartoos died they made her heir.

## THE MONIMENT.

Wal, wal, two wrongs don't never make a right ;  
Ef we're mistaken, own up, an' don't fight :  
For gracious' sake, ha'n't we enough to du  
'Thout gettin' up a fight with England, tu ?  
She thinks we're rabble-rid—

## THE BRIDGE.

An' so we can't  
Distinguish 'twixt *You oughtn't* an' *You shan't!*  
She judges by herself ; she's no idear  
How 't stiddies folks to give 'em their fair sheer :  
The odds 'twixt her an' us is plain's a steeple,—  
Her People's turned to Mob, our Mob's turned People,

## THE MONIMENT.

She's riled jes' now—

## THE BRIDGE.

Plain proof her cause ain't strong,—  
The one thet fust gits mad's 'most ollers wrong.  
Why, sence she helped in lickin' Nap the Fust,  
An' pricked a bubble jest agoin' to bust,  
With Rooshy, Prooshy, Austy, all assistin',  
Th' ain't nut a face but wut she's shook her fist in,  
Ez though she done it all, an' ten times more,  
An' nothin' never hed gut done afore,  
Nor never could agin', 'thout she wuz spliced  
On to one eend an' gin the old airth a hoist.  
She *is* some punkins, thet I wun't deny,  
(For ain't she some related to you 'n' I ?)  
But there's a few small intrists here below

Outside the counter o' John Bull an' Co.  
 An', though they can't conceit how 't should be so,  
 I guess the Lord druv down Creation's spiles  
 'Thout no *gret* helpin' from the British Isles,  
 An' could contrive to keep things pooty stiff  
 Ef they withdrewed from business in a miff;  
 I ha'n't no patience with sech swellin' fellers ez  
 Think God can't forge 'thout them to blow the bellerses.

## THE MONIMENT.

You're ollers quick to set your back aridge,  
 Though 't suits a tom-cat more'n a sober bridge:  
 Don't you git het: they thought the thing was planned;  
 They'll cool off when they come to understand.

## THE BRIDGE.

Ef *thet s* wut you expect, you'll *hev* to wait:  
 Folks never understand the folks they hate:  
 She'll fin' some other grievance jest ez good,  
 'Fore the month's out, to git misunderstood.  
 England cool off! She'll do it, ef she sees  
 She's run her head into a swarm o' bees.  
 I ain't so prejudiced ez wut you spose:  
 I hev thought England was the best *thet* goes;  
 Remember (no, you can't), when I was reared,  
*God save the King* was all the tune you heerd:  
 But it's enough to turn Wachuset roun'  
 This stumpin' fellers when you think they're down.

## THE MONIMENT.

But, neighbour, ef they prove their claim at law,  
 The best way is to settle, an' not jaw.  
 An' don't le' 's mutter 'bout the awfle bricks  
 We'll give 'em, ef we ketch 'em in a fix:

That 'ere's most frequently the kin' o' talk  
 Of critters can't be kicked to toe the chalk ;  
 Your " You'll see *nex'* time ! " an' " Look out bumby ! "  
 'Most ollers ends in eatin' 'umble-pie.  
 'Twun't pay to cringe to England : will it pay  
 To fear that meaner bully, old " They'll say ? "  
 Suppose they *du* say : words are dreffle bores,  
 But they ain't quite so bad ez seventy-fours.  
 Wut England wants is jest a wedge to fit  
 Where it'll help to widen out our split :  
 She's found her wedge, an' 'tain't for us to come  
 An' lend the beetle thet's to drive it home.  
 For growed-up folks like us 'twould be a scandle,  
 When we git sarsed, to fly right off the handle.  
 England ain't *all* bad, coz she thinks us blind :  
 Ef she can't change her skin, she can her mind :  
 An' we shall see her change it double-quick,  
 Soon ez we've proved thet we're a-goin' to lick.  
 She an' Columby's gut to be fas' friends :  
 For the world prospers by their privit ends :  
 'Twould put the clock back all o' fifty years  
 Ef they should fall together by the ears.

## THE BRIDGE.

I 'gree to thet ; she's nigh us to wut France is ;  
 But then she'll hev to make the fust advances ;  
 We've gut pride, tu, an' gut it by good rights,  
 An' ketch *me* stoopin' to pick up the mites  
 O' condescension she'll be lettin' fall  
 When she finds out we ain't dead arter all !  
 I tell ye wut, it takes more 'n one good week  
 Afore *my* nose forgits it's hed a tweak.

## THE MONIMENT.

She'll come out right bumby, thet I'll engage,  
 Soon ez she gits to seein' we're of age ;

This talkin' down o' hers ain't wuth a fuss ;  
 It's nat'ral ez nut likin' 't is to us ;  
 Ef we're agoin' to prove we *be* growed-up,  
 'Twunt be by barkin' like a tarrier pup,  
 But turnin' to an' makin' things ez good  
 Ez wut we're ollers braggin' that we could ;  
 We're bound to be good friends, an' so we'd oughto,  
 In spite of all the fools both sides the water.

## THE BRIDGE.

I b'lieve thet's so ; but hearken in your ear,—  
 I'm older'n you,—Peace wun't keep house with Fear :  
 Ef you want peace, the thing you've gut to du  
 Is jes' to show you're up to fightin', tu.  
 I recollect how sailors' rights was won,  
 Yard locked in yard, hot gun-lip kissin' gun :  
 Why, afore thet, John Bull sot up thet he  
 Hed gut a kind o' mortgage on the sea ;  
 You'd thought he held by Gran'ther Adam's will,  
 An' ef you knuckle down, *he'll* think so still.  
 Better thet all our ships an' all their crews  
 Should sink to rot in ocean's dreamless ooze,  
 Each torn flag wavin' challenge ez it went,  
 An' each dumb gun a brave man's monument,  
 Than seek sech peace ez only cowards crave :  
 Give *me* the peace of dead men or of brave !

## THE MONIMENT.

I say, ole boy, it ain't the Glorious Fourth :  
 You'd oughto larned 'fore this wut talk wuz worth.  
 It ain't *our* nose thet gits put out o' jint ;  
 It's England thet gives up her dearest pint.  
 We've gut, I tell ye now, enough to du  
 In our own fem'ly fight, afore we're thru.



I hoped, las' spring, jest arter Sumter's shame,  
 When every flag-staff flapped its tethered flame,  
 An' all the people, startled from their doubt,  
 Come must'rin' to the flag with sech a shout,—  
 I hoped to see things settled 'fore this fall,  
 The Rebbles licked, Jeff Davis hanged, an' all ;  
 Then come Bull Run, an' *sence* then I've ben waitin'  
 Like boys in Jennooary thaw for skatin',  
 Nothin' to du but watch my shadder's trace  
 Swing, like a ship at anchor, roun' my base,  
 With daylight's flood an' ebb ; it's gittin' slow,  
 An' I 'most think we'd better let 'em go.  
 I tell ye wut, this war's a goin' to cost—

## THE BRIDGE.

An' I tell *you* it wun't be money lost ;  
 Taxes milks dry, but, neighbour, you'll allow  
 Thet havin' things onsettled kills the cow :  
 We've gut to fix this thing for good an' all ;  
 It's no use buildin' wut's a-goin' to fall.  
 I'm older 'n you, an' I've seen things and men,  
 An' *my* experunce,—tell ye wut it's ben :  
 Folks thet worked thorough was the ones thet thriv,  
 But bad work follers ye ez long's ye live ;  
 You can't git red on't ; jest ez sure ez sin,  
 It's ollers askin' to be done agin :  
 Ef we should part, it wouldn't be a week  
 'Fore your soft-soddered peace would spring a leak.  
 We've turned our cuffs up, but, to put her thru,  
 We must git mad an' off with jackets, tu ;  
 'Twun't du to think thet killin' ain't perlite,—  
 You've gut to be in airnest, ef you fight ;  
 Why, two-thirds o' the Rebbles 'ould cut dirt,  
 Ef they once thought thet Guv'ment meant to hurt ;

An' I *du* wish our Gin'ral's hed in mind  
 The folks in front more than the folks behind ;  
 You wun't do much ontill you think it's God,  
 An' not constitoounts, thet holds the rod :  
 We want some more o' Gideon's sword, I jedge,  
 For proclamations ha'n't no gret of edge ;  
 There's nothin' for a cancer but the knife,  
 Onless you set by 't more than by your life.  
 I've seen hard times ; I see a war begun .  
 Thet folks thet love their bellies never 'd won ;  
 Pharo's lean kine hung on for seven long year ;  
 But when 'twas done, we didn't count it dear.  
 Why, law an' order, honour, civil right,  
 Ef they *ain't* wuth it, wut *is* wuth a fight ?  
 I'm older 'n you : the plough, the axe, the mill,  
 All kin's o' labour, an' all kin's o' skill,  
 Would be a rabbit in a wile-cat's claw,  
 Ef 'twarn't for thet slow critter, 'stablished law ;  
 Onsettle *thet*, an' all the world goes whiz,  
 A screw's gut loose in everythin' there is :  
 Good buttresses once settled, don't you fret  
 An' stir 'em ; take a bridge's word for thet !  
 Young folks are smart, but all ain't good thet's new ;  
 I guess the gran'thers they knowed sunthin', tu.

#### THE MONIMENT.

Amen to thet ! build sure in the beginnin' :  
 An' then don't never tech the underpinnin' :  
 Th' older a guv'ment is, the better 't suits ;  
 New ones hunt folks's corns out like new boots ;  
 Change jes' for change, is like them big hotels  
 Where they shift plates, an' let ye live on smells.

#### THE BRIDGE.

Wal, don't give up afore the ship goes down :  
 It's a stiff gale, but Providence wun't drown ;

An' God wun't leave us yit to sink or swim,  
Ef we don't fail to du wut's right by Him.  
This land o' ourn, I tell ye, 's gut to be  
A better country than man ever see.  
I feel my sperit swellin' with a cry  
Thet seems to say, "Break forth an' prophesy!"  
O strange New World, thet yit wast never young,  
Whose youth from thee by gripin' need was wrung  
Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose baby-bed  
Was prowled roun' by the Injun's cracklin' tread,  
An' who grew'st strong thru shifts an' wants an' pains,  
Nussed by stern men with empires in their brains,  
Who saw in vision their young Ishmel strain  
With each hard hand a vassal ocean's mane,  
Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret events  
To pitch new States ez Old-World men pitch tents,  
Thou, taught by Fate to know Jehovah's plan  
Thet man's devices can't unmake a man,  
An' whose free latch-string never was drawn in  
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin,—  
The grave's not dug where traitor hands shall lay  
In fearful haste thy murdered corse away!  
I see—

Jest here some dogs begun to bark,  
So thet I lost old Concord's last remark :  
I listened long, but all I seemed to hear  
Was dead leaves gossipin' on some birch-trees near ;  
But ez they hedn't no gret things to say,  
An' sed 'em often, I come right away,  
An', walkin' home'ards, jest to pass the time,  
I put some thoughts thet bothered me in rhyme :  
I hain't hed time to fairly try 'em on,  
But here they be, it's—

## JONATHAN TO JOHN.

IT don't seem hardly right, John,  
When both my hands was full,  
To stump me to a fight, John,—  
Your cousin, tu, John Bull !  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess  
We know it now," sez he,  
" The lion's paw is all the law,  
Accordin' to J. B.,  
Thet's fit for you an' me ! "

You wonder why we're hot, John ?  
Your mark wuz on the guns,  
The neutral guns, thet shot, John,  
Our brothers an' our sons :  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess  
There's human blood," sez he,  
" By fits an' starts, in Yankee hearts,  
Though 't may surprise J. B.  
More'n it would you and me."

Ef I turned mad dogs loose, John,  
On *your* front-parlour stairs,  
Would it jest meet your views, John,  
To wait an' sue their heirs ?  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess,  
I on'y guess," sez he,  
" Thet ef Vattel on *his* toes fell,  
'Twould kind o' rile J. B.,  
Ez wal ez you an' me ! "

Who made the law thet hurts, John,  
*Heads I win,—ditto tails ?*  
" J. B." was on his shirts, John,  
Onless my memory fails.

Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess  
(I'm good at thet)," sez he,  
" Thet sauce for goose ain't *jest* the juice  
For ganders with J. B.,  
No more'n with you or me ! '

When your rights was our wrongs, John,  
You didn't stop for fuss,  
Britanny's trident prongs, John,  
Was good 'nough law for us.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess,  
Though physic's good," sez he,  
" It doesn't foller thet he can swaller  
Prescriptions signed 'J. B.,'  
Put up by you an' me ! "

We own the ocean, tu, John :  
You mus' n' take it hard,  
Ef we can't think with you, John,  
It's *jest* your own back-yard.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess,  
Ef *thet's* his claim," sez he,  
" The fencin'-stuff 'll cost enough  
To bust up friend J. B.,  
Ez wal ez you an' me ! "

Why talk so dreffle big, John,  
Of honour when it meant  
You didn't care a fig, John,  
But *jest* for *ten per cent.* ?  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess  
He's like the rest," sez he :  
" When all is done, it's number *one*  
Thet's nearest to J. B.,  
Ez wal ez t' you an' me ! "

We give the critters back, John,  
Cos Abram thought 'twas right ;  
It warn't your bullyin' clack, John,  
Provokin' us to fight.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess  
We've a hard row," sez he,  
" To hoe jest now ; but thet somehow,  
May happen to J. B.,  
Ez wal ez you an' me ! "

We ain't so weak an' poor, John,  
With twenty million people,  
An' close to every door, John,  
A school-house an' a steeple.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess,  
It is a fact," sez he,  
" The surest plan to make a Man  
Is, think him so, J. B.,  
Ez much ez you or me ! "

Our folks believe in Law, John :  
An' it's for her sake, now,  
They've left the axe an' saw, John,  
The anvil an' the plough.  
Ole uncle S. sez he, " I guess,  
Ef 'twarn't for law," sez he,  
There'd be one shindy from here to Indy :  
An' thet don't suit J. B.  
(When 'tain't twixt you an' me ! ) "

We know we've got a cause, John,  
Thet's honest, just, an' true ;  
We thought 'twould win applause, John,  
Ef nowheres else, from you  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, " I guess,  
His love of right," sez he,

"Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cotton :  
There's natur' in J. B.,  
Ez wal ez you an' me !"

The South says, "*Poor folks down !*" John,  
An' "*All men up !*" say we,—  
White, yaller, black, an' brown, John :  
Now which is your idee ?  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,  
John preaches wal," sez he,  
"But, sermon thru, an' come to *du*,  
Why, there's the old J. B.  
A crowdin' you an' me !"

Shall it be love, or hate, John ?  
It's you thet's to decide ;  
Ain't *your* bonds held by Fate, John,  
Like all the world's beside ?  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess  
Wise men forgive," sez he,  
"But not forget ; an' some time yet  
The truth may strike J. B.,  
Ez wal ez you an' me !"

God means to make this land, John,  
Clear thru, from sea to sea,  
Believe an' understand, John,  
The *wuth* o' bein' free.  
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,  
God's price is high," sez he ;  
"But nothin' else than wut He sells  
Wears long, an' thet J. B.  
May larn, like you an' me !"



## No. III.

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN, ESQ., TO MR. HOSEA  
BIGLOW.

*With the following Letter from the* REVEREND HOMER  
WILBUR, A.M.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

JAAALAM, 7th Feb., 1862.

RESPECTED FRIENDS,—If I know myself,—and surely a man can hardly be supposed to have overpassed the limit of fourscore years without attaining to some proficiency in that most useful branch of learning (*e cælo descendit*, says the pagan poet),—I have no great smack of that weakness which would press upon the publick attention any matter pertaining to my private affairs. But since the following letter of Mr. Sawin contains not only a direct allusion to myself, but that in connection with a topick of interest to all those engaged in the publick ministrations of the sanctuary, I may be pardoned for touching briefly thereupon. Mr. Sawin was never a stated attendant upon my preaching,—never, as I believe, even an occasional one, since the erection of the new house (where we now worship) in 1845. He did, indeed, for a time, supply a not unacceptable bass in the choir; but, whether on some umbrage (*omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus*) taken against the bass-viol, then, and till his decease in 1850 (*æt.* 77), under the charge of Mr. Asaph Perley, or, as was reported by others, on account of an imminent subscription for a new bell, he thenceforth absented himself from all outward and visible communion. Yet he seems to have preserved (*altâ mente repostum*), as it were, in the pickle of a mind soured by prejudice, a lasting *scunner*, as he would call it, against our staid and decent form of worship; for I would rather

in that wise interpret his fling, than suppose that any chance tares sown by my pulpit discourses should survive so long, while good seed too often fails to root itself. I humbly trust that I have no personal feeling in the matter ; though I know that, if we sound any man deep enough, our lead shall bring up the mud of human nature at last. The Bretons believe in an evil spirit which they call *ar c'houskezik*, whose office it is to make the congregation drowsy ; and though I have never had reason to think that he was especially busy among my flock, yet have I seen enough to make me sometimes regret the hinged seats of the ancient meeting-house, whose lively clatter, not unwillingly intensified by boys beyond eyeshot of the tithing-man, served at intervals as a wholesome *réveil*. It is true, I have numbered among my parishioners some who are proof against the prophylactick fennel, nay, whose gift of somnolence rivalled that of the Cretan Rip Van Winkle, Epimenides, and who, nevertheless, complained not so much of the substance as of the length of my (by them unheard) discourses. Some ingenious persons of a philosophick turn have assured us that our pulpits were set too high, and that the soporifick tendency increased with the ratio of the angle in which the hearer's eye was constrained to seek the preacher. This were a curious topick for investigation. There can be no doubt that some sermons are pitched too high, and I remember many struggles with the drowsy fiend in my youth. Happy Saint Anthony of Padua, whose finny acolytes, however they might profit, could never murmur ! *Quare fremuerunt gentes ?* Who is he that can twice a week be inspired, or his eloquence (*ut ita dicam*) always on tap ? A good man, and, next to David, a sacred poet (himself, haply, not inexpert of evil in this particular), has said,—

"The worst speak something good : if all want sense,  
God takes a text and preacheth patience."

There are one or two other points in Mr. Sawin's letter which I would also briefly animadvert upon. And first, concerning the claim he sets up to a certain superiority of blood and lineage in the people of our Southern States, now unhappily in rebellion against lawful authority and their own better interests. There is a sort of opinions, anachronisms at once and anachorisms, foreign both to the age and the country, that maintain a feeble and buzzing existence, scarce to be called life, like winter flies which in mild weather crawl out from obscure nooks and crannies to expatiate in the sun, and sometimes acquire vigour enough to disturb with their enforced familiarity the studious hours of the scholar. One of the most stupid and pertinacious of these is the theory that the Southern States were settled by a class of emigrants from the Old World socially superior to those who founded the institutions of New England. The Virginians especially lay claim to this generosity of lineage, which were of no possible account, were it not for the fact that such superstitions are sometimes not without their effect on the course of human affairs. The early adventurers to Massachusetts at least paid their passages ; no felons were ever shipped thither ; and though it be true that many deboshed younger brothers of what are called good families may have sought refuge in Virginia, it is equally certain that a great part of the early deportations thither were the sweepings of the London streets and the leavings of the London stews. It was this my Lord Bacon had in mind when he wrote : "It is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of people and wicked condemned men to be the people with whom you plant." That certain names are found, there is nothing to the purpose, for, even had an *alias* been beyond the invention of the knaves of that genera-

tion, it is known that servants were often called by their masters' names, as slaves are now. On what the heralds call the spindle side, some, at least, of the oldest Virginian families are descended from matrons who were exported and sold for so many hogsheads of tobacco the head. So notorious was this, that it became one of the jokes of contemporary play-wrights, not only that men bankrupt in purse and character were "food for the Plantations" (and this before the settlement of New England), but also that any drab would suffice to wive such pitiful adventurers. "Never choose a wife as if you were going to Virginia," says Middleton in one of his comedies. The mule is apt to forget all but the equine side of his pedigree. How early the counterfeit nobility of the Old Dominion became a topick of ridicule in the Mother Country may be learned from a play of Mrs. Behn's, founded on the "Rebellion" of Bacon: for even these kennels of literature may yield a fact or two to pay the raking. Mrs. Flirt, the keeper of a Virginia ordinary, calls herself the daughter of a baronet "undone in the late rebellion,"—her father having in truth been a tailor,—and three of the Council, assuming to themselves an equal splendour of origin, are shown to have been, one "a broken exciseman who came over a poor servant," another a tinker transported for theft, and the third "a common pickpocket often flogged at the cart's tail." The ancestry of South Carolina will as little pass muster at the Herald's Visitation, though I hold them to have been more reputable, inasmuch as many of them were honest tradesmen and artisans, in some measure exiles for conscience' sake, who would have smiled at the high-flying nonsense of their descendants. Some of the more respectable were Jews. The absurdity of supposing a population of eight millions all sprung from gentle loins in the course of a century and a half is too manifest for

confutation. But of what use to discuss the matter? An expert genealogist will provide any solvent man with a *genus et proavos* to order. My Lord Burleigh said (and the Emperor Frederick II. before him), that "nobility was ancient riches," whence also the Spanish were wont to call their nobles *ricos hombres*, and the aristocracy of America are the descendents of those who first became wealthy by whatever means. Petroleum will in this wise be the source of much good blood among our posterity. The aristocracy of the South, such as it is, has the shallowest of all foundations, for it is only skin-deep,—the most odious of all, for, while affecting to despise trade, it traces its origin to a successful traffick in men, women, and children, and still draws its chief revenues thence. And though, as Doctor Chamberlayne consolingly says in his "Present State of England," "to become a Merchant of Foreign Commerce, without serving any Apprentisage, hath been allowed no disparagement to a Gentleman born, especially to a younger Brother," yet I conceive that he would hardly have made a like exception in favour of the particular trade in question. Oddly enough this trade reverses the ordinary standards of social respectability no less than of morals, for the retail and domestick is as creditable as the wholesale and foreign is degrading to him who follows it. Are our morals, then, no better than *mores* after all? I do not believe that such aristocracy as exists at the South (for I hold with Marius, *fortissimum quemque generosissimum*) will be found an element of anything like persistent strength in war,—thinking the saying of Lord Bacon (whom one quaintly called *inductionis dominus et Verulamii*) as true as it is pithy, that "the more gentlemen, ever the more books of subsidies." It is odd enough as an historical precedent, that, while the fathers of New England were laying deep in religion, education, and freedom the

basis of a polity which has substantially outlasted any then existing, the first work of the founders of Virginia, as may be seen in Wingfield's "Memorial," was conspiracy and rebellion,—odder yet, as showing the changes which are wrought by circumstance, that the first insurrection in South Carolina was against the aristocratical scheme of the Proprietary Government. I do not find that the cuticular aristocracy of the South has added anything to the refinements of civilisation except the carrying of bowie-knives and the chewing of tobacco,—a high-toned Southern gentleman being commonly not only *quadrumanous* but *quadruminant*.

I confess that the present letter of Mr. Sawin increases my doubts as to the sincerity of the convictions which he professes, and I am inclined to think that the triumph of the legitimate Government, sure sooner or later to take place, will find him and a large majority of his newly adopted fellow-citizens (who hold with Dædalus, the primal sitter-on-the-fence, that *medium tenere tutissimum*) original Union men. The criticisms towards the close of his letter on certain of our failings are worthy to be seriously perpended; for he is not, as I think, without a spice of vulgar shrewdness. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*: there is no reckoning without your host. As to the good-nature in us which he seems to gird at, while I would not consecrate a chapel, as they have not scrupled to do in France, to *Nôtre Dame de la Haine* (Our Lady of Hate), yet I cannot forget that the corruption of good-nature is the generation of laxity of principle. Good-nature is our national characteristic; and though it be, perhaps, nothing more than a culpable weakness or cowardice when it leads us to put up tamely with manifold impositions and breaches of implied contracts (as too frequently in our public conveyances), it becomes a positive crime, when it leads

us to look unresentfully on speculation, and to regard treason to the best Government that ever existed as something with which a gentleman may shake hands without soiling his fingers. I do not think the gallows-tree the most profitable member of our *sylva* ; but, since it continues to be planted, I would fain see a Northern limb ingrafted on it, that it may bear some other fruit than loyal Tennesseans.

A relick has recently been discovered on the east bank of Bushy Brook in North Jaalam, which I conceive to be an inscription in Runick characters relating to the early expedition of the Northmen to this continent. I shall make fuller investigations, and communicate the result in due season.

Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

*P.S.*—I inclose a year's subscription from Deacon Tinkham.

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I HED it on my min' las' time, when I to write ye started,  
To tech the leadin' featur's o' my gittin' me convarted ;  
But, ez my letters hez to go clearn roun' by way o' Cuby,  
'Twun't seem no staler now than then, by th' time it  
gits where you be.

You know up North, though secs an' things air plenty  
ez you please,

Ther' warn't nut one on 'em thet come jes' square with  
my idees :

They all on 'em wuz too much mixed with Covenants o'  
Works,

An' would hev answered jest ez wal-for Afrikins an'  
Turks,

Fer where's a Christian's privilege an' his rewards ensuin',



Ef 'tain't perfessin right an eend 'thout nary need o' doin'?

I dessay they suit workin'-folks thet ain't noways per-tic'lar,

But nut your Southun gen'leman thet keeps his perpen-dic'lar;

I don't blame nary man thet casts his lot along o' *his* folks,

But ef you cal'late to save *me*, 't must be with folks thet *is* folks;

Cov'nants o' works go 'ginst my grain, but down here I've found out

The true fus'-fem'ly A 1 plan,—here's how it come about. When I fus' sot up with Miss S., sez she to me, sez she, "Without you git religion, Sir, the thing can't never be; Nut but wut I respeck," sez she, "your intellectle part, But you wun't noways du for me athout a change o' heart:

Nothun religion works wal North, but it's ez soft ez spruce,

Compared to ourn, for keepin' sound," sez she, "upon the goose;

A day's experunce 'd prove to ye, ez easy 'z pull a trigger; It takes the Southun pint o' view to raise ten bales a nigger;

You'll fin' thet human natur', South, ain't wholesome more'n skin-deep,

An' once't a darkie's took with it, he wun't be wuth his keep."

"How *shell* I git it, Ma'am?" sez I. "Attend the nex' camp-meetin',

Sez she, "an' it'll come to ye ez cheap ez onbleached sheetin'."

Wal, so I went along an' hearn most an impressive sarmon

About besprinklin' Afriky with fourth-proof dew o'  
Harmon :

He didn't put no weaknin' in, but gin it tu us hot,  
'Z ef he an' Satan 'd ben two bulls in one five-acre lot :  
I don't purtend to foller him, but give ye jes' the heads ;  
For pulpit ellerkence, you know, 'most ollers kin' o'  
spreads.

Ham's seed wuz gin to us in chairge, an' shouldn't we  
be li'ble

In Kingdom Come, ef we kep' back their priv'lege in the  
Bible?

The cusses an' the promerses make one gret chain, an'  
ef

You snake one link out here, one there, how much on 't  
ud be lef'?

All things wuz gin to man for 's use, his sarvice, an'  
delight :

An' don't the Greek an' Hebrew words thet mean a Man  
mean White?

Ain't it belittlin' the Good Book in all it's proudest  
featur

To think 'twuz wrote for black an' brown an' 'lasses-  
coloured creaturs,

Thet couldn' read it, ef they would, nor ain't by lor  
allowed to,

But ough' to take wut we think suits their natures, an' be  
proud to?

Warn't it more prof'table to bring your raw materil thru  
Where you can work it inta grace an' inta cotton, tu,  
Than sendin' missionaries out where fevers might defeat  
'em,

An' ef the butcher didn' call, their p'rishioners might eat  
'em?

An' then, agin, wut airthly use? Nor 't warn't our fault,  
in so fur

Ez Yankee skippers would keep on a-totin' on 'em over.

'T improved the whites by savin' 'em frum ary need o' wurkin',

An' kep' the blacks from bein' lost thru idleness an' shirkin' ;

We took to 'em ez nat'ral ez a barn-owl doos to mice,  
An' hed our hull time on our hands to keep us out o' vice ;  
It made us feel ez pop'lar ez a hen doos with one chicken,  
An' fill our place in Natur's scale by givin' 'em a lickin' ;  
For why should Cæsar git his dues more 'n Juno, Pomp,  
an' Cuffy ?

It's justifyin' Ham to spare a nigger when he's stuffy.  
Where 'd their soles go tu, like to know, ef we should let  
'em ketch

Freeknowledgism an' Fourierism an' Speritoolism an'  
sech ?

When Satan sets himself to work to raise his very bes'  
muss,

He scatters roun' onscriptur'l views relatin' to Ones'mus.  
You'd ough' to seen, though, how his facs an' argy-  
munce an' figgers

Drawed tears o' real conviction from a lot o' pen'tent  
niggers !

It warn't like Wilbur's meetin', where you're shet up in a  
pew,

Your dickeys sorrin' off your ears, an' bilin' to be thru ;  
Ther' wuz a tent clost by thet hed a kag o' sunthin' in it,  
Where you could go, ef you wuz dry, an' damp ye in a  
minute ;

An' ef you did dror off a spell, ther' wuzn't no occasion  
To lose the thread, because, ye see, he bellered like all  
Bashan.

It's dry work follerin' argymunce, an' so, 'twix' this an'  
thet,

I felt conviction weighin' down somehow inside my  
hat ;

It growed an' growed like Jonah's gourd, a kin' o' whirlin'  
ketched me,

Ontil I fin'lly clean gin out an' owned up thet he'd  
fetched me ;

An' when nine-tenths o' th' perrish took to tumblin' roun'  
an' hollerin',

I didn' fin' no gret in th' way o' turnin' tu an' follerin'.

Socn ez Miss S. see thet, sez she, "*Thet's* wut I call wuth  
seein' !

*Thet's* actin' like a reas'nable an' intellectle bein' !"

An' so we fin'lly made it up, concluded to hitch hosses,

An' here I be 'n my ellermunt among creation's bosses,

Arter I'd drawed sech heaps o' blanks, Fortin at last hez  
sent a prize,

An' chose me for a shinin' light o' missionary entaprise.

This leads me to another pint on which I've changed my  
plan

O' thinkin' so 's 't I might become a straight-out Southun  
man.

Miss S. (her maiden name wuz Higgs, o' the fus' fem'ly  
here)

On her Ma's side 's all Juggernot, on Pa's all Cavileer,

An' sence I've merried into her an' stept into her shoes,

It ain't more 'n nateral thet I should modderfy my views:  
I've ben a-readin' in Debow ontill I've fairly gut

So'nlightened thet I'd full ez lives ha' ben a Dook ez nut ;

An' when we've laid ye all out stiff, an' Jeff hez gut his  
crown,

An' comes to pick his nobles out, *wun't* this child be in  
town !

We'll hev an Age o' Chivvelry surpassin' Mister Burke's,  
Where every fem'ly is fus'-best an' nary white man works :

Our system's sech, the thing 'll root ez easy ez a tater ;  
For while your lords in furrin parts ain't noways marked  
by natur',  
Nor sot apart from ornery folks in featur's nor in figgers,  
Ef ourn 'll keep their faces washed, you'll know 'em from  
their niggers.  
Ain't *sech* things wurth secedin' for, an' gittin' red o' you  
Thet waller in your low idees, an' will till all is blue?  
Fact is, we *air* a diff'rent race, an' I, for one, don't see,  
Sech havin' ollers ben the case, how w ever *did* agree.  
It's sunthin' thet you lab'rin'-folks up North hed ough to  
think on,  
Thet Higgsses can't bemean themselves to rulin' by a  
Lincoln,—  
Thet men (an' guv'nors tu), thet hez sech Normal names  
ez Pickens,  
Accustomed to no kin' o' work, 'thout 'tis to givin'  
lickins,  
Can't masure votes with folks thet get their livins from  
their farms,  
An' prob'ly think thet Law 's ez good ez hevin coats o'  
arms.  
Sence I've ben here, I've hired a chap to look about for  
me  
To git me a transplantable an' thrifty fem'ly-tree,  
An' he tells *me* the Sawins is ez much o' Normal blood  
Ez Pickens an' the rest on 'em, an' older 'n Noah's flood.  
Your Normal schools wun't turn ye into Normals, for  
it's clear,  
Ef eddykatin' done the thing, they'd be some skurcer  
here.  
Pickenses, Boggses, Pettuses, Magoffins, Letchers,  
Polks,—  
Where can you scare up names like them among your  
mudsill folks?

Ther's nothin' to compare with 'em, you'd fin', ef you  
should glance,  
Among the tip-top femerlies in Englan', nor in France :  
I've hearn from 'sponsible men whose word wuz full ez  
good's their note,  
Men thet can run their face for drinks, an' keep a  
Sunday coat,  
That they wuz all on 'em come down, an' come down  
pooty fur,  
From folks thet, 'thout their crowns wuz on, ou' doors  
wouldn' never stir,  
Nor thet ther' warn't a Southun man but wut wuz *primy*  
*fashy*  
O' the bes' blood in Europe, yis, an' Afriky an' Ashy :  
Sech bein' the case, is't likely we should bend like cotton  
wicken',  
Or set down under anythin' so low-lived ez a lickin' ?  
More'n this,—hain't we the literatoor an' science, tu, by  
gorry ?  
Hain't we them intellectle twins, them giants, Simms an'  
Maury,  
Each with full twice the ushle brains, like nothin' thet I  
know,  
'Thout 't wuz a double-headed calf I see once to a  
show ?

For all thet, I warn't jest at fust in favour o' secedin' ;  
I wuz for layin' low a spell to find out where 'twuz leadin',  
For hevin' South-Carliny try her hand at sepritnationin',  
She takin' resks an' findin' funds, an' we co-operationin',—  
I mean a kin' o' hangin' roun' an' settin' on the fence,  
Till Prov'dunce pinte how to jump an' save the most  
expense ;

I recollected thet 'ere mine o' lead to Shiraz Centre  
Thet bust up Jabez Pettibone, an' didn't want to ventur'

'Fore I wuz sartin wut come out ud pay for wut went in,  
For swappin' silver off for lead ain't the sure way to win ;  
(An', fact, it *doos* look now ez though—but folks must  
live an larn—

We should git lead, an' more'n we want, out o' the Old  
Consarn ;

But when I see a man so wise an' honest ez Buchanan  
A-lettin' us hev all the forts an' all the arms an' cannon,  
Admittin' we wuz nat'lly right an' you wuz nat'lly wrong,  
Coz you wuz lab'rin'-folks an' we wuz wut they call *bong*  
*tong*.

An' coz there warn't no fight in ye more'n in a mashed  
potater,

While two o' *us* can't skurcely meet but wut we fight by  
natur',

An' th' ain't a bar-room here would pay for openin' on't  
a night,

Without it giv the priverlege o' bein' shot at sight,  
Which proves we're Natur's noblemen, with whom it  
don't surprise

The British aristoxty should feel boun' to sympathise,—  
Seein' all this, an' seein', tu, the thing wuz strikin' roots  
While Uncle Sam sot still in hopes thet some one'd bring  
his boots,

I thought th' ole Union's hoops wuz off, an' let myself  
be sucked in

To rise a peg an' jine the crowd thet went for recon-  
structin',—

Thet is to hev the pardnership under th' ole name  
continner

Jest ez it wuz, we drorrin' pay, you findin' bone an'  
sinner,—

On'y to put it in the bond, an' enter't in the journals,  
Thet you're the nat'ral rank an' file, an' we the nat'ral  
kurnels.



Now this I thought a fees'ble plan, thet 'ud work smooth  
ez grease,

Suitin' the Nineteenth Century an' Upper Ten ideas,  
An' there I meant to stick, an' so did most o' th' leaders,  
tu,

Coz we all thought the chance wuz good o' puttin' on it  
thru ;

But Jeff he hit upon a way o' helpin' on us forrard  
By bein' unannermous,—a trick you ain't quite up to,  
Norrard.

A Baldin hain't no more 'f a chance with them new  
apple-corers

Than folks's oppersition views against the Ringtail  
Roarers ;

They'll take 'em out on him 'bout east,—one canter on  
a rail

Makes a man feel unannermous ez Jonah in the whale ;  
Or ef he's a slow-moulded cuss thet can't seem quite t'  
'gree,

He gits the noose by tellergraph upon the nighes' tree :  
Their mission-work with Afrikins hez put 'em up, thet's  
sartin,

To all the mos' across-lot ways o' preachin' an' convartin' ;  
I'll bet my hat th' ain't nary priest, nor all on 'em to-  
gether,

Thet cairs conviction to the min' like Reveren' Taran-  
feather ;

Why, he sot up with me one night, an' laboured to sech  
purpose,

Thet (ez an owl by daylight 'mongst a flock o' teazin'  
chirpers

Sees clearer'n mud the wickedness o' eatin' little birds)

I see my error an' agreed to shen it arterwurds ;

An' I should say, (to jedge our folks by facs in my  
possession,)

Thet three's Unannermous where one's a 'Riginal  
Secession ;  
So it's a thing you fellers North may safely bet your  
chink on,  
Thet we're all water-proofed agin th' usurpin' reign o'  
Lincoln.

Jeff's *some*. He's gut another plan thet hez partic'lar  
merits,  
In givin' things a cheerfle look an' stiffnin' loose-hung  
sperits ;  
For while your million papers, wut with lyin' an' dis-  
cussin',  
Keep folks's tempers all on eend a-fumin' an' a-fussin',  
A-wondrin' this an' guessin' thet, an' dreadin' every  
night  
The breechin' o' the Univarse 'll break afore it's light,  
Our papers don't purtend to print on'y wut Guv'ment  
choose,  
An' thet insures us all to git the very best o' noose :  
Jeff hez it of all sorts an' kines, an' sarves it out ez  
wanted,  
So's 't every man gits wut he likes an' nobody ain't  
scanted ;  
Sometimes it's vict'ries (they're 'bout all ther' is that's  
cheap down here),  
Sometimes it's France an' England on the jump to  
interfere.  
Fact is, the less the people know o' wut ther' is  
a-doin',  
The hendier 'tis for Guv'ment, sence it henders trouble  
brewin' ;  
An' nooze is like a shinplaster,—it's good, ef you be-  
lieve it,  
Or, wut's all same, the other man thet's goin' to receive it :

Ef you've a son in th' army, wy, it's comfortin' to hear  
He'll hev no gretter resk to run than seein' th' in'my's  
rear,

Coz, ef an F. F. looks at 'em, they ollers break an' run,  
Or wilt right down ez debtors will thet stumble on a dun,  
(An' this, ef an'thin', proves the wuth o' proper fem'ly  
pride,

Fer sech mean shueks ez creditors are all on Lincoln's  
'side ;)

Ef I hev scrip thet wun't go off no more'n a Belgin rifle,  
An' read thet it's at par on 'Change, it makes me feel  
deli'fle ;

It's cheerin', tu, where every man mus' fortify his bed,  
To hear thet Freedom's the one thing our darkies mos'ly  
dread,

An' thet experunce, time 'n' agin, to Dixie's Land hez  
shown

Ther's nothin' like a powder-cask fer a stiddy corner-  
stone ;

Ain't it ez good ez nuts, when salt is sellin' by the ounce  
For its own weight in Treash'ry-bons (ef bought in small  
amounts),

When even whiskey's gittin' skurce an' sugar can't be  
found,

To know thet all the ellerments o' luxury abound ?

An' don't it glorify sal-pork, to come to understand

It's wut the Richmon' editors call fatness o' the land !

Nex' thing to knowin' you're well off is *nut* to know  
when y' ain't ;

An' ef Jeff says all's going wal, who'll ventur' t' say it  
ain't ?

This cairn the Constitooshun roun' ez Jeff doos in his  
hat

Is hendier a dreffle sight, an' comes more kin' o' pat.

I tell ye wut, my jedgment is you're pooty sure to fail,  
Ez long 'z the head keeps turnin' back for counsel to the  
tail :  
Th' advantiges of our consarn for bein' prompt air gret,  
While, 'long o' Congress, you can't strike, 'f you git an  
iron het ;  
They bother roun' with argooin', an' var'ous sorts o'  
foolin',  
To make sure ef it's leg'lly het, an' all the while it's  
coolin',  
So's 't when you come to strike, it ain't no gret to wish  
ye j'y on,  
An' hurts the hammer 'z much or more ez wut it doos  
the iron,  
Jeff don't allow no jawin'-sprees for three months at a  
stretch,  
Knowin' the ears long speeches suits air mostly made to  
metch ;  
He jes' ropes in your tonguey chaps an' reg'lar ten-inch  
bores  
An' lets 'em play at Congress, ef they'll du it with closed  
doors ;  
So they ain't no more bothersome than ef we'd took an'  
sunk 'em,  
An' yit enj'y th' exclusive right to one another's Bun-  
combe  
'Thout doin' nobody no hurt, an' 'thout it costin' nothin',  
Their pay bein' jes' Confedrit funds, they findin' keep  
an' clothin' ;  
They taste the sweets o' public life, an' plan their little jobs,  
An' suck the Treash'ry (no gret harm, for it's ez dry ez  
cobs),  
An' go thru all the motions jest ez safe ez in a prison,  
An' hev their business to themselves, while Buregard  
hez hisn :

Ez long'z he gives the Hessians fits, committees can't  
make bother

Bout whether 't 's done the legle way or whether 't 's  
done the t'other.

An' *I* tell *you* you've gut to larn thet War ain't one long  
teeter

Betwixt *I wan' to* an' '*Twun't du*, debatin' like a skeetur  
Afore he lights,—all is, to give the other side a millin',  
An' arter thet's done, th' ain't no resk but wut the lor'll  
be willin' ;

No metter wut the guv'ment is, ez nigh ez I can hit it,  
A lickin's constitooshunal, pervidin' *We* don't git it.  
Jeff don't stan' dilly-dallyin', afore he takes a forth  
(With no one in), to git the leave o' the nex' Soopreme  
Court,

Nor don't want forty-'leven weeks o' jawin' and ex-  
poundin',

To prove a nigger hez a right to save him, ef he's  
drowndin' ;

Whereas ole Abram 'd sink afore he'd let a darkie boost  
him,

Ef Taney shouldn't come along an' hedn't interdooced  
him.

It ain't your twenty millions thet'll ever block Jeff's game,  
But one Man thet wun't let 'em jog jest ez he's takin' aim :  
Your numbers they may strengthen ye or weaken ye, ez  
't heppens

They're willin' to be helpin' hands or wuss'n-nothin'  
cap'ns.

I've chose my side, an' 't ain't no odds ef I wuz drawed  
with magnets,

Or ef I thought it prudenter to jine the nighes' bagnets,  
I've made my ch'ice, an' ciphered out, from all I see an'  
heard,

Th' ole Constitooshun never 'd git her decks for action  
cleared,  
Long 'z you elect for Congressmen poor shotes thet  
want to go  
Coz they can't seem to git their grub no otherways  
than so,  
An' let your bes' men stay to home coz they wun't show  
ez talkers,  
Nor can't be hired to fool ye an' sof'-soap ye at a caucus,  
Long 'z ye set by Rotashun more'n ye do by folks's  
merits,  
Ez though experunce thriv by change o' sile, like corn  
an' kerrits,—  
Long 'z ye allow a critter's "claims" coz, spite o' shoves  
an' tippins,  
He's kep' his private pan jes' where 'twould ketch mos'  
public drippins',—  
Long 'z A. 'll turn to an' grin' B.'s exe, ef B. 'll help  
him grin' hisn,  
(An' thet's the main idee by which your leadin' men hev  
risen,)—  
Long 'z you let *ary* exe be groun', 'less 'tis to cut the  
weasan'  
O' sneaks thet dunno till they're told wut is an' wut ain't  
Treason,—  
Long 'z ye give out commissions to a lot o' peddlin' drones  
Thet trade in whiskey with their men an' skin 'em to their  
bones,—  
Long 'z ye sift out "safe" canderdates thet no one ain't  
afeared on,  
Coz they're so thund'rin' eminent for bein' never heard  
on,  
An' haint no reco d, ez it's called, for folks to pick a  
hole in,  
Ez ef it hurt a man to hev a body with a soul in,

An' it wuz ostentashun to be showin' on't about,  
When half his feller-citizens contrive to du without,—  
Long 'z you suppose your votes can turn biled kebbage  
into brain,  
An' ary man thet's pop'lar's fit to drive a lightnin'-train,—  
Long 'z you believe democracy means *I'm ez good ez you be*,  
An' that a feller from the ranks can't be a knave or  
booby,—  
Long 'z Congress seems purvided, like yer street-cars  
an' yer 'busses,  
With ollers room for jes' one more o' your spiled-in-bakin'  
cusses,  
Dough 'thout the emptins of a soul, an' yit with means  
about 'em  
(Like essence-peddlers\*) thet'll make folks long to be  
without 'em,  
Jest heavy 'nough to turn a scale thet's doubtfle the  
wrong way,  
An' make their nat'ral arsenal o' bein' nasty pay,—  
Long 'z them things last (an' I don't see no gret signs of  
improvin'),  
I shan't up stakes, not hardly yit, nor 'twouldn't pay for  
movin' ;  
For, 'fore you lick us, it'll be the long'st day ever *you* see.  
Yourn, (ez I 'xpec' to be nex' spring.)

B., MARKISS O' BIG BOOSY.

\* A rustic euphemism for the American variety of the *Me-*  
*phitis*. H. W.

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## No. IV.

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS IN  
SECRET SESSION.

*Conjecturally reported by H. BIGLOW.*

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

JAALAM, 10th March 1862.

GENTLEMEN,—My leisure has been so entirely occupied with the hitherto fruitless endeavour to decipher the Runick inscription whose fortunate discovery I mentioned in my last communication, that I have not found time to discuss, as I had intended, the great problem of what we are to do with slavery,—a topick on which the publick mind in this place is at present more than ever agitated. What my wishes and hopes are I need not say ; but for safe conclusions I do not conceive that we are yet in possession of facts enough on which to bottom them with certainty. Acknowledging the hand of Providence, as I do, in all events, I am sometimes inclined to think that they are wiser than we, and am willing to wait till we have made this continent once more a place where freemen can live in security and honour, before assuming any further responsibility. This is the view taken by my neighbour Habakkuk Sloansure, Esq., the president of our bank, whose opinion in the practical affairs of life has great weight with me, as I have generally found it to be justified by the event, and whose counsel, had I followed it, would have saved me from an unfortunate investment of a considerable part of the painful economies of half-a-century in the North-West-Passage Tunnel. After a somewhat animated discussion with this gentleman, a few days since, I expanded, on the *audi alteram partem* principle,

something which he happened to say by way of illustration, into the following fable:—

### FESTINA LENTE.

Once on a time there was a pool  
 Fringed all about with flag-leaves cool  
 And spotted with cow-lilies garish,  
 Of frogs and pouts the ancient parish.  
 Alders the creaking redwings sink on,  
 Tussocks that house blithe Bob o' Lincoln  
 Hedged round the unassailed seclusion,  
 Where muskrats piled their cells Carthusian ;  
 And many a moss-embroidered log,  
 The watering-place of summer frog,  
 Slept and decayed with patient skill,  
 As watering-places sometimes will.

Now in this Abbey of Theleme,  
 Which realised the fairest dream  
 That ever dozing bull-frog had,  
 Sunned on a half-sunk lily-pad,  
 There rose a party with a mission  
 To mend the polliwogs' condition,  
 Who notified the sélectmen  
 To call a meeting there and then.  
 "Some kind of steps," they said, "are needed ;  
 They don't come on so fast as we did :  
 Let's dock their tails ; if that don't make 'em  
 Frogs by brevet, the Old One take 'em !  
 That boy, that came the other day  
 To dig some flag-root down this way,  
 His jack-knife left, and 'tis a sign  
 That Heaven approves of our design :  
 'Twere wicked not to urge the step on,  
 When Providence has sent the weapon."

Old croakers, deacons of the mire,  
 That led the deep batrachian choir,  
*Uk! Uk! Caronk!* with bass that might  
 Have left Lablache's out of sight,  
 Shook nobby heads, and said, "No go !  
 You'd better let 'em try to grow :  
 Old Doctor Time is slow, but still  
 He does know how to make a pill."

But vain was all their hoarsest bass,  
 Their old experience out of place,  
 And spite of croaking and entreating,  
 The vote was carried in marsh-meeting.

"Lord knows," protest the polliwogs,  
 "We're anxious to be grown-up frogs ;  
 But do not undertake the work  
 Of Nature till she prove a shirk ;  
 'Tis not by jumps that she advances,  
 But wins her way by circumstances :  
 Pray, wait awhile, until you know  
 We're so contrived as not to grow :  
 Let Nature take her own direction,  
 And she'll absorb our imperfection :  
*You* mightn't like 'em to appear with,  
 But you must have the things to steer with."  
 "No," piped the party of reform,  
 "All great results are ta'en by storm ;  
 Fate holds her best gifts till we show  
 We've strength to make her let them go ;  
 The Providence that works in history,  
 And seems to some folks such a mystery,  
 Does not creep slowly on *incog.*,  
 But moves by jumps, a mighty frog ;  
 No more reject the Age's chrism,  
 Your queues are an anachronism ;  
 No more the Future's promise mock,  
 But lay your tails upon the block,  
 Thankful that we the means have voted  
 To have you thus to frogs promoted."

The thing was done, the tails were cropped,  
 And home each philotadpole hopped,  
 In faith rewarded to exult,  
 And wait the beautiful result.  
 Too soon it came ; our pool, so long  
 The theme of patriot bull-frog's song,  
 Next day was reeking, fit to smother,  
 With heads and tails, that missed each other,—  
 Here snoutless tails, there tailless snouts :  
 The only gainers were the pouts.

## MORAL.

From lower to the higher next,  
 Not to the top, is Nature's text,  
 And embryo Good, to reach full stature,  
 Absorbs the Evil in its nature.

I think that nothing will ever give permanent peace and security to this continent but the extirpation of Slavery therefrom, and that the occasion is nigh ; but I would do nothing hastily or vindictively, nor presume to jog the elbow of Providence. No desperate measures for me till we are sure that all others are hopeless,—*flectere is nequeo SUPEROS, Acheronta movebo*. To make Emancipation a reform instead of a revolution is worth a little patience, that we may have the Border States first, and then the non-slaveholders of the Cotton States, with us in principle,—a consummation that seems to be nearer than many imagine. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*, is not to be taken in a literal sense by statesmen, whose problem is to get justice done with as little jar as possible to existing order, which has at least so much of heaven in it that it is not chaos. Our first duty toward our enslaved brother is to educate him, whether he be white or black. The first need of the free black is to elevate himself according to the standard of this material generation. So soon as the Ethiopian goes in his chariot, he will find not only Apostles, but Chief Priests and Scribes and Pharisees willing to ride with him.

“ Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se  
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.”

I rejoice in the President's late Message, which at last proclaims the Government on the side of freedom, justice, and sound policy.

As I write, comes the news of our disaster at Hampton Roads. I do not understand the supineness which, after fair warning, leaves wood to an unequal conflict with iron. It is not enough merely to have the right on our side, if we stick to the old flint-lock of tradition. I have observed in my parochial experience (*haud ignarus mali*) that the Devil is prompt to adopt the latest inventions of

destructive warfare, and may thus take even such a three-decker as Bishop Butler at an advantage. It is curious, that, as gunpowder made armour useless on shore, so armour is having its revenge by baffling its old enemy at sea,—and that, while gunpowder robbed land warfare of nearly all its picturesqueness to give even greater stateliness and sublimity to a sea-fight, armour bids fair to degrade the latter into a squabble between two iron-shelled turtles.

Yours, with esteem and respect,  
HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

*P.S.*—I had well-nigh forgotten to say that the object of this letter is to inclose a communication from the gifted pen of Mr. Biglow.

---

I SENT you a messige, my friens, t'other day,  
To tell you I'd nothin' pertickler to say :  
'Twuz the day our new nation gut kin' o' stillborn,  
So 'twuz my pleasant dooty t' acknowledge the corn,  
An' I see clearly then, ef I didn't before,  
Thet the *augur* in inauguration means *bore*.  
I needn't tell *you* thet my messige was written  
To diffuse correc' notions in France an' Gret Britten,  
An' agin to impress on the poppylar mind  
The comfort an' wisdom o' goin' it blind,—  
To say that I didn't abate not a hooter  
O' my faith in a happy an' glorious futur',  
Ez rich in each soshle an' p'litickle blessin'  
Ez them thet we now hed the joy o' possessin',  
With a people united, an' longin' to die  
For wut *we* call their country, without askin' why,  
An' all the gret things we concluded to slope for  
Ez much within reach now ez ever—to hope for.

We've gut all the ellerments, this very hour,  
Thet make up a fus'-class, self-governin' power :  
We've a war, an' a debt, an' a flag ; an' ef this  
Ain't to be inderpendunt, why, wut on airth is ?  
An' nothin' now henders our takin' our station  
Ez the freest, enlightenedest, civerlised nation,  
Built up on our bran'-new politickle thesis,  
Thet a Gov'ment's fust right is to tumble to pieces,—  
I say nothin' henders our taking our place  
Ez the very fus'-best o' the whole human race.  
A spittin' tobacker ez proud ez you please  
On Victory's bes' carpets, or loafin' at ease  
In the Tool'ries front-parlour, discussin' affairs  
With our heels on the backs o' Napoleon's new chairs,  
An' princes a-mixin' our cocktails an' slings,—  
Excep', wal, excep' jest a very few things,  
Sech ez navies an' armies an' wherewith to pay,  
An' gittin' our sogers to run t' other way,  
An' not be too over-pertickler in tryin'  
To hunt up the very las' ditches to die in.

Ther' are critters so base thet they want it explained  
Jes' wut is the totle amount thet we've gained,  
Ez ef we could maysure stupenjious events  
By the low Yankee stan'ard o' dollars an' cents :  
They seem to forgit, thet, sence last year revolved,  
We've succeeded in gittin' seceshed an' dissolved,  
An' thet no one can't hope to git thru dissolootion  
'Thout some kin' o' strain on the best Constitootion.  
Who asks for a prospec' more flettrin' an' bright,  
When from here clean to Texas it's all one free fight ?  
Hain't we rescued from Seward the gret leadin' featur  
Thet makes it wuth while to be reasonin' creaturs ?  
Hain't we saved Habus Coppers, improved it in fact,  
By suspendin' the Unionists 'stid o' the Act ?

Ain't the laws free to all? Where on airth else d'ye see  
Every freeman improvin' his own rope an' tree?  
Ain't our piety sech (in our speeches an' messiges)  
Ez t' astonish ourselves in the bes'-composed pessiges,  
An' to make folks thet knowed us in th' ole state o' things  
Think convarasion ez easy ez drinkin' gin-slings?

It's ne'ssary to take a good confident tone  
With the public ; but here, jest amongst us, I own  
Things look blacker'n thunder. Ther's no use denyin'  
We're clean out o' money, an' 'most out o' lyin' ;  
Two things a young nation can't mennage without,  
Ef she wants to look wal at her fust comin' out ;  
For the fust supplies physickle strength, while the second  
Gives a morril edvantage thet's hard to be reckoned :  
For this latter I'm willin' to du wut I can ;  
For the former you'll hev to consult on a plan,—  
Though our *fust* want (an' this pint I want your best  
views on)

Is plausible paper to print I.O.U.'s on.  
Some gennlemen think it would cure all our cankers  
In the way o' finance, ef we jes' hanged the bankers ;  
An' I own the proposle 'ud square with my views,  
Ef their lives wuzn't all thet we'd left 'em to lose.  
Some say thet more confidence might be inspired,  
Ef we voted our cities an' towns to be fired,—  
A plan thet 'ud suttently tax our endurance,  
Coz't would be our own bills we should git for th'  
insurance ;

But cinders, no metter how sacred we think 'em,  
Mightn't strike furrin minds ez good sources o' income,  
Nor the people, perhaps, wouldn't like the eclaw  
O' bein' all turned into paytriots by law.  
Some want we should buy all the cotton an' burn it,  
On a pledge, when we've gut thru the war, to return it,—



Then to take the proceeds an' hold *them* ez security  
For an issue o' bonds to be met at maturity  
With an issue o' notes to be paid in hard cash  
On the fus' Monday follerin' the 'tarnal Allsmash :  
This hez a safe air, an', once hold o' the gold,  
'Ud leave our vile plunderers out in the cold,  
An' *might* temp' John Bull, ef it warn't for the dip he  
Once gut from the banks o' my own Massissippi.  
Some think we could make, by arrangin' the figgers,  
A hendy home-currency out of our niggers ;  
But it wun't du to lean much on ary sech staff,  
For they're gittin' tu current a'ready, by half.

One gennleman says, ef we lef' our loan out  
Where Floyd could git hold on't *he'd* take it, no  
doubt ;  
But 't ain't jes' the takin, though 't hez a good look,  
We mus' git sunthin' out on it arter it's took,  
An' we need now more 'n ever, with sorrer I own,  
Thet some one another should let us a loan,  
Sence a soger wun't fight, on'y jes' while he draws his  
Pay down on the nail, for the best of all causes,  
'Thout askin' to know wut the quarrel's about,—  
An' once come to thet, why, our game is played out.  
It's ez true ez though I shouldn't never hev said it,  
Thet a hitch hez took place in our system o' credit ;  
I swear it's all right in my speeches an' messiges,  
But ther's idees afloat, ez ther' is about sessiges :  
Folks wun't take a bond ez a basis to trade on,  
Without nosin' round to find out wut it's made on,  
An' the thought more an' more thru the public min'  
crosses  
Thet our Treshry hez gut 'mos' too many dead hosses.  
Wut's called credit, you see, is some like a balloon,  
Thet looks while it's up 'most ez harnsome 'z a moon,

But once git a leak in 't an' wut looked so grand  
Caves righ' down in a jiffy ez flat ez your hand.  
Now the world is a dreffle mean place, for our sins,  
Where ther' ollus is critters about with long pins  
A-prickin' the bubbles we've blowed with sech care,  
An' provin' ther's nothin' inside but bad air :  
They're all Stuart Millses, poor-white trash, an'  
sneaks,

Without no more chivverlry 'n Choctaws or Creeks,  
Who think a real gennleman's promise to pay  
Is meant to be took in trade's ornery way :  
Them fellers an' I could n' never agree ;  
They're the nateral foes o' the Southun Idee ;  
I'd gladly take all of our other resks on me  
To be red o' this low-lived politikle 'con'my !

Now a dastardly notion is gittin' about  
Thet our bladder is bust an' the gas oozin' out,  
An' onless we can mennage in some way to stop it,  
Why, the thing's a gone coon, an' we might ez wal  
drop it.

Brag works wal at fust, but it ain't jes' the thing  
For a stiddy inves'ment the shiners to bring,  
An' votin' we're prosp'rous a hundred times over  
Wun't change bein' starved into livin' on clover.  
Manassas done sunthin' tow'rds drawin' the wool  
O'er the green, antislavery eyes o' John Bull :  
Oh, *warn't* it a godsend, jes' when sech tight fixes  
Wuz crowdin' us mourners, to throw double-sixes !  
I wuz tempted to think, an' it wuzn't no wonder,  
Ther' wuz reely a Providence,—over or under,—  
When, all packed for Nashville, I fust ascertained  
From the papers up North wut a victory we'd gained.  
'Twuz the time for diffusin' correc' views abroad  
Of our union an' strength an' relyin' on God ;

An', fact, when I'd gut thru my fust big surprise,  
I much ez half b'lieved in my own tallest lies,  
An' conveyed the idee thet the whole Southun popper-  
lace

Wuz Spartans all on the keen jump for Thermopperlies,  
Thet set on the Lincolnites' bombs till they bust,  
An' fight for the priv'lege o' dyin' the fust ;  
But Roanoke, Bufort, Millspring, an' the rest  
Of our recent starn-foremost successes out West,  
Hain't left us a foot for our swellin' to stand on,—  
We've showed *too* much o' wut Buregard calls *abandon*,  
For all our Thermopperlies (an' it's a marcy  
We hain't hed no more) hed ben clean vicy-varsy,  
An' wut Spartans wuz lef when the battle wuz done  
Wuz them thet wuz too unambitious to run.

Oh, ef we hed on'y jes' gut Recognition,  
Things now would ha' ben in a different position !  
You'd ha' hed all you wanted : the paper blockade  
Smashed up into toothpicks ; unlimited trade  
In the one thing thet's needfle, till niggers, I swow,  
Hed ben thicker 'n provisional shin-plasters now ;  
Quinine by the ton 'ginst the shakes when they seize ye ;  
Nice paper to coin into C. S. A. specie ;  
The voice of the driver 'd be heerd in our land,  
An' the univarse scringe, ef we lifted our hand :  
Wouldn't *thet* be some like fulfillin' the prophecies,  
With all the fus' fem'lies in all the fust offices ?  
'Twuz a beautiful dream, an' all sorrer is idle,—  
But *ef* Lincoln *would* ha' hanged Mason an' Slidell !  
For wouldn't the Yankees hev found they'd ketched  
Tartars,  
Ef they'd raised two sech critters as them into martyrs ?  
Mason *wuz* F. F. V., though a cheap card to win on,  
But t'other was jes' New York trash to begin on ;

They ain't o' no good in Européan pellices,  
But think wut a help they'd ha' ben on their gallowses !  
They'd ha' felt they wuz trully fulfillin' their mission,  
An', oh, how dog-cheap we'd ha' gut Reecognition !

But somehow another, wutever we've tried,  
Though the the'ry's fust-rate, the facts *wun't* coincide :  
Facts are contrary 'z mules, an' ez hard in the mouth,  
An' they allus hev showed a mean spite to the South.  
Sech bein' the case, we had best look about  
For some kin' o' way to slip *our* necks out :  
Le' 's vote our las' dollar, ef one can be found,  
(An' at any rate, votin' it hez a good sound,)—  
Le' 's swear thet to arms all our people is flyin',  
(The critters can't read, an' wun't know how we're  
lyin',)—

Thet Toombs is advancin' to sack Cincinnater,  
With a rovin' commission to pillage and slahter,—  
Thet we've throwed to the winds all regard for wut's  
lawfle,

An' gone in for sunthin' promiscu'sly awfle.  
Ye see, hitherto, it's our own knaves an' fools  
Thet we've used (those for whetstones, an' t'others ez  
tools),

An' now our las' chance is in puttin' to test  
The same kin' o' cattle up North an' out West,—  
Your Belmonts, Vallandighams, Woodses, an' sech,  
Poor shotes thet ye couldn't persuade us to tech,  
Not in ornery times, though we're willin' to feed 'em  
With a nod now an' then, when we happen to need 'em ;  
Why, for my part, I'd ruther shake hands with a nigger  
Than with cusses that load an' don't darst dror a  
trigger ;

They're the wust wooden nutmegs the Yankees produce,  
Shaky everywheres else, an' jes' sound on the goose ;

They ain't wuth a cuss, an' I set nothin' by 'em,  
 But we're in sech a fix thet I s'pose we must try 'em.  
 I—— But, Gennlemen, here's a despatch jes' come in  
 Which shows thet the tide's begun turnin' agin',—  
 Gret Cornfedrit success ! C'lumbus eevacooated !  
 I mus' run down an' hev the thing properly stated,  
 An' show wut a triumph it is, an' how lucky  
 To fin'lly git red o' thet cussed Kentucky,—  
 An' how, sence Fort Donelson, winnin' the day  
 Consists in triumphantly gittin' away.

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No. V.

SPEECH OF HONOURABLE PRESERVED DOE  
 IN SECRET CAUCUS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

JAALAM, 12th April, 1862.

GENTLEMEN,—As I cannot but hope that the ultimate, if not speedy, success of the national arms is now sufficiently ascertained, sure as I am of the righteousness of our cause and its consequent claim on the blessing of God (for I would not show a faith inferior to that of the Pagan historian with his *Facile evenit quod Dis cordi est*), it seems to me a suitable occasion to withdraw our minds a moment from the confusing din of battle to objects of peaceful and permanent interest. Let us not neglect the monuments of preterite history because what shall be history is so diligently making under our eyes. *Cras ingens iterabimus æquor* ; to-morrow will be time enough for that stormy sea ; to-day let me engage the attention of your readers with the Runick inscription to whose fortunate discovery I have heretofore alluded. Well may we say with the poet, *Multa renascuntur quæ jam*

*cecidere*. And I would premise, that, although I can no longer resist the evidence of my own senses from the stone before me to the ante-Columbian discovery of this continent by the Northmen, *gens inclytissima*, as they are called in a Palermitan inscription, written fortunately in a less debatable character than that which I am about to decipher, yet I would by no means be understood as wishing to vilipend the merits of the great Genoese, whose name will never be forgotten so long as the inspiring strains of "Hail Columbia" shall continue to be heard. Though he must be stripped also of whatever praise may belong to the experiment of the egg, which I find proverbially attributed by Castilian authors to a certain Juanito or Jack (perhaps an offshoot of our giant-killing mythus), his name will still remain one of the most illustrious of modern times. But the impartial historian owes a duty likewise to obscure merit, and my solicitude to render a tardy justice is perhaps quickened by my having known those who, had their own field of labour been less secluded, might have found a readier acceptance with the reading publick. I could give an example, but I forbear: *forsitan nostris ex ossibus oritur ultor*.

Touching Runick inscriptions, I find that they may be classed under three general heads: 1°. Those which are understood by the Danish Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, and Professor Rafn, their Secretary; 2°. Those which are comprehensible only by Mr. Rafn; and 3°. Those which neither the Society, Mr. Rafn, nor anybody else can be said in any definite sense to understand, and which accordingly offer peculiar temptations to enucleating sagacity. These last are naturally deemed the most valuable by intelligent antiquaries, and to this class the stone now in my possession fortunately belongs. Such give a picturesque variety to ancient

events, because susceptible oftentimes of as many interpretations as there are individual archæologists; and since facts are only the pulp in which the Idea or event-seed is softly embedded till it ripen, it is of little consequence what colour or flavour we attribute to them, provided it be agreeable. Availing myself of the obliging assistance of Mr. Arphaxad Bowers, an ingenious photographick artist, whose house-on-wheels has now stood for three years on our Meeting-House Green, with the somewhat contradictory inscription,—“*Our motto is onward,*”—I have sent accurate copies of my treasure to many learned men and societies, both native and European. I may hereafter communicate their different and (*me judice*) equally erroneous solutions. I solicit also, Messrs. Editors, your own acceptance of the copy herewith enclosed. I need only premise further, that the stone itself is a goodly block of metamorphick sandstone, and that the Runes resemble very nearly the ornithichnites or fossil bird-tracks of Dr. Hitchcock, but with less regularity or apparent design than is displayed by those remarkable geological monuments. These are rather the *non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum*. Resolved to leave no door open to cavil, I first of all attempted the elucidation of this remarkable example of lithick literature by the ordinary modes, but with no adequate return for my labour. I then considered myself amply justified in resorting to that heroick treatment the felicity of which, as applied by the great Bentley to Milton, had long ago enlisted my admiration. Indeed, I had already made up my mind, that, in case good fortune should throw any such invaluable record in my way, I would proceed with it in the following simple and satisfactory method. After a cursory examination, merely sufficing for an approximative estimate of its length, I would write down a hypothetical inscription



based upon antecedent probabilities, and then proceed to extract from the characters engraven on the stone a meaning as nearly as possible conformed to this *a priori* product of my own ingenuity. The result more than justified my hopes, inasmuch as the two inscriptions were made without any great violence to tally in all essential particulars. I then proceeded, not without some anxiety, to my second test, which was, to read the Runick letters diagonally, and again with the same success. With an excitement pardonable under the circumstances, yet tempered with thankful humility, I now applied my last and severest trial, my *experimentum crucis*. I turned the stone, now doubly precious in my eyes, with scrupulous exactness upside down. The physical exertion so far displaced my spectacles as to derange for a moment the focus of vision. I confess that it was with some tremulousness that I readjusted them upon my nose, and prepared my mind to bear with calmness any disappointment that might ensue. But, *O albo dies notanda lapillo!* what was my delight to find that the change of position had effected none in the sense of the writing, even by so much as a single letter! I was now, and justly, as I think, satisfied of the conscientious exactness of my interpretation. It is as follows:—

HERE

BJARNA GRIMOLFSSON

FIRST DRANK CLOUD-BROTHER

THROUGH CHILD-OF-LAND-AND-WATER:

that is, drew smoke through a reed stem. In other words, we have here a record of the first smoking of the herb *Nicotiana Tabacum* by an European on this continent. The probable results of this discovery are so

vast as to baffle conjecture. If it be objected, that the smoking of a pipe would hardly justify the setting up of a memorial stone, I answer, that even now the Moquis Indian, ere he takes his first whiff, bows reverently toward the four quarters of the sky in succession, and that the loftiest monuments have been reared to perpetuate fame, which is the dream of the shadow of smoke. The *Saga*, it will be remembered, leaves this Bjarna to a fate something like that of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on board a sinking ship in the "wormy sea," having generously given up his place in the boat to a certain Iclander. It is doubly pleasant, therefore, to meet with this proof that the brave old man arrived safely in Vinland, and that his declining years were cheered by the respectful attentions of the dusky denizens of our then uninvaded forests. Most of all was I gratified, however, in thus linking for ever the name of my native town with one of the most momentous occurrences of modern times. Hitherto Jaalam, though in soil, climate, and geographical position as highly qualified to be the theatre of remarkable historical incidents as any spot on the earth's surface, has been, if I may say it without seeming to question the wisdom of Providence, almost maliciously neglected, as it might appear, by occurrences of world-wide interest in want of a situation. And in matters of this nature it must be confessed that adequate events are as necessary as the *vates sacer* to record them. Jaalam stood always modestly ready, but circumstances made no fitting response to her generous intentions. Now, however, she assumes her place on the historick roll. I have hitherto been a zealous opponent of the Circean herb, but I shall now re-examine the question without bias.

I am aware that the Rev. Jonas Tutchel, in a recent communication to the Bogus Four Corners *Weekly Meridian*, has endeavoured to show that this is the

sepulchral inscription of Thorwold Eriksson, who, as is well known, was slain in Vinland by the natives. But I think he has been misled by a preconceived theory, and cannot but feel that he has thus made an ungracious return for my allowing him to inspect the stone with the aid of my own glasses (he having by accident left his at home) and in my own study. The heathen ancients might have instructed this Christian minister in the rites of hospitality; but much is to be pardoned to the spirit of self-love. He must indeed be ingenious who can make out the words *hér hvíllir* from any characters in the inscription in question, which, whatever else it may be, is certainly not mortuary. And even should the reverend gentleman succeed in persuading some fantastical wits of the soundness of his views, I do not see what useful end he will have gained. For if the English Courts of Law hold the testimony of gravestones from the burial-grounds of Protestant dissenters to be questionable, even where it is essential in proving a descent, I cannot conceive that the epitaphial assertions of heathens should be esteemed of more authority by any man of orthodox sentiments.

At this moment, happening to cast my eyes upon the stone, whose characters a transverse light from my southern window brings out with singular distinctness, another interpretation has occurred to me, promising even more interesting results. I hasten to close my letter in order to follow at once the clew thus providentially suggested.

I inclose, as usual, a contribution from Mr. Biglow, and remain,

Gentlemen, with esteem and respect,

Your Obedient Humble Servant,

HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

---

I THANK ye, my friens, for the warmth o' your greetin' :  
 Ther's few airthly blessins but wut's vain an' fleetin' ;  
 But ef ther' is one thet hain't *no* cracks an' flaws,  
 An' is wuth goin' in for, it's pop'lar app'lause ;  
 It sends up the sperits ez lively ez rockets,  
 An' I feel it—wal, down to the eend o' my pockets.  
 Jes' lovin' the people is Canaan in view,  
 But it's Canaan paid quarterly t' hev 'em love you ;  
 It's a blessin' thet's breakin' out ollus in fresh spots ;  
 It's a-follerin' Moses 'thout losin' the flesh-pots.  
 But, Gennlemen, 'scuse me, I ain't sech a raw cus  
 Ez to go luggin' ellerkence into a caucus,—  
 Thet is, into one where the call comprehends  
 Nut the People in person, but on'y their friends ;  
 I'm so kin' o' used to convincin' the masses  
 Of th' edvantage o' bein' self-governin' asses,  
 I forgot thet *we're* all o' the sort thet pull wires  
 An' arrange for the public their wants an' desires,  
 An' thet wut we hed met for wuz jes' to agree  
 Wut the People's opinions in futur' should be.

Now, to come to the nub, we've ben all disappointed,  
 An' our leadin' idees are a kind o' disjinted,—  
 Though, fur ez the nateral man could discern,  
 Things ough' to ha' took most an oppersite turn.  
 But The'ry is jes' like a train on the rail,  
 Thet, weather or no, puts her thru without fail,  
 While Fac' 's the old stage thet gits sloughed in the  
       ruts,  
 An' hez to allow for your darned efs an' buts,  
 An' so, nut intendin' no pers'nal reflections,  
 They don't—don't nut allus, thet is,—make connec-  
       tions :

Sometimes, when it really doos seem thet they'd oughter  
 Combine jest ez kindly ez new rum an' water,

Both'll be jest ez sot in their ways ez a bagnet,  
 Ez otherwise minded ez th' eends of a magnet,  
 An' folks like you 'n' me, thet ain't ept to be sold,  
 Git somehow or 'nother left out in the cold.

I expected 'fore this, 'thout no gret of a row,  
 Jeff D. would ha' ben where A. Lincoln is now,  
 With Taney to say 'twuz all legle an' fair,  
 An' a jury o' Deemocrats ready to swear  
 Thet the ingin o' State gut throwed into the ditch  
 By the fault o' the North in misplacin' the switch.  
 Things wuz ripenin' fust-rate with Buchanan to nuss  
 'em :

But the People they wouldn't be Mexicans, cuss 'em !  
 Ain't the safeguards o' freedom upsot, 'z you may say,  
 Ef the right o' rev'lution is took clean away?  
 An' doosn't the right primy-fashy include  
 The bein' entitled to nut be subdued?  
 The fact is, we'd gone for the Union so strong,  
 When Union meant South ollus right an' North wrong,  
 Thet the people gut fooled into thinkin' it might  
 Worry on middlin' wal with the North in the right.  
 We might ha' ben now jest ez prosp'rous ez France,  
 Where p'litikle enterprise hez a fair chance,  
 An' the people is heppy an' proud et this hour,  
 Long ez they hev the votes, to let Nap hev the power ;  
 But *our* folks they went an' believed wut we'd told 'em,  
 An', the flag once insulted, no mortle could hold 'em.  
 'Twuz pervokin' jest when we wuz cert'in to win,—  
 An' I, for one, wun't trust the masses agin :  
 For a people thet knows much ain't fit to be free  
 In the self-cockin', back-action style o' J. D.

I can't believe now but wut half on't is lies ;  
 For who'd thought the North wuz a-goin' to rise,

Or take the pervokin'est kin' of a stump,  
'Thout 'twuz sunthin' ez pressin' ez Gabr'el's las' trump?  
Or who'd ha' supposed, arter *sech* swell an' bluster  
'Bout the lick-ary-ten-on-ye fighters they'd muster,  
Raised by hand on briled lightnin', ez op'lent 'z you  
please

In a primitive furrest o' femmily trees,—  
Who'd ha' thought thet them Southuners ever 'ud show  
Starns with pedigrees to 'em like theirn to the foe,  
Or, when the vamosin' come, ever to find  
Nat'ral masters in front an' mean white folks behind?  
By ginger, ef I'd ha' known half I know now,  
When I wuz to Congress I wouldn't, I swow,  
Hev let 'em cair on so high-minded an' sarsy,  
'Thout *some* show o' wut you may call vicy-varsy.  
To be sure, we wuz under a contrac' jes' then  
To be drefle forbearin' towards Southun men;  
We hed to go sheers in preservin' the bellance;  
An' ez they seemed to feel they wuz wastin' their  
tellents

'Thout some un to kick, 'twarn't more 'n proper, you  
know,  
Each should funnish his part; an' sence they found the  
toe,  
An' we wuzn't cherubs—wal, we found the buffer,  
For fear thet the Compromise System should suffer.

I wun't say the plan hedn't onpleasant featur,—  
For men are perverse an' onreasonin' creaturs,  
An' forgit thet in this life 'tain't likely to heppen  
Their own privit fancy should ollus be cappen,—  
But it worked jest ez smooth ez the key of a safe,  
An' the gret Union bearins played free from all chafe.  
They warn't hard to suit, ef they hed their own way,  
An' we (thet is, some on us) made the thing pay:

'Twuz a fair give-an'-take out of Uncle Sam's heap ;  
Ef they took wut warn't theirn, wut we give come ez  
cheap ;

The elect gut the offices down to tide-waiter,  
The people took skinnin' ez mild ez a tater,  
Seemed to choose who they wanted tu, footed the bills,  
An' felt kind o' 'z though they wuz havin' their wills,  
Which kep' 'em ez harmless an' cherfle ez crickets.  
While all we invested wuz names on the tickets :  
Wal, ther s nothin', for folks fond o' lib'ral consumption  
Free o' charge, like democ'acy tempered with gumption !

Now warn't thet a system wuth pains in presarvin',  
Where the people found jints an' their frien's done the  
carvin',—

Where the many done all o' their thinkin' by proxy,  
An' were proud on't ez long ez't wuz christened  
Democ'cy,—

Where the few let us sap all o' Freedom's foundations,  
Ef you call it reformin' with prudence an' patience,  
An' were willin' Jeff's snake-egg should hetch with the  
rest,

Ef you writ "Constitootional" over the nest ?  
But it's all out o' kilter, ('twuz too good to last,)  
An' all jes' by J. D.'s perceedin' too fast ;  
Ef he'd on'y hung on for a month or two more,  
We'd ha' gut things fixed nicer'n they hed ben before :  
Afore he drawed off an' lef' all in confusion,  
We wuz safely entrenched in the ole Constitootion,  
With an outlyin', heavy-gun, casemated fort  
To rake all assailants,—I mean th' S. J. Court.  
Now I never'll acknowledge (nut ef you should skin me)  
'Twuz wise to abandon sech works to the in'my,  
An' let him fin' out thet wut scared him so long,  
Our whole line of argyments, lookin' so strong,



All our Scriptur an' law, every the'ry an' fac',  
 Wuz Quaker-guns daubed with Proslavery black.  
 Why, ef the Republicans ever should git  
 Andy Johnson or some one to lend 'em the wit  
 An' the spunk jes' to mount Constitootion an' Court  
 With Columbiad guns, your real eklerights sort,  
 Or drill out the spike from the ole Declaration  
 Thet can kerry a solid shot clearn round creation,  
 We'd better take maysures for shettin' up shop,  
 An' put off our stock by a vendoo or swop.

But they wun't never dare tu ; you'll see 'em in Edom  
 'Fore they ventur' to go where their doctrines 'ud lead 'em :  
 They've ben takin' our princerples up ez we dropt 'em,  
 An' thought it wuz terrible 'cute to adopt 'em ;  
 But they'll fin' out 'fore long thet their hope's ben deceivin'  
 'em,

An' thet princerples ain't o' no good, ef you b'lieve in 'em ;  
 It makes 'em tu stiff for a party to use,  
 Where they'd ough' to be easy'z an ole pair o' shoes.  
 If *we* say'n our pletform thet all men are brothers,  
 We don't mean thet some folks ain't more so 'n some  
 others ;

An' it's wal understood thet we make a selection,  
 An' thet brotherhood kin' o' subsides arter 'lection.  
 The fust thing for sound politicians to larn is,  
 Thet Truth, to dror kindly in all sorts o' harness,  
 Mus' be kep' in the abstract,—for, come to apply it,  
 You're ept to hurt some folks's interists by it,  
 Wal' these 'ere Republicans (some on 'em) ect's  
 Ez though ginerall mexims 'ud suit speshle facts ;  
 An' there's where we'll nick 'em, there's where they'll be  
 lost ;

For applyin' your princerple's wut makes it cost,  
 An' folks don't want Fourth o' July t' interfere

With the business-consarns o' the rest o' the year,  
No more'n they want Sunday to pry an' to peek  
Into wut they are doin' the rest o' the week.

A ginooine statesman should be on his guard,  
Ef he *must* hev beliefs, nut to b'lieve 'em tu hard ;  
For, ez sure ez he does, he'll be blartin' 'em out  
'Thout regardin' the natur' o' man more'n a spout,  
Nor it don't ask much gumption to pick out a flaw  
In a party whose leaders are loose in the jaw :  
An' so in our own case I ventur' to hint  
Thet we'd better nut air our perceedins in print,  
Nor pass resserlootions ez long ez your arm  
Thet may, ez things heppen to turn, do us harm ;  
For when you've done all your real meanin' to smother,  
The darned things 'll up an' mean sunthin' or 'nother.  
Jeff son prob'ly meant wal with his " born free an' ekle,"  
But it's turned out a real crooked stick in the sekle ;  
It's taken full eighty-odd year—don't you see?—  
From the pop'lar belief to root out thet idee,  
An', arter all, suckers on 't keep buddin' forth  
In the nat'lly onprincipled mind o' the North.  
No, never say nothin' without you're compelled tu,  
An' then don't say nothin' thet you can be held tu,  
Nor don't leave no friction-idees layin' loose  
For the ign'ant to put to incend'ary use.

You know I'm a feller thet keeps a skinned eye  
On the leetle events thet go skurryin' by,  
Coz it's of ner by them than by gret ones you'll see  
Wut the p'litickle weather is likely to be.  
Now I don't think the South's more'n begun to be licked,  
But I *du* think, ez Jeff says, the windbag's gut pricked ;  
It'll blow for a spell an' keep puffin' an' wheezin',  
The tighter our army an' navy keep squeezin',—

For they can't help spread-eaglein' long 'z ther's a mouth  
 To blow Enfield's Speaker thru lef' at the South.  
 But it's high time for us to be settin' our faces  
 Towards reconstructin' the national basis,  
 With an eye to beginnin' agin on the jolly ticks  
 We used to chalk up 'hind the back-door o' politics ;  
 An' the fus' thing's to save wut of Slav'ry ther's lef'  
 Arter this (I must call it) imprudence o' Jeff :  
 For a real good Abuse, with its roots fur an' wide,  
 Is the kin' o' thing / like to hev on my side ;  
 A Scriptur' name makes it ez sweet ez a rose,  
 An' it's tougher the older an' uglier it grows—  
 (I ain't speakin' now o' the righteousness of it,  
 But the p'litickle purchase it gives an' the profit).

Things look pooty squally, it must be allowed,  
 An' I don't see much signs of a bow in the cloud :  
 Ther's too many Deemocrats—leaders wut's wuss—  
 Thet go for the Union 'thout carin' a cuss  
 Ef it helps ary party thet ever wuz heard on,  
 So our eagle ain't made a split Austrian bird on.  
 But ther's still some consarvative signs to be found  
 Thet shows the gret heart o' the People is sound  
 (Excuse me for usin' a stump-phrase agin,  
 But, once in the way on 't, they *will* stick like sin) :  
 There's Phillips, for instance, hez jes' ketched a Tartar  
 In the Law-'n'-Order Party of ole Cincinnater ;  
 An' the Compromise System ain't gone out o' reach,  
 Long 'z you keep the right limits on freedom o' speech.  
 'Twarn't none too late, neither, to put on the gag,  
 For he's dangerous now he goes in for the flag.  
 Nut thet I altogether approve o' bad eggs,  
 They're mos' gin'ly argymunt on its las' legs,—  
 An' their logic is ept to be tu indiscriminate,  
 Nor don't ollus wait the right objects to 'liminate ;

But there is a variety on 'em, you'll find,  
 Jest ez usefle an' more, besides bein' refined,—  
 I mean o' the sort thet are laid by the dictionary,  
 Sech ez sophisms an' cant, thet 'll kerry conviction ary  
 Way thet you want to the right class o' men,  
 An' are staler than all 't ever come from a hen :  
 "Disunion" done wal till our resh Southun friends  
 Took the savour all out on 't for national ends ;  
 But I guess "Abolition" 'll work a spell yit,  
 When the war's done, an' so will "Forgive-an'-forgit."  
 Times mus' be pooty thoroughly out o' all jint,  
 Ef we can't make a good constitootional pint ;  
 An' the good time 'll come to be grindin' our exes,  
 When the war goes to seed in the nettle o' texes :  
 Ef Jon'than don't squirm, with sech helps to assist him,  
 I give up my faith in the free-suffrage system ;  
 Democ'cy wun't be nut a mite interestin',  
 Nor p'litikle capital much wuth investin' ;  
 An' my notion is, to keep dark an' lay low  
 Till we see the right minute to put in our blow.—

But I've talked longer now 'n I hed any idee,  
 An' ther's others you want to hear more 'n you du me ;  
 So I'll set down an' give thet 'ere bottle a skrimmage,  
 For I've spoke till I'm dry ez a real graven image.

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## No. VI.

### SUNTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL LINE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

JAALAM, 17th May, 1862.

GENTLEMEN,—At the special request of Mr. Biglow,  
 I intended to inclose, together with his own contribution

(into which, at my suggestion, he has thrown a little more of pastoral sentiment than usual), some passages from my sermon on the day of the National Fast, from the text, "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them" (Heb. xiii. 3). But I have not leisure sufficient at present for the copying of them, even were I altogether satisfied with the production as it stands. I should prefer, I confess, to contribute the entire discourse to the pages of your respectable miscellany, if it should be found acceptable upon perusal, especially as I find the difficulty of selection of greater magnitude than I had anticipated. What passes without challenge in the fervour of oral delivery, cannot always stand the colder criticism of the closet. I am not so great an enemy of Eloquence as my friend Mr. Biglow would appear to be from some passages in his contribution for the current month. I would not, indeed, hastily suspect him of covertly glancing at myself in his somewhat caustick animadversions, albeit some of the phrases he girds at are not entire strangers to my lips. I am a more hearty admirer of the Puritans than seems now to be the fashion, and believe that, if they Hebraized a little too much in their speech, they showed remarkable practical sagacity as statesmen and founders. But such phenomena as Puritanism are the results rather of great religious than merely social convulsions, and do not long survive them. So soon as an earnest conviction has cooled into a phrase, its work is over, and the best that can be done with it is to bury it. *Ite, missa est.* I am inclined to agree with Mr. Biglow that we cannot settle the great political questions which are now presenting themselves to the nation by the opinions of Jeremiah or Ezekiel as to the wants and duties of the Jews in their time, nor do I believe that an entire community with their feelings and views would be practicable or even agreeable at the

present day. At the same time I could wish that their habit of subordinating the actual to the moral, the flesh to the spirit, and this world to the other, were more common. They had found out, at least, the great military secret that soul weighs more than body.—But I am suddenly called to a sick-bed in the household of a valued parishioner.

With esteem and respect,  
Your obedient servant,  
HOMER WILBUR.

---

ONCE git a smell o' musk into a draw,  
An' it clings hold like precerents in law :  
Your gra'ma'am put it there,—when, goodness knows,—  
To jes' this-worldify her Sunday-clo'es ;  
But the old chist wun't sarve her gran'son's wife,  
(For, 'thout new funnitoor, wut good in life?)  
An' so ole clawfoot, from the precinks dread  
O' the spare chamber, slinks into the shed,  
Where, dim with dust, it fust or last subsides  
To holdin' seeds an' fifty things besides ;  
But better days stick fast in heart an' husk,  
An' all you keep in't gits a scent o' musk.

Jes' so with poets : wut they've airly read  
Gits kind o' worked into their heart an' head,  
So's 't they can't seem to write but jest on sheers  
With furrin countries or played-out ideers,  
Nor hev a feelin', ef it doosn't smack  
O' wut some critter chose to feel 'way back :  
This makes 'em talk o' daisies, larks, an' things,  
Ez though we'd nothin' here that blows an' sings—  
(Why, I'd give more for one live bobolink  
Than a square mile o' larks in printer's ink,)—

This makes 'em think our fust o' May is May,  
Which 't ain't, for all the almanicks can say.

O little city-gals, don't never go it  
Blind on the word o' noospaper or poet !  
They're apt to puff, an' May-day seldom looks  
Up in the country ez it doos in books ;  
They're no more like than hornets-nests an' hives,  
Or printed sarmons be to holy lives.  
I, with my trousers perched on cowhide boots,  
Tuggin' my foundered feet out by the roots,  
Hev seen ye come to fling on April's hearse  
Your muslin nosegays from the milliner's,  
Puzzlin' to find dry ground your queen to choose,  
An' dance your throats sore in morocker shoes :  
I've seen ye an' felt proud, thet, come wut would,  
Our Pilgrim stock wuz pithed with hardihood.  
Pleasure doos make us Yankees kind o' winch,  
Ez though 'twuz sunthin' paid for by the inch ;  
But yit we du contrive to worry thru,  
Ef Dooty tells us thet the thing's to du,  
An' kerry a hollerday, ef we set out,  
Ez stiddily ez though 'twuz a redoubt.

I, country-born an' bred, know where to find  
Some blooms thet make the season suit the mind,  
An' seem to metch the doubtin' blue-bird's notes,—  
Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,  
Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you oncurl,  
Each on 'em's cradle to a baby-pearl,—  
But these are jes' Spring's pickets ; sure ez sin,  
The rebbles frosts 'll try to drive 'em in ;  
For half our May's so awfully like Mayn't,  
'Twould rile a Shaker or an evrige saint ;



Though I own up I like our back'ard springs  
Thet kind o' haggles with their greens an' things,  
An' when you 'most give up, 'ithout more words  
Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves, an' birds :  
Thet's Northun natur', slow an' apt to doubt,  
But when it *doos* git stirred, ther's no gin-out !

Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin' in tall trees,  
An' settlin' things in windy Congresses,—  
Queer politicians, though, for I'll be skinned  
Ef all on 'em don't head against the wind.  
'Fore long the trees begin to show belief,—  
The maple crimsons to a coral-reef,  
Then saflern swarms swing off from all the willers  
So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,  
Then gray hossches'nuts leetle hands unfold  
Softer'n a baby's be at three days old :  
Thet's robin-redbreast's almanick ; he knows  
Thet arter this ther's only blossom-snows ;  
So, choosin' out a handy crotch an' spouse,  
He goes to plast'rin' his adobë house.

Then seems to come a hitch,—things lag behind,  
Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up her mind,  
An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers cresh their dams  
Heaped up with ice thet dovetails in an' jams,  
A leak comes spirtin' thru some pin-hole cleft,  
Grows stronger, fercer, tears out right an' left,  
Then all the waters bow themselves an' come,  
Suddin, in one gret slope o' shedderin' foam,  
Jes' so our Spring gits everythin' in tune  
An' gives one leap from April into June :  
Then all comes crowdin' in ; afore you think,  
Young oak-leaves mist the side-hill woods with pink ;

The catbird in the laylock-bush is loud ;  
The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy cloud ;  
Red-cedars blossom tu, though few folks know it,  
An' look all dipt in sunshine like a poet ;  
The lime-trees pile their solid stacks o' shade  
An' drows'ly simmer with the bees' sweet trade ;  
In ellum-shrouds the flashin' hangbird clings  
An' for the summer vy'ge his hammock slings ;  
All down the loose-walled lanes in archin' bowers  
The barb'ry droops its strings o' golden flowers,  
Whose shrinkin' hearts the school-gals love to try  
With pins,—they'll worry yourn so, boys, bimeby !  
But I don't love your cat'logue style,—do you ?—  
Ez ef to sell off Natur' by vendoo ;  
One word with blood in't 's twice ez good ez  
two :

'Nuff said, June's bridesman, poet o' the year,  
Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here ;  
Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings,  
Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin' wings,  
Or givin' way to't in a mock despair,  
Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru the air.

I ollus feel the sap start in my veins  
In Spring, with curus heats an' prickly pains,  
Thet drive me, when I git a chance, to walk  
Off by myself to hev a privit talk  
With a queer critter thet can't seem to 'gree  
Along o' me like most folks,—Mister Me.  
Ther's times when I'm unsoshle ez a stone,  
An' sort o' suffocate to be alone,—  
I'm crowded jes' to think thet folks are nigh,  
An' can't bear nothin' closer than the sky ;  
Now the wind's full ez shifty in the mind  
Ez wut it is ou'-doors, ef I ain't blind.

An' sometimes, in the fairest sou'-west weather,  
My innard vane pints east for weeks together,  
My natur' gits all goose-flesh, an' my sins  
Come drizzlin' on my conscience sharp ez pins :  
Wal, et sech times I jes' slip out o' sight  
An' take it out in a fair stan'-up fight  
With the one cuss I can't lay on the shelf,  
The crook'dest stick in all the heap,—Myself.

'Twuz so las' Sabbath arter meetin'-time :  
Findin' my feelin's wouldn't noways rhyme  
With nobody's, but off the hendle flew  
An' took things from an east-wind pint o' view,  
I started off to lose me in the hills  
Where the pines be, up back o' 'Siah's Mills :  
Pines, ef you're blue, are the best friends I know.  
They mope an' sigh an' sheer your feelin's so,—  
They hesh the ground beneath so, tu, I swan,  
You half-forgit you've gut a body on.  
Ther's a small school-'us' there where four roads meet,  
The door steps hollered out by little feet,  
An' side-posts carved with names whose owners grew  
To gret men, some on 'em, an' deacons, tu ;  
'Tain't used no longer, coz the town hez gut  
A high school, where they teach the Lord knows wut :  
Three-story larnin's pop'lar now ; I guess  
We thriv' ez wal on jes' two stories less  
For it strikes me ther's sech a thing ez sinnin'  
By overloadin' children's under-pinnin' :  
Wal, here it wuz I larned my A B C,  
An' it's a kind o' favourite spot with me.

We're curus critters : Now ain't jes' the minute  
Thet ever fits us easy while we're in it ;

Long ez 'twuz futur', 'twould be perfect bliss—  
Soon ez it's past, *thet* time's wuth ten o' this :  
An' yit there ain't a man thet need be told  
Thet Now's the only bird lays eggs o' gold.  
A knee-high lad, I used to plot an plan  
An' think 'twuz life's cap-sheaf to be a man ;  
Now, gittin' grey, there's nothin' I enjoy  
Like dreamin' back along into a boy :  
So the old school'us' is a place I choose  
Afore all others, ef I want to muse ;  
I set down where I used to set, an' git  
My boyhood back, an' better things with it,—  
Faith, Hope, an' sunthin', ef it isn't Cherrity,  
It's want o' guile, an' thet's ez gret a rerrity,—  
While Fancy's cushin', free to Prince and Clown,  
Makes the hard bench ez soft ez milk-weed-  
down.

Now, 'fore I knowed, thet Sabbath arternoon  
Thet I sot out to tramp myself in tune,  
I found me in the school'us' on my seat,  
Drummin' the march to No-wheres with my feet.  
Thinkin' o' nothin', I've heerd ole folks say  
Is a hard kind o' dooty in its way :  
It's thinkin' everythin' you ever knew,  
Or ever hearn, to make your feelin's blue.  
I sot there tryin' thet on for a spell :  
I thought o' the Rebellion, then o' Hell,  
Which some folks tell ye now is jest a metterfor  
(A the'ry, p'raps, it wun't *feel* none the better for) ;  
I thought o' Reconstruction, wut we'd win ;  
Patchin' our patent self-blow-up agin :  
I thought ef this 'ere milkin' o' the wits,  
So much a month, warn't givin' Natur' fits,—  
Ef folks warn't druv, findin' their own milk fail,  
To work the cow thet hez an iron tail,

An' ef idees 'thout ripenin' in the pan  
Would send up cream to humour ary man :  
From this to thet I let my worryin' creep,  
Till finally I must ha' fell asleep.

Our lives in sleep are some like streams thet glide  
'Twixt flesh an' sperrit boundin' on each side,  
Where both shores' shadders kind o' mix an' mingle  
In sunthin' thet ain't jes' like either single ;  
An'' when you cast off moorin's from To-day,  
An' down towards To-morrer drift away,  
The imiges thet tingle on the stream  
Make a new upside-down'ard world o' dream :  
Sometimes they seem like sunrise-streaks an' warnin's  
O' wut'll be in Heaven on Sabbath-mornin's,  
An', mixed right in ez ef jest out o' spite,  
Sunthin' thet says your supper ain't gone right.  
I'm gret on dreams, an' often when I wake,  
I've lived so much it makes my mem'ry ache,  
An' can't skurce take a cat-nap in my cheer  
'Thout hevin' 'em, some good, some bad, all queer.

Now I wuz settin' where I'd ben, it seemed,  
An' ain't sure yit whether I r'ally dreamed,  
Nor, ef I did, how long I might ha' slep',  
When I hearn some un stompin' up the step,  
An' lookin' round, ef two an' two make four,  
I see a Pilgrim Father in the door.  
He wore a steeple-hat, tall boots, an' spurs  
With rowels to 'em big ez ches'nut-burrs,  
An' his gret sword behind him sloped away  
Long'z a man's speech thet dunno wut to say.—  
“Ef your name's Biglow, an' your given-name  
Hosee,” sez he, “it's arter you I came ;

I'm your gret-gran'ther multiplied by three."—  
"My *wut?*" sez I.—"Your gret-gret-gret," sez he :  
"You wouldn't ha' never ben here but for me.  
Two hundred an' three year ago this May  
The ship I come in sailed up Boston Bay ;  
I'd been a cunnle in our Civil War,—  
But wut on airth hev *you* gut up one for?  
Coz we du things in England, 'tain't for you  
To git a notion you can du 'em tu :  
I'm told you write in public prints : ef true,  
It's nateral you should know a thing or two."—  
"Thet air's an argymunt I can't endorse,—  
'Twould prove, coz you wear spurs, you kep a horse :  
For brains," sez I, "wutever you may think,  
Ain't boun' to cash the draf's o' pen-an'-ink,—  
Though mos' folks write ez ef they hoped jes' quickenin'  
The churn would argoo skim-milk into thickenin' ;  
But skim-milk ain't a thing to change its view  
O' wut it's meant for more'n a smoky flue.  
But du pray tell me, 'fore we further go,  
How in all Natur' did you come to know  
'Bout our affairs," sez I, "in Kingdom-Come?"—  
"Wal, I worked round at sperrit-rappin' some,  
An' danced the tables till their legs wuz gone,  
In hopes o' larnin' wut wuz goin' on,"  
Sez he, "but mejums lie so like all-split  
Thet I concluded it wuz best to quit.  
But, come now, ef you wun't confess to knowin',  
You've some conjectures how the thing's agoin'."—  
"Gran'ther," sez I, "a vane warn't never known  
Nor asked to hev a jedgment of its own ;  
An' yit, ef 'tain't gut rusty in the jints,  
It's safe to trust its say on certin pints :  
It knows the wind's opinions to a T,  
An' the wind settles wut the weather'll be."

“ I never thought a scion of our stock  
Could grow the wood to make a weather-cock ;  
When I wuz younger’n you, skurce more’n a shaver,  
No airthly wind,” sez he, “ could make me waver ! ”  
(Ez he said this, he clinched his jaw an’ forehead,  
Hitchin’ his belt to bring his sword-hilt forrard.)—  
“ Jes’ so it wuz with me,” sez I, “ I swow,  
When I wuz younger’n wut you see me now,—  
Nothin’ from Adam’s fall to Huldy’s bonnet,  
Thet I warn’t full-cocked with my jedgment on it ;  
But now I’m gittin’ on in life, I find  
It’s a sight harder to make up my mind,—  
Nor I don’t often try tu, when events  
Will du it for me free of all expense.  
The moral question’s ollus plain enough,—  
It’s jes’ the human natur’ side thet’s tough ;  
Wut’s best to think mayn’t puzzle me nor you,—  
The pinch comes in decidin’ wut to *du* ;  
Ef you *read* History, all runs smooth ez grease,  
Coz there the men ain’t nothin’ more’n idees,—  
But come to *make* it, ez we must to-day,  
Th’ idees hev arms an’ legs an’ stop the way :  
It’s easy fixin’ things in facts an’ figgers,—  
They can’t resist, nor warn’t brought up with  
niggers ;  
But come to try your the’ry on,—why then,  
Your facts an’ figgers change to ign’ant men  
Actin’ ez ugly ”—“ Smite ’em hip an’ thigh ! ”  
Sez gran’ther, “ and let every man-child die !  
Oh for three weeks o’ Crommle an’ the Lord !  
Up, Isr’el, to your tents an’ grind the sword ! ”—  
“ Thet kind o’ thing worked wal in ole Judee,  
But you forgit how long it’s ben A. D. ;  
You think thet’s ellerkence,—I call it shoddy,  
A thing,” sez I, “ wun’t cover soul nor body ;



I like the plain all-wool o' common-sense,  
Thet warms ye now, an' will a twelvemonth hence.  
*You* took to follerin' where the Prophets beckoned,  
An', fust you knowed on, back come Charles the  
Second ;

Now wut I want's to hev all *we* gain stick,  
An' not to start Millennium too quick ;  
We hain't to punish only, but to keep,  
An' the cure's gut to go a cent'ry deep."  
"Wal, milk-an'-water ain't the best o' glue,"  
Sez he, "an' so you'll find before you're thru ;  
Ef reshness venters sunthin', shilly-shally  
Loses ez often wut's ten times the vally.  
Thet exe of ourn, when Charles's neck 'gut split,  
Opened a gap thet ain't bridged over yit :  
Slav'ry's your Charles, the Lord hez gin the exe"—  
"Our Charles," sez I, "hez gut eight million necks.  
The hardest question ain't the black man's right,  
The trouble is to 'mancipate the white ;  
One's chained in body an' can be sot free,  
But t'other's chained in soul to an idee :  
It's a long job, but we shall worry thru it :  
Ef bagnets fail, the spellin'-book must du it."  
"Hosee," sez he, "I think you're goin' to fail :  
The rattlesnake ain't dangerous in the tail ;  
This 'ere rebellion's nothin' but the rattle,—  
You'll stomp on thet an' think you've won the bettle ;  
It's Slavery thet's the fangs an' thinkin' head,  
An' ef you want selvation, cresh it dead,—  
An' cresh it suddin, or you'll larn by waitin'  
Thet Chance wun't stop to listen to debatin' !"  
"God's truth !" sez I,— "an' ef I held the club,  
An' knowed jes' where to strike,—but there's the rub!"—  
"Strike soon," sez he, "or you'll be deadly ailin',—  
Folks thet's afeared to fail are sure o' failin' ;

God hates your sneakin' creturs thet believe  
He'll settle things they run away an' leave!"  
He brought his foot down fercely ez he spoke,  
An' give me sech a startle thet I woke.

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## No. VII.

## LATEST VIEWS OF MR. BIGLOW.

## PRELIMINARY NOTE.

[IT is with feelings of the liveliest pain that we inform our readers of the death of the Reverend Homer Wilbur, A.M., which took place suddenly, by an apoplectic stroke on the afternoon of Christmas day, 1862. Our venerable friend (for so we may venture to call him, though we never enjoyed the high privilege of his personal acquaintance) was in his eighty-fourth year, having been born June 12, 1779, at Pigsgusset Precinct (now West Jerusha) in the then District of Maine. Graduated with distinction at Hubville College in 1805, he pursued his theological studies with the late Reverend Preserved Thacker, D.D., and was called to the charge of the First Society in Jaalam in 1809, where he remained till his death.

"As an antiquary he has probably left no superior, if, indeed, an equal," writes his friend and colleague, the Reverend Jeduthun Hitchcock, to whom we are indebted for the above facts; "in proof of which I need only allude to his 'History of Jaalam, Genealogical, Topographical, and Ecclesiastical,' 1849, which has won him an eminent and enduring place in our more solid and useful literature. It is only to be regretted that his intense application to historical studies should have so entirely withdrawn him from the pursuit of poetical composition, for which he was endowed by Nature with a remarkable

aptitude. His well-known hymn, beginning 'With clouds of care encompassed round,' has been attributed in some collections to the late President Dwight, and it is hardly presumptuous to affirm that the simile of the rainbow in the eighth stanza would do no discredit to that polished pen."

We regret that we have not room at present for the whole of Mr. Hitchcock's exceedingly valuable communication. We hope to lay more liberal extracts from it before our readers at an early day. A summary of its contents will give some notion of its importance and interest. It contains: 1st, A biographical sketch of Mr. Wilbur, with notices of his predecessors in the pastoral office, and of eminent clerical contemporaries; 2d, An obituary of deceased, from the Punkin-Falls *Weekly Parallel*; 3d, A list of his printed and manuscript productions and of projected works; 4th, Personal anecdotes and recollections, with specimens of table-talk; 5th, A tribute to his relict, Mrs. Dorcas (Pilcox) Wilbur; 6th, A list of graduates fitted for different colleges by Mr. Wilbur, with biographical memoranda touching the more distinguished; 7th, Concerning learned, charitable, and other societies, of which Mr. Wilbur was a member, and of those with which, had his life been prolonged, he would doubtless have been associated, with a complete catalogue of such Americans as have been Fellows of the Royal Society; 8th, A brief summary of Mr. Wilbur's latest conclusions concerning the Tenth Horn of the Beast in its special application to recent events, for which the public, as Mr. Hitchcock assures us, have been waiting with feelings of lively anticipation; 9th, Mr. Hitchcock's own views on the same topic; and, 10th, A brief essay on the importance of local histories. It will be apparent that the duty of preparing Mr. Wilbur's biography could not have fallen into more sympathetic hands.

In a private letter with which the reverend gentleman has since favoured us, he expresses the opinion that Mr. Wilbur's life was shortened by our unhappy civil war. It disturbed his studies, dislocated all his habitual associations and trains of thought, and unsettled the foundations of a faith, rather the result of habit than conviction, in the capacity of man for self-government. "Such has been the felicity of my life," he said to Mr. Hitchcock, on the very morning of the day he died, "that, through the divine mercy, I could always say, *Summum nec metuo diem, nec opto*. It has been my habit, as you know, on every recurrence of this blessed anniversary, to read Milton's 'Hymn of the Nativity' till its sublime harmonies so dilated my soul and quickened its spiritual sense that I seemed to hear that other song which gave assurance to the shepherds that there was One who would lead them also in green pastures and beside the still waters. But to-day I have been unable to think of anything but that mournful text, 'I came not to send peace, but a sword,' and, did it not smack of pagan presumptuousness, could almost wish I had never lived to see this day."

Mr. Hitchcock also informs us that his friend "lies buried in the Jaalam graveyard, under a large red-cedar which he specially admired. A neat and substantial monument is to be erected over his remains, with a Latin epitaph written by himself; for he was accustomed to say, pleasantly, 'that there was at least one occasion in a scholar's life when he might show the advantages of a classical training.'"

The following fragment of a letter addressed to us, and apparently intended to accompany Mr. Biglow's contribution to the present number, was found upon his table after his decease.—EDITORS "ATLANTIC MONTHLY."]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

JALAM, 24th Dec., 1862.

RESPECTED SIRS,—The infirm state of my bodily health would be a sufficient apology for not taking up the pen at this time, wholesome as I deem it for the mind to apurate in the shelter of epistolary confidence, were it not that a considerable, I might even say a large, number of individuals in this parish expect from their pastor some publick expression of sentiment at this crisis. Moreover, *Qui tacitus ardet magis uritur*. In trying times like these, the besetting sin of undisciplined minds is to seek refuge from inexplicable realities in the dangerous stimulant of angry partisanship or the indolent narcotick of vague and hopeful vaticination: *fortunamque suo temperat arbitrio*. Both by reason of my age and my natural temperament, I am unfitted for either. Unable to penetrate the inscrutable judgments of God, I am more than ever thankful that my life has been prolonged till I could in some small measure comprehend His mercy. As there is no man who does not at some time render himself amenable to the one,—*quum vix justus sit securus*,—so there is none that does not feel himself in daily need of the other.

I confess I cannot feel, as some do, a personal consolation for the manifest evils of this war in any remote or contingent advantages that may spring from it. I am old and weak, I can bear little, and can scarce hope to see better days; nor is it any adequate compensation to know that Nature is old and strong and can bear much. Old men philosophise over the past, but the present is only a burthen and a weariness. The one lies before them like a placid evening landscape: the other is full of the vexations and anxieties of housekeeping. It may be true enough that *miscet hæc illis, prohibetque Clotho*

*fortunam stare*, but he who said it was fain at last to call in Atropos with her shears before her time ; and I cannot help selfishly mourning that the fortune of our Republick could not at least stand till my days were numbered.

Tibullus would find the origin of wars in the great exaggeration of riches, and does not stick to say that in the days of the beechen trencher there was peace. But averse as I am by nature from all wars, the more as they have been especially fatal to libraries, I would have this one go on till we are reduced to wooden platters again, rather than surrender the principle to defend which it was undertaken. Though I believe Slavery to have been the cause of it, by so thoroughly demoralising Northern politicks for its own purposes as to give opportunity and hope to treason, yet I would not have our thought and purpose diverted from their true object,—the maintenance of the idea of Government. We are not merely suppressing an enormous riot, but contending for the possibility of permanent order coexisting with democratical fickleness ; and while I would not superstitiously venerate form to the sacrifice of substance, neither would I forget that an adherence to precedent and prescription can alone give that continuity and coherence under a democratical constitution which are inherent in the person of a despotick monarch and the selfishness of an aristocratical class. *Stet pro ratione voluntas* is as dangerous in a majority as in a tyrant.

I cannot allow the present production of my young friend to go out without a protest from me against a certain extremeness in his views, more pardonable in the poet than the philosopher. While I agree with him, that the only cure for rebellion is suppression by force, yet I must animadvert upon certain phrases where I seem to see a coincidence with a popular fallacy on the subject of compromise. On the one hand there are those who do

not see that the vital principle of Government and the seminal principle of Law cannot properly be made a subject of compromise at all, and on the other those who are equally blind to the truth that without a compromise of individual opinions, interests, and even rights, no society would be possible. *In medio tutissimus.* For my own part, I would gladly——

---

EF I a song or two could make  
 Like rockets druv by their own burnin',  
 All leap an' light, to leave a wake  
 Men's hearts an' faces skyward turnin' !—  
 But, it strikes me, 'tain't jest the time  
 Fer stringin' words with settisfaction :  
 Wut's wanted now's the silent rhyme  
 'Twixt upright Will and downright Action.

Words, ef you keep 'em, pay their keep,  
 But gabble's the short cut to ruin ;  
 It's gratis (gals half-price), but cheap  
 At no rate, ef it henders doin' ;  
 Ther's nothin' wuss, 'less 'tis to set  
 A martyr-prem'um upon jawrin' :  
 Teapots git dangerous, ef you shet  
 Their lids down on 'em with Fort Warren.

'Bout long enough it's ben discussed  
 Who sot the magazine afire,  
 An' whether, ef Bob Wickliffe bust,  
 'Twould scare us more or blow us higher.  
 D' ye s'pose the Gret Foreseer's plan  
 Wuz settled fer him in town-meetin' ?  
 Or thet ther' 'd ben no Fall o' Man,  
 Ef Adam 'd on'y bit a sweetin' ?



Oh, Jon'than, ef you want to be  
 A rugged chap agin an' hearty,  
 Go fer wutever'll hurt Jeff D.,  
 Nut wut'll boost up ary party  
 Here's hell broke loose, an' we lay flat  
 With half the univarse a-singin',  
 Till Sen'tor This, an' Gov'nor Thet  
 Stop squabblin' fer the garding-ingin.

It's war we're in, not politics ;  
 It's systems wrastlin' now, not parties ;  
 An' victory in the eend'll fix  
 Where longest will an' truest heart is.  
 An' wut's the Guv'ment folks about ?  
 Tryin' to hope ther's nothin' doin',  
 An' look ez though they didn't doubt  
 Sunthin' pertickler wuz a-brewin'.

Ther's critters yit thet talk an' act  
 Fer wut they call Conciliation :  
 They'd hand a buff'lo-drove a tract  
 When they wuz madder than all Bashan.  
 Conciliate ? it jest means *be kicked*,  
 No metter how they phrase an' tone it ;  
 It means thet we're to set down licked,  
 Thet we're poor shotes an' glad to own it !

A war on tick's ez dear 'z the deuce,  
 But it wun't leave no lastin' traces,  
 Ez 'twould to make a sneakin' truce  
 Without no moral specie-basis :  
 Ef green-backs ain't nut jest the cheese,  
 I guess ther's evils thet's extremier,—  
 Fer instance,—shinplaster idees  
 Like them put out by Gov'nor Seymour.

Last year, the Nation, at a word  
 When tremblin' Freedom cried to shield her,  
 Flamed weldin' into one keen sword  
 Waitin' an' longin' fer a wielder :  
 A splendid flash !—but how'd the grasp  
 With sech a chance ez thet wuz tally ?  
 Ther' warn't no meanin' in our clasp,—  
 Half this, half thet, all shilly-shally.

More men ? More Man ! It's there we fail :  
 Weak plans grow weaker yit by lengthenin' :  
 Wut use in addin' to the tail,  
 When it's the head's in need o' strengthenin' ?  
 We wanted one thet felt all Chief  
 From roots o' hair to sole o' stockin',  
 Square-sot with thousan'-ton belief  
 In him an' us, ef earth went rockin' !

Ole Hick'ry wouldn't ha' stood see-saw  
 'Bout doin' things till they wuz done with,—  
 He'd smashed the tables o' the Law  
 In time o' need to load his gun with ;  
 He couldn't see but jest one side,—  
 Ef his, 'twuz God's, an' thet wuz plenty ;  
 An' so his "*Forrards !*" multiplied  
 An army's fightin' weight by twenty.

But this 'ere histin', creak, creak, creak,  
 Your cappen's heart up with a derrick,  
 This tryin' to coax a lightnin'-streak  
 Out of a half-discouraged hayrick,  
 This hangin' on mont' arter mont'  
 Fer one sharp purpose 'mongst the twitter,—  
 I tell ye, it doos kind o' stunt  
 The peth and sperit of a critter.

In six months where'll the People be  
Ef leaders look on revolution  
Ez though it wuz a cup o' tea,—  
Jest social el'ments in solution?  
This weighin' things doos wal enough  
When war cools down, an' comes to writin';  
But while it's makin', the true stuff  
Is pison-mad, pig-headed fightin'.

Democ'acy gives every man  
The right to be his own oppressor;  
But a loose Gov'ment ain't the plan,  
Helpless ez spilled beans on a dresser:  
I tell ye one thing we might larn  
From them smart critters, the Seceders,—  
Ef bein' right's the fust consarn,  
The 'fore-the-fust's cast-iron leaders.

But 'pears to me I see some signs  
Thet we're a-goin' to use our senses:  
Jeff druv us into these hard lines,  
An' ough' to bear his half th' expenses;  
Slavery's Secession's heart an' will,  
South, North, East, West, where'er you find it,  
An' ef it drors into War's mill,  
D'ye say them thunder-stone shan't grind it?

D'ye s'pose, ef Jeff giv *him* a lick,  
Ole Hick'ry 'd tried his head to sof'n  
So 's 'twouldn't hurt thet ebony stick  
Thet's made our side see stars so of'n?  
"No!" he'd ha' thundered, "On your knees,  
An' own one flag, one road to glory!  
Soft-heartedness, in times like these,  
Shows sof'ness in the upper storey!"

An' why should we kick up a muss  
About the Pres'dunt's proclamation ?  
It ain't a-goin' to lib'rate us,  
Ef we don't like emancipation :  
The right to be a cussed fool  
Is safe from all devices human,  
It's common (ez a gin'l rule)  
To every critter born o' woman.

So *we're* all right, an' I, fer one,  
Don't think our cause'll lose in vally  
By rammin' Scriptur' in our gun,  
An' gittin' Natur' fer an ally :  
Thank God, say I, fer even a plan  
To lift one human bein's level,  
Give one more chance to make a man,  
Or, anyhow, to spile a devil !

Not thet I'm one thet much expect'  
Millennium by express to-morrer ;  
They *will* miscarry,—I rec'lec'  
Tu many on 'em, to my sorrer :  
Men ain't made angels in a day,  
No matter how you mould an' labour 'em,—  
Nor 'riginal ones, I guess, don't stay  
With Abe so of'n ez with Abraham.

The'ry thinks Fact a pooty thing,  
An' wants the banns read right ensuin' ;  
But Fact wun't noways wear the ring,  
'Thout years o' settin' up an' wooin' :  
Though, arter all, Time's dial-plate  
Marks cent'ries with the minute-finger,  
An' Good can't never come tu late,  
Though it doos seem to try an' linger.

An' come wut will, I think it's grand  
 Abe's gut his will et last bloom-furnaced  
 In trial-flames till it'll stand  
 The strain o' bein' in deadly earnest :  
 Thet's wut we want,—we want to know  
 The folks on our side hez the bravery  
 To b'lieve ez hard, come weal, come woe,  
 In Freedom ez Jeff doos in Slavery.

Set the two forces foot to foot,  
 An' every man knows who'll be winner,  
 Whose faith in God hez ary root  
 Thet goes down deeper than his dinner :  
*Then* 'twill be felt from pole to pole,  
 Without no need o' proclamation,  
 Earth's biggest Country's gut her soul  
 An' risen up Earth's Greatest Nation !

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## NO. VIII.

### KETTELOPOTOMACHIA.

#### PRELIMINARY NOTE.

IN the month of February, 1866, the editors of the *Atlantic Monthly* received from the Rev. Mr Hitchcock of Jaalam a letter enclosing the macaronic verses which follow, and promising to send more, if more should be communicated. "They were rapped out on the evening of Thursday last past," he says, "by what claimed to be the spirit of my late predecessor in the ministry here, the Rev. Dr. Wilbur, through the medium of a young man at present domiciled in my family. As to the possibility of such spiritual manifestations, or whether they be properly so entitled, I express no opinion, as there is a division of sentiment on that sub-

ject in the parish, and many persons of the highest respectability in social standing entertain opposing views. The young man who was improved as a medium submitted himself to the experiment with manifest reluctance, and is still unprepared to believe in the authenticity of the manifestations. During his residence with me his deportment has always been exemplary; he has been constant in his attendance upon our family devotions, and the public ministrations of the Word, and has more than once privately stated to me, that the latter had often brought him under deep concern of mind. The table is an ordinary quadrupedal one, weighing about thirty pounds, three feet seven inches and a half in height, four feet square on the top, and of beech or maple, I am not definitely prepared to say which. It had once belonged to my respected predecessor, and had been, so far as I can learn upon careful inquiry, of perfectly regular and correct habits up to the evening in question. On that occasion the young man previously alluded to had been sitting with his hands resting carelessly upon it, while I read over to him at his request certain portions of my last Sabbath's discourse. On a sudden the rappings, as they are called, commenced to render themselves audible, at first faintly, but in process of time more distinctly and with violent agitation of the table. The young man expressed himself both surprised and pained by the wholly unexpected, and, so far as he was concerned, unprecedented occurrence. At the earnest solicitation, however, of several who happened to be present, he consented to go on with the experiment, and with the assistance of the alphabet commonly employed in similar emergencies, the following communication was obtained and written down immediately by myself. Whether any, and if so, how much weight should be attached to it, I venture no decision. That Dr. Wilbur had sometimes employed his

leisure in Latin versification I have ascertained to be the case, though all that has been discovered of that nature among his papers consists of some fragmentary passages of a version into hexameters of portions of the Song of Solomon. These I had communicated about a week or ten days previous[ly] to the young gentleman who officiated as medium in the communication afterwards received. I have thus, I believe, stated all the material facts that have any elucidative bearing upon this mysterious occurrence."

So far Mr. Hitchcock, who seems perfectly master of Webster's unabridged quarto, and whose flowing style leads him into certain further expatiations for which we have not room. We have since learned that the young man he speaks of was a sophomore, put under his care during a sentence of rustication from — College, where he had distinguished himself rather by physical experiments on the comparative power of resistance in window-glass to various solid substances, than in the more regular studies of the place. In answer to a letter of inquiry, the professor of Latin says, "There was no harm in the boy that I know of beyond his loving mischief more than Latin, nor can I think of any spirits likely to possess him except those commonly called animal. He was certainly not remarkable for his Latinity, but I see nothing in the verses you inclose that would lead me to think them beyond his capacity, or the result of any special inspiration whether of beech or maple. Had that of *birch* been tried upon him earlier and more faithfully, the verses would perhaps have been better in quality and certainly in quantity." This exact and thorough scholar then goes on to point out many false quantities and barbarisms. It is but fair to say, however, that the author, whoever he was, seems not to have been unaware of some of them himself, as is shown by a great many notes appended to



the verses as we received them, and purporting to be by Scaliger, Bentley, and others,—among them the *Esprit de Voltaire!* These we have omitted as clearly meant to be humorous and altogether failing therein.

Though entirely satisfied that the verses are altogether unworthy of Mr. Wilbur, who seems to have been a tolerable Latin scholar after the fashion of his day, yet we have determined to print them here, partly as belonging to the *res gestæ* of this collection, and partly as a warning to their putative author which may keep him from such indecorous pranks for the future.

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### KETTELOPOTOMACHIA.

P. Ovidii Nasonis carmen heroicum macaronicum perplexa-  
metrum, inter Getas getico more compostum, denuo per medium  
ardentispirituallem, adjuvante mensâ diabolice obsessâ, recu-  
peratum, curâque Jo. Conradi Schwarzii umbræ, aliis necnon  
plurimis adjuvantibus, restitutum.

#### LIBER I.

PUNCTORUM garretos colens et cellara Quinque,  
Gutteribus quæ et gaudes sundayam abstringere frontem,  
Plerumque insidos solita fluitare liquore  
Tanglepedem quem homines appellant Di quoque rotgut,  
Pimpliidis, rubicundaque, Musa, O, bourbonolensque, 5  
Fenianas rixas procul, alma, brogipotentis  
Patricii cyathos iterantis et horrida bella,  
Backos dum virides viridis Brigitta remittit,  
Linquens, eximios celebrem, da, Virginienses  
Rowdes, præcipue et TE, heros alte, Polarde! 10  
Insignes juvenesque, illo certamine lictos,  
Colemane, Tylere, nec vos oblivione relinquam.

Ampla aquilæ invictæ fausto est sub tegmine terra,  
Backyfer, ooiskeo pollens, ebenoque bipede,

Socors præsidum et altrix (denique quidruminantium), 15  
 Duplefveorū uberrima ; illis et integre cordi est  
 Deplere assidue et sine proprio incomodo fiscum ;  
 Nunc etiam placidum hoc opus invictique secuti,  
 Goosam aureos ni eggos voluissent inmo necare  
 Quæ peperit, saltem ac de illis meliora merentem. 20

Condidit hanc Smithius Dux, Captinus inclytus ille  
 Regis Ulyssæ instar, docti arcum intendere longum ;  
 Condidit ille Johnsmith, Virginiamque vocavit,  
 Settledit autem Jacobus rex, nomine primus,  
 Rascalis implens ruptis, blagardisque deboshtis, 25  
 Militibusque ex Falstaffi legione fugatis

Wenchisque illi quas poterant seducere nuptas :  
 Virgineum, ah, littus matronis talibus impar !  
 Progeniem stirpe ex hoc non sine stigmate ducunt  
 Multi sese qui jactant regum esse nepotes : 30

Haud omnes, Mater, genitos quæ nuper habebas  
 Bello fortes, consilio cautos, virtute decoros,  
 Jamque et habes, sparso si patrio in sanguine virtus,  
 Mostrabisque iterum, antiquis sub astris reducta !

De illis qui upkikitant, dicebam, rumpora tanta, 35  
 Letcheris et Floydis magnisque Extraordine Billis ;  
 Est his prisca fides jurare et breakere wordum ;  
 Poppere fellerum a tergo, aut stickere clam bowiknifo,  
 Haud sane facinus, dignum sed victrice lauro ;

Larrupere et nigerum, factum præstantius ullo : 40  
 Ast chlamydem piciplumatam, Icarium, flito et ineptam,  
 Yanko gratis induere, illum et valido railo  
 Insuper acri equitare docere est hospitio uti.

Nescio an ille Polardus duplefveoribus ortus,  
 Sed reputo potius de radice poorwitemanorum ; 45  
 Fortuiti proles, ni fallor, Tylerus erat  
 Præsidis, omnibus ab Whiggis nominatus a poor cuss ;  
 Et nobilem tertium evincit venerabile nomen.  
 Ast animosi omnes bellique ad tympana ha ! ha !

Vociferant læti, procul et si prælia, sive 50  
 Hostem incautum atsito possunt shootere salvi ;  
 Imperiique capaces, esset si stylus agmen,  
 Pro dulci spoliabant et sine dangere fito.  
 Præ ceterisque Polardus : si Secessia licita,  
 Se nunquam licturum jurat, res et unheardof, 55  
 Verbo hæsit, similisque audaci roosteri invicto,  
 Dunghilli solitus rex pullos whoppere molles,  
 Grantum, hirelingos stripes quique et splendida tollunt  
 Sidera, et Yankos, territum et omnem sarsuit orbem.

Usque dabant operam iste omnes, noctesque diesque,  
 Samuelem demulgere avunculum, id vero siccum ; 61  
 Uberibus sed ejus, et horum est culpa, remotis,  
 Parvam domi vaccam, nec mora minima, quæerunt,  
 Lacticarentem autem et droppam vix in die dantem ;  
 Reddite avunculi, et exclamabant, reddite pappam ! 65  
 Polko ut consule, gemens, Billy immurmurat, Extra ;  
 Echo respondit, thesauro ex vacuo, pappam !  
 Frusta explorant pocketa, ruber nare repertum ;  
 Officia expulsi aspiciunt rapta, et Paradisum  
 Occlusum, viridesque haud illus nascere backos ; 70  
 Stupent tunc oculis madidis spitantque silenter.  
 Adhibere usu ast longo vires prorsus inepti,  
 Si non ut qui grindeat axve trabemve reuolvat,  
 Virginiam excruciant totis nunc mightibu' matrem ;  
 Non melius, puta, nono panis dimidiumne est ? 75

Readere ibi non posse est casus commoner ullo ;  
 Tanto intentius imprimere est opus ergo statuta ;  
 Nemo propterea pejor, melior, sine doubtto,  
 Obtineat qui contractum, si et postea rhino ;  
 Ergo Polardus, si quis, inexsuperabilis heros, 80  
 Colemanus impavidus nondum, atque in purpure natus  
 Tylerus Iohanides celerisque in flito Nathaniel,  
 Quisque optans digitos in tantum stickere pium,  
 Adstant accincti imprimere aut perrumpere leges :

Quales os miserum rabidi tres ægre molossi, 85  
 Quales aut dubium textum atra in veste ministri,  
 Tales circumstabant nunc nostri inopes hoc job.

Hisque Polardus voce canoro talia fatus :  
 Primum autem, veluti est mos, præceps quisque liquorat,  
 Quisque et Nicotianum ingens quid inserit atrum, 90  
 Heroûm nitidum decus et solamen avitum,  
 Masticat ac simul altisonans, spittatque profuse :  
 Quis de Virginia meruit præstantius unquam ?  
 Quis se pro patria curavit impigre tutum ?  
 Speechisque articulisque hominum quis fortior ullus, 95  
 Ingeminans pennæ lickos et vulnera vocis ?  
 Quisnam putidius (hic) sarsuit Yankinimicos,  
 Sæpius aut dedit ultro datam et broke his parolam ?  
 Mente inquassatus solidâque, tyranno minante,  
 Horrisonis (hic) bombis mœnia et alta quatente, 100  
 Ses promptum (hic) jactans Yankos lickere centum,  
 Atque ad lastum invictus non surrendit unquam ?  
 Ergo haud meddlite, posco, mique relinquitte (hic) hoc  
 job,  
 Si non—knifumque enormem monstrat spittatque tremen-  
 dus.

Dixerat : ast alii reliquorant et sine pauso 105  
 Pluggos incumbunt maxillis, uterque vicissim  
 Certamine innocuo valde madidam inquinat assem :  
 Tylerus autem, dumque liquorat aridus hostis,  
 Mirum aspicit duplumque bibentem, astante Lyæo ;  
 Ardens impavidusque edidit tamen impia verba ; 110  
 Duplum quamvis te aspicio, esses atque viginti,  
 Mendacem dicerem totumque (hic) thrasherem acervum ;  
 Nempe et thrasham, doggonatus (hic) sim nisi faxem ;  
 Lambastabo omnes catawompositer-(hic)que chawam !  
 Dixit et impulsus Ryeo ruitur bene titus, 115  
 Illi nam gravidum caput et laterem habet in hatto.

Hunc inhiat titubansque Polardus optat et illum

Stickere inermen, protegit autem rite Lyæus,  
 Et pronos geminos, oculis dubitantibus, heros 120  
 Cernit et irritus hostes, dumque excogitat utrum  
 Primum inpitchere, corrui, inter utrosque recumbit,  
 Magno asino similis nimio sub pondere quassus :  
 Colemanus hos moestus, triste ruminansque solamen,  
 Inspicit hiccans, circumspittat terque cubantes ;  
 Funereisque his ritibus humidis inde solutis, 125  
 Sternitur, invalidusque illus superincidit infans ;  
 Hos sepelit somnus et snorunt cornisonantes,  
 Watchmanus inscios ast calybooso deinde reponit.

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No. IX.

[THE Editors of the *Atlantic* have received so many letters of inquiry concerning the literary remains of the late Mr. Wilbur, mentioned by his colleague and successor, Rev. Jeduthun Hitchcock, in a communication from which we made some extracts in our number for February, 1863, and have been so repeatedly urged to print some part of them for the gratification of the public, that they felt it their duty at least to make some effort to satisfy so urgent a demand. They have accordingly carefully examined the papers intrusted to them, but find most of the productions of Mr. Wilbur's pen so fragmentary, and even chaotic, written as they are on the backs of letters in an exceedingly cramped chirography,—here a memorandum for a sermon ; there an observation of the weather ; now the measurement of an extraordinary head of cabbage, and then of the cerebral capacity of some reverend brother deceased ; a calm inquiry into the state of modern literature, ending in a method of detecting if milk be impoverished with water, and the amount thereof ; one leaf beginning with a

genealogy, to be interrupted half-way down with an entry that the brindle cow had calved,—that any attempts at selection seemed desperate. His only complete work, “An Enquiry concerning the Tenth Horn of the Beast,” even in the abstract of it given by Mr. Hitchcock, would, by a rough computation of the printers, fill five entire numbers of our journal, and as he attempts, by a new application of decimal fractions, to identify it with the Emperor Julian, seems hardly of immediate concern to the general reader. Even the Table-Talk, though doubtless originally highly interesting in the domestic circle, is so largely made up of theological discussion and matters of local or preterite interest, that we have found it hard to extract anything that would at all satisfy expectation. But, in order to silence further inquiry, we subjoin a few passages as illustrations of its general character.]

I think I could go near to be a perfect Christian if I were always a visitor, as I have sometimes been, at the house of some hospitable friend. I can show a great deal of self-denial where the best of everything is urged upon me with kindly importunity. It is not so very hard to turn the other cheek for a kiss. And when I meditate upon the pains taken for our entertainment in this life, on the endless variety of seasons, of human character and fortune, on the costliness of the hangings and furniture of our dwelling here, I sometimes feel a singular joy in looking upon myself as God's guest, and cannot but believe that we should all be wiser and happier, because more grateful, if we were always mindful of our privilege in this regard. And should we not rate more cheaply any honour that men could pay us, if we remembered that every day we sat at the table of the Great King? Yet must we not forget that we are in strictest



bonds His servants also ; for there is no impiety so abject as that which expects to be *dead-headed* (*ut ita dicam*) through life, and which, calling itself trust in Providence, is in reality asking Providence to trust us and taking up all our goods on false pretences. It is a wise rule to take the world as we find it, not always to leave it so.

It has often set me thinking when I find that I can always pick up plenty of empty nuts under my shagbark-tree. The squirrels know them by their lightness, and I have seldom seen one with the marks of their teeth in it. What a school-house is the world, if our wits would only not play truant ! For I observe that men set most store by forms and symbols in proportion as they are mere shells. It is the outside they want, and not the kernel. What stores of such do not many, who in material things are as shrewd as the squirrels, lay up for the spiritual winter-supply of themselves and their children ? I have seen churches that seemed to be garnerers of these withered nuts, for it is wonderful how prosaic is the apprehension of symbols by the minds of most men. It is not one sect nor another, but all, who, like the dog of the fable, have let drop the spiritual substance of symbols for their material shadow. If one attribute miraculous virtues to mere holy water, that beautiful emblem of inward purification at the door of God's house, another cannot comprehend the significance of baptism without being ducked over head and ears in the liquid vehicle thereof.

[Perhaps a word of historical comment may be permitted here. My late revered predecessor was, I would humbly affirm, as free from prejudice as falls to the lot of the most highly favoured individuals of our species. To be sure, I have heard him say, that "what were



called strong prejudices, were in fact only the repulsion of sensitive organisations from that moral and even physical effluvium through which some natures by providential appointment, like certain unsavoury quadrupeds, gave warning of their neighbourhood. Better ten mistaken suspicions of this kind than one close encounter." This he said somewhat in heat, on being questioned as to his motives for always refusing his pulpit to those itinerant professors of vicarious benevolence who end their discourses by taking up a collection. But at another time I remember his saying, "that there was one large thing which small minds always found room for, and that was great prejudices." This, however, by the way. The statement which I purposed to make was simply this. Down to A.D. 1830, Jaalam had consisted of a single parish, with one house set apart for religious services. In that year the foundations of a Baptist Society were laid by the labours of Elder Joash Q. Balcom, 2d. As the members of the new body were drawn from the First Parish, Mr. Wilbur was for a time considerably exercised in mind. He even went so far as on one occasion to follow the reprehensible practice of the earlier Puritan divines in choosing a punning text, and preached from Hebrews xiii. 9: "Be not carried about with *divers* and strange doctrines." He afterwards, in accordance with one of his own maxims,—“to get a dead injury out of the mind as soon as is decent, bury it, and then ventilate,”—in accordance with this maxim, I say, he lived on very friendly terms with Rev. Shearjashub Scrimgour, present pastor of the Baptist Society in Jaalam. Yet I think it was never displeasing to him that the church edifice of that society (though otherwise a creditable specimen of architecture) remained without a bell, as indeed it does to this day. So much seemed necessary to do away with any appearance of

acerbity toward a respectable community of professing Christians, which might be suspected in the conclusion of the above paragraph.—J. H.]

In lighter moods he was not averse from an innocent play upon words. Looking up from his newspaper one morning as I entered his study he said, "When I read a debate in Congress, I feel as if I were sitting at the feet of Zeno in the shadow of the Portico." On my expressing a natural surprise, he added, smiling, "Why, at such times the only view which honourable members give me of what goes on in the world is through their intercalumniations." I smiled at this after a moment's reflection, and he added gravely, "The most punctilious refinement of manners is the only salt that will keep a democracy from stinking; and what are we to expect from the people, if their representatives set them such lessons? Mr. Everett's whole life has been a sermon from this text. There was, at least, this advantage in duelling, that it set a certain limit on the tongue." In this connection, I may be permitted to recall a playful remark of his upon another occasion. The painful divisions in the First Parish, A.D. 1844, occasioned by the wild notions in respect to the rights of (what Mr. Wilbur, so far as concerned the reasoning faculty, always called) the unfairer part of creation, put forth by Miss Parthenia Almira Fitz, are too well known to need more than a passing allusion. It was during these heats, long since happily allayed, that Mr. Wilbur remarked that "the church had more trouble in dealing with one *sheresiarch* than with twenty *heresiarchs*," and that the men's *conscia recti*, or certainty of being right, was nothing to the women's.

When I once asked his opinion of a poetical com-

position on which I had expended no little pains, he read it attentively, and then remarked, "Unless one's thought pack more neatly in verse than in prose, it is wiser to refrain. Commonplace gains nothing by being translated into rhyme, for it is something which no hocus-pocus can transubstantiate with the real presence of living thought. You entitle your piece, 'My Mother's Grave,' and expend four pages of useful paper in detailing your emotions there. But, my dear sir, watering does not improve the quality of ink, even though you should do it with tears. To publish a sorrow to Tom, Dick, and Harry is in some sort to advertise its unreality, for I have observed in my intercourse with the afflicted that the deepest grief instinctively hides its face with its hands and is silent. If your piece were printed, I have no doubt it would be popular, for people like to fancy that they feel much better than the trouble of feeling. I would put all poets on oath whether they have striven to say everything they possibly could think of, or to leave out all they could not help saying. In your own case, my worthy young friend, what you have written is merely a deliberate exercise, the gymnastic of sentiment. For your excellent maternal relative is still alive, and is to take tea with me this evening, *D. V.* Beware of simulated feeling; it is hypocrisy's first cousin; it is especially dangerous to a preacher; for he who says one day, 'Go to, let me seem to be pathetic,' may be nearer than he thinks to saying, 'Go to, let me seem to be virtuous, or earnest, or under sorrow for sin.' Depend upon it, Sappho loved her verses more sincerely than she did Phaon, and Petrarch his sonnets better than Laura, who was indeed but his poetical stalking-horse. After you shall have once heard that muffled rattle of the clods on the coffin-lid of an irreparable loss, you will grow acquainted with a pathos that will make all

elegies hateful. When I was of your age, I also for a time mistook my desire to write verses for an authentic call of my nature in that direction. But one day as I was going forth for a walk, with my head full of an 'Elegy on the Death of Flirtilla,' and vainly groping after a rhyme for *lily* that should not be *silly* or *chilly*, I saw my eldest boy Homer busy over the rain-water hogshead, in that childish experiment at parthenogenesis, the changing a horse-hair into a water-snake. An immersion of six weeks showed no change in the obstinate filament. Here was a stroke of unintended sarcasm. Had I not been doing in my study precisely what my boy was doing out of doors? Had my thoughts any more chance of coming to life by being submerged in rhyme than his hair by soaking in water? I burned my elegy and took a course of Edwards on the Will. People do not make poetry ; it is made out of *them* by a process for which I do not find myself fitted. Nevertheless, the writing of verses is a good rhetorical exercitation, as teaching us what to shun most carefully in prose. For prose bewitched is like window-glass with bubbles in it, distorting what it should show with pellucid veracity."

It is unwise to insist on doctrinal points as vital to religion. The Bread of Life is wholesome and sufficing in itself, but gulped down with these kick-shaws cooked up by theologians, it is apt to produce an indigestion, nay, even at last an incurable dyspepsia of scepticism.

One of the most inexcusable weaknesses of Americans is in signing their names to what are called credentials. But for my interposition, a person who shall be nameless would have taken from this town a recommendation for an office of trust subscribed by the selectmen and all the voters of both parties, ascribing to him as many good

qualities as if it had been his tombstone. The excuse was that it would be well for the town to be rid of him, as it would ere long be obliged to maintain him. I would not refuse my name to modest merit, but I would be as cautious as in signing a bond. [I trust I shall be subjected to no imputation of unbecoming vanity, if I mention the fact that Mr. W. indorsed my own qualifications as teacher of the high-school at Pequash Junction. J. H.] When I see a certificate of character with everybody's name to it, I regard it as a letter of introduction from the Devil. Never give a man your name unless you are willing to trust him with your reputation.

There seem nowadays to be two sources of literary inspiration,—fulness of mind and emptiness of pocket

I am often struck, especially in reading Montaigne, with the obviousness and familiarity of a great writer's thoughts, and the freshness they gain because said by him. The truth is, we mix their greatness with all they say and give it our best attention. Johannes Faber sic cogitavit, would be no enticing preface to a book, but an accredited name gives credit like the signature of a note of hand. It is the advantage of fame that it is always privileged to take the world by the button, and a thing is weightier for Shakespeare's uttering it by the whole amount of his personality.

It is singular how impatient men are with overpraise of others, how patient with overpraise of themselves; and yet the one does them no injury, while the other may be their ruin.

People are apt to confound mere alertness of mind with attention. The one is but the flying abroad of all  
(II.) I.

the faculties to the open doors and windows at every passing rumour ; the other is the concentration of every one of them in a single focus, as in the alchemist over his alembic at the moment of expected projection. Attention is the stuff that memory is made of, and memory is accumulated genius.

Do not look for the Millennium as imminent. One generation is apt to get all the wear it can out of the cast clothes of the last, and is always sure to use up every paling of the old fence that will hold a nail in building the new.

You suspect a kind of vanity in my genealogical enthusiasm. Perhaps you are right ; but it is a universal foible. Where it does not show itself in a personal and private way, it becomes public and gregarious. We flatter ourselves in the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Virginian offshoot of a transported convict swells with the fancy of a cavalier ancestry. Pride of birth, I have noticed, takes two forms. One complacently traces himself up to a coronet ; another, defiantly, to a lapstone. The sentiment is precisely the same in both cases, only that one is the positive and the other the negative pole of it.

Seeing a goat the other day kneeling in order to graze with less trouble, it seemed to me a type of the common notion of prayer. Most people are ready enough to go down on their knees for material blessings, but how few for those spiritual gifts which alone are an answer to our orisons, if we but knew it !

Some people, nowadays, seem to have hit upon a new moralisation of the moth and the candle. They would lock up the light of truth, lest poor Psyche should put it out in her effort to draw nigh to it.

## No. X.

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW TO THE EDITOR OF  
THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

DEAR SIR,—Your letter come to han'  
Requestin' me to please be funny ;  
But I ain't made upon a plan  
Thet knows wut's comin', gall or honey :  
Ther's times the world doos look so queer,  
Odd fancies come afore I call 'em ;  
An' then agin, for half a year,  
No preacher 'thout a call's more solemn.

You're 'n want o' sunthin' light an' cute,  
Rattlin' an' shrewd an' kin' o' jingleish,  
An' wish, pervidin' it 'ould suit,  
I'd take an' citify my English.  
I *ken* write long-tailed, ef I please,—  
But when I'm jokin', no, I thankee ;  
Then, 'fore I know it, my idees  
Run helter-skelter into Yankee.

Sence I begun to scribble rhyme,  
I tell ye wut, I hain't ben foolin' ;  
The parson's books, life, death, an' time  
Hev took some trouble with my schoolin' ;  
Nor th' airth don't git put out with me,  
Thet love her 'z though she wuz a woman ;  
Why, th' ain't a bird upon the tree  
But half forgives my bein' human.

An' yit I love th' unhighschoolled way  
Ol' farmers hed when I wuz younger ;



Their talk wuz meatier, an' 'ould stay,  
While book-froth seems to whet your hunger ;  
For puttin' in a downright lick  
'Twixt Humbug's eyes, ther's few can metch it,  
An' then it helves my thoughts ez slick  
Ez stret-grained hickory doos a hetchet.

But when I can't, I can't, thet's all,  
For Natur' won't put up with gullin' ;  
Idees you hev to shove an' haul  
Like a druv pig ain't wuth a mullein :  
Live thoughts ain't sent for : thru all rifts  
O' sense they pour an' resh ye onwards,  
Like rivers when south-lyin' drifts  
Feel thet th' old airth's a-wheelin' sunwards.

Time wuz, the rhymes come crowdin' thick  
Ez office-seekers arter 'lection,  
An' into ary place 'ould stick  
Without no bother nor objection ;  
But sence the war my thoughts hang back  
Ez though I wanted to enlist 'em ;  
An' subs'tutes,—*they* don't never lack,  
But then they'll slope afore you've mist 'em.

Nothin' don't seem like wut it wuz ;  
I can't see wut there is to hender,  
An' yit my brains jes' go buzz, buzz,  
Like bumblebees agin a winder ;  
Fore these times come, in all airth's row,  
Ther' wuz one quiet place, my head in,  
Where I could hide an' think,—but now  
It's all one teeter, hopin', dreadin'.

Where's Peace? I start, some clear-blown night,  
When gaunt stone walls grow numb an' number,

An,' creakin' 'cross the snow-crus' white,  
Walk the col' starlight into summer ;  
Up grows the moon, an' swell by swell  
Thru the pale pasturs silvers dimmer  
Than the last smile thet strives to tell  
O' love gone heavenward in its shimmer.

I hev ben gladder o' sech things  
Than cocks o' spring or bees o' clover ;  
They filled my heart with livin' springs,  
But now they seem to freeze 'em over ;  
Sights innercent ez babes on knee,  
Peaceful ez eyes o' pastur'd cattle,  
Jes' coz they be so, seem to me  
To rile me more with thoughts o' battle.

In-doors an' out by spells I try :  
Ma'am Natur' keeps her spin-wheel goin',  
But leaves my natur' stiff an' dry  
Ez fiel's o' clover arter mowin' ;  
An' her jes' keepin' on the same,  
Calmer'n a clock, an' never carin',  
An' findin' nary thing to blame,  
Is wus than ef she took to swearin'.

Snow-flakes come whisperin' on the pane  
The charm makes blazin' logs so pleasant ;  
But I can't hark to wut they're say'n',  
With Grant or Sherman ollers present ;  
The chimbleys shudder in the gale,  
Thet lulls, then suddin takes to flappin'  
Like a shot hawk, but all's ez stale  
To me ez so much sperit-rappin'.

Under the yaller-pines I house,  
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,

An' hear among their furry boughs  
The baskin' west-wind purr contented,  
While 'way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low  
Ez distant bells thet ring for meetin'  
The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow,  
Further an' further South retreatin'.

Or up the slippery knob I strain  
An' see a hundred hills like islan's  
Lift their blue woods in broken chain  
Out o' the sea o' snowy silence ;  
The farm-smokes, sweetes' sight on airth,  
Slow thru the winter air a-shrinkin'  
Seem kin' o' sad, an' roun' the hearth  
Of empty places set me thinkin'.

Beaver roars hoarse with meltin' snows,  
An' rattles di'mon's from his granite ;  
Time wuz, he snatched away my prose,  
An' into psalms or satires ran it ;  
But he, nor all the rest thet once  
Started my blood to country-dances,  
Can't set me goin' more 'n a dunce  
Thet hain't no use for dreams an' fancies.

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street  
I hear the drummers makin' riot,  
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet  
Thet follered once an' now are quiet,—  
White feet ez snowdrops innercent,  
Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,  
Whose comin' step ther's ears that won't,  
No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee ?  
Didn't I love to see 'em growin',

Three likely lads ez wal could be,  
Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'?  
I set an' look into the blaze  
Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps climbin',  
Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,  
An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth  
On War's red techstone rang true metal,  
Who ventered life an' love an' youth  
For the gret prize o' death in battle?  
To him who, deadly hurt, agen  
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,  
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men  
Thet rived the Rebel line asunder?

'Tain't right to hev the young go fust,  
All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,  
Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust  
To try an' make b'lieve fill their places ;  
Nothin' but tells us wut we miss,  
Ther's gaps our lives can't never fay in,  
An' *thet* world seems so fur from this  
Lef' for us loafers to grow grey in !

My eyes cloud up for rain ; my mouth  
Will take to twitchin' roun' the corners ;  
I pity mothers, tu, down South,  
For all they sot among the scornors :  
I'd sooner take my chance to stan'  
At Jedgment, where your meanest slave is,  
Than at God's bar hol' up a han'  
Ez drippin' red ez yourn, Jeff Davis !

Come, Peace ! not like a mourner bowed  
For honour lost an' dear ones wasted,

But proud, to meet a people proud,  
 With eyes thet tell o' triumph tasted !  
 Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,  
 An' step that proves ye Victory's daughter !  
 Longin' for you, our sperits wilt  
 Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for water.

Come, while our country feels the lift  
 Of a gret instinct shoutin' forwards,  
 An' knows thet freedom ain't a gift  
 Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards !  
 Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when  
 They kissed their cross with lips thet quivered,  
 An' bring fair wages for brave men,  
 A nation saved, a race delivered !

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No. XI.

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH IN  
 MARCH MEETING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

MY DEAR SIR,—

JAALAM, April 5, 1866.

(an' noticin' by your kiver thet you're some dearer than wut you wuz, I inclose the deffrence) I dunno ez I know jest how to interdroce this las' perduction of my mews, ez Parson Willber allus called 'em, which is goin' to *be* the last an' *stay* the last onless sunthin' pertikler sh'd inter-fear which I don't expec', ner I wun't yield tu ef it wuz ez pressin' ez a deppity Shiriff. Sence Mr. Wilbur's disease I hevn't hed no one thet could dror out my talons. He ust to kind o' wine me up an' set the penderlum agoin' an' then somehow I seemed to go on tick as it

wear tell I run down, but the noo minister ain't of the same brewin' nor I can't seem to git ahold of no kine of huming nater in him but sort of slide rite off as you du on the eedge of a mow. Minnysteeril natur is wal enough an' a site better 'n most other kines I know on, but the other sort sech as Welbor hed wuz of the Lord's makin' an' naterally more wonderfle an' sweet tastin' leastways to me so fur as heerd from. He used to inter-dooce 'em smooth ez ile athout sayin' nothin' in pertickler an' I misdoubt he didn't set so much by the sec'nd Ceres as wut he done by the Fust, fact, he let on onct thet his mine misgive him of a sort of fallin' off in spots. He wuz as outspoken as a norwester *he* wuz, but I tole him I hoped the fall wuz from so high up thet a feller could ketch a good many times fust afore comin' bunt onto the ground as I see Jethro C. Swett from the meetin'-house steeple up to th' old perrish, an' took up for dead but he's alive now an' spry as wut you be. 'Turnin' of it over I reclected how they ust to put wut they called Argy-munce onto the frunts of poyms, like poorches afore housen whare you could rest ye a spell whilst you wuz concludin' whether you'd go in or nut espeshully ware tha wuz darters, though I most allus found it the best plen to go in fust an' think afterwards an' the gals likes it best tu. I dno as speechis ever hez any argimunts to 'em, I never see none thet hed an' I guess they never du but tha must allus be a B'ginnin' to everythin' athout it is Eternity so I'll begin rite away an' anybody may put it afore any of his speeches ef it soots an' welcome. I don't claim no paytent.

## THE ARGYMUNT.

Interducshsin, w'ich may be skipt. Begins by talkin' about himself: thet's jest natur an' most gin'ally allus

pleasin', I b'leeve I've notist, to *one* of the cumpany, an' thet's more than wut you can say of most speshes of talkin'. Nex' comes the gittin' the goodwill of the orjunce by lettin' 'em gether from wut you kind of ex'dentally let drop thet they air about East. A one, an' no mistaik, skare 'em up an' take 'em as they rise. Spring interdooed with a fiew approput flours. Speach finally begins witch nobuddy need n't feel obolygated to read as I never read 'em an' never shell this one ag'in. Subjick staited ; expanded ; delayted ; extended. Pump lively. Subjick staited ag'in so 's to avide all mistaiks. Ginnle remarks ; continooed ; kerried on ; pushed funder ; kind o' gin out. Subjick *re*-staited ; dielooted ; stirred up permiscoous. Pump ag'in. Gits back to where he sot out. Can't seem to stay thair. Ketches into Mr. Seaward's hair. Breaks loose ag'in an' staitis his subjick ; stretches it ; turns it : folds it ; onfolds it ; folds it ag'in so's 't no one can't find it. Argoos with an imedginary bean thet ain't aloud to say nothin' in repleye. Gives him a real good dressin' an' is settysfide he 's rite. Gits into Johnson's hair. No use tryin' to get into his head. Gives it up. Hez to stait his subjick ag'in ; doos it back'ards, sideways, eendways, criss-cross, bevellin', noways. Gits finally red on it. Concluds. Concluds more. Reads some xtrax. Sees his subjick anosin' round arter him ag'in. Tries to avide it. Wun't du. *Mis*states it. Can't conjectur' no other plawsable way of staytin' on it. Tries pump. No fx. Finely concluds to conclud. Yeels the flore.

You kin spall an' punctooate thet as you please. I allus do, it kind of puts a noo soot of close onto a word, thisere funattick spellin' doos an' takes 'em out of the prissen dress they wair in the Dixonary. Ef I squeeze the cents out of 'em it's the main thing, an' wut they wuz made for ; wut's left 's jest pummis.

Mistur Wilbur sez he to me onct, sez he, " Hosee," sez



he, "in litterytoor the only good thing is Natur. It's amazin' hard to come at," sez he, "but onct git it an' you've gut everythin'. Wut's the sweetest small on airth?" sez he. "Noomone hay," sez I, pooty bresk, for he wuz allus hankerin' round in hayin'. "Nawthin' of the kine," sez he. "My leetle Huldys breath," sez I ag'in. "You're a good lad," sez he, his eyes sort of ripplin' like, for he lost a babe onct nigh about her age,— "you're a good lad; but 't ain't thet nuther," sez he. "Ef you want to know," sez he, "open your winder of a mornin' et ary season, and you'll larn that the best of perfooms is jest fresh air, *fresh air*," sez he, emphysizin', "athout no mixtur'. Thet's wut I call natur in writin', and it bathes my lungs and washes 'em sweet whenever I git a whiff on't," sez he. I offen think o' thet when I set down to write, but the winders air *so* ept to git stuck, an' breakin' a pane costs sunthin'.

Yourn for the last time,

*Nut* to be continooed,

HOSEA BIGLOW.

I DON'T much s'pose, hows'ever I should plen it,  
 I could git boosted into th' House or Sennit,—  
 Nut while the two-legged gab-machine's so plenty,  
 'Nablin' one man to du the talk o' twenty;  
 I'm one o' them thet finds it ruther hard  
 To mannyfactur' wisdom by the yard,  
 An' maysure off, accordin' to demand,  
 The piece-goods el'kence that I keep on hand,  
 The same ole pattern runnin' thru an' thru,  
 An' nothin' but the customer thet's new.  
 I sometimes think, the furder on I go,  
 Thet it gits harder to feel sure I know,

An' when I've settled my idee, I find  
 Twarn't I sheered most in makin' up my mind ;  
 'Twuz this an' thet an' t'other thing thet done it,  
 Sunthin' in th' air, I couldn' seek nor shun it,  
 Mos' folks go off so quick now in discussion,  
 All th' ole flint-locks seems altered to percussion,  
 Whilst I in agin' sometimes git a hint,  
 Thet I'm percussion changin' back to flint ;  
 Wal, ef it's so, I ain't agoin' to werrit,  
 For th' ole Queen's-arm hez this pertickler merit,—  
 It gives the mind a hahnsome wedth o' margin  
 To kin' o' make its will afore dischargin':  
 I can't make out but jest one ginnle rule,—  
 No man need go an' *make* himself a fool,  
 Nor judgment ain't like mutton, thet can't bear  
 Cookin' tu long, nor be took up tu rare.

Ez I wuz say'n', I hain't no chance to speak  
 So 's 't all the country dreads me onct a week,  
 But I've consid'ble o' thet sort o' head  
 That sets to home an' thinks wut *might* be said,  
 The sense thet grows an' werrits underneath,  
 Comin' belated like your wisdom-teeth,  
 An' git so el'kent, sometimes, to my gardin  
 Thet I don' vally public life a fardin'.  
 Our Parson Wilbur (blessin's on his head !)  
 'Mongst other stories of ole times he hed,  
 Talked of a feller thet rehearsed his spreads  
 Beforehan' to his rows o' kebbige-heads,  
 (Ef 'twarn't Demossenes, I guess 'twuz Sisro),  
 Appealin' fust to thet an' then to this row,  
 Accordin' ez he thought thet his idee  
 Their diff'runt ev'riges o' brains 'ould please ;  
 " An'," sez the Parson, " to hit right, you must  
 Git used to maysurin' your hearers fust ;

For, take my word for 't, when all's come an' past,  
 The kebbige-heads 'll cair the day et last ;  
 Th' ain't ben a meetin' sence the worl' begun  
 But they made (raw or biled ones) ten to one."

I've allus foun' 'em, I allow, sence then  
 About ez good for talkin' to ez men ;  
 They'll take edvice, like other folks, to keep  
 (To use it 'ould be holdin' on 't tu cheap),  
 They listen wal, don' kick up when you scold 'em,  
 An' ef they've tongues, hev sense enough to hold 'em ;  
 Though th' ain't no denger we shall lose the breed,  
 I gin'llly keep a score or so for seed,  
 An' when my sappiness gits spry in spring,  
 So 's 't my tongue itches to run on full swing,  
 I fin' 'em ready-planted in March-meetin',  
 Warm ez a lyceum-audience in their greetin',  
 An' pleased to hear my spoutin' frum the fence,—  
 Comin', ez 't doos, entirely free 'f expense.  
 This year I made the follerin' observations  
 Extrump'ry, like most other tri'ls o' patience,  
 An', no reporters bein' sent express  
 To work their abstrac's up into a mess  
 Ez like th' oridg'nal ez a woodcut pictur'  
 Thet chokes the life out like a boy-constrictor,  
 I've writ 'em out, an' so avide all jeal'sies  
 'Twixt nonsense o' my own an' some one's else's

(N.B. Reporters gin'llly git a hint  
 To make dull orjunces seem 'live in print,  
 An', ez I hev t' report myself, I vum,  
 I'll put th' applauses where they'd *ough* to come !)

MY FELLER KEBBIGE-HEADS, who look so green,  
 I vow to gracious thet ef I could dreem

The world of all its hearers but jest you,  
 'Twould leave 'bout all tha' is wuth talkin' to,  
 An' you, my ven'able ol frien's, thet show  
 Upon your crowns a sprinklin' o' March snow,  
 Ez ef mild Time had christened every sense  
 For wisdom's church o' second innocence  
 Nut Age's winter, no, no sech a thing  
 But jest a kin' o' slippin'-back o' spring,—

[Sev'ril noses blowed.]

We've gathered here, ez ushle, to decide  
 Which is the Lord's an' which is Satan's side,  
 Coz all the good or evil that can heppen  
 Is 'long o' which on 'em you choose for Cappen.

[Cries o' "Thet's so!"]

Aprul's come back ; the swellin' buds of oak  
 Dim the fur hillsides with a purplish smoke ;  
 The brooks are loose an', singing to be seen,  
 (Like gals,) make all the hollers soft an' green ;  
 The birds are here, for all the season's late ;  
 They take the sun's height an' don' never wait ;  
 Soon 'z he officially declares it's spring  
 Their light hearts lift 'em on a north'ard wing,  
 An' th' ain't an acre, fur ez you can hear,  
 Can't by the music tell the time o' year ;  
 But thet white dove Carliny scared away,  
 Five year ago, jes' sech an Aprul day ;  
 Peace, that we hoped 'ould come an' build last year  
 An' coo by every house-door, isn't here, —  
 No, nor wun't never be, for all our jaw,  
 Till we're ez brave in pol'tics ez in war !  
 O Lord, ef folks wuz made so's 't they could see  
 The begnet-pint there is to an idee !

[Sensation.]

Ten times the danger in 'em th' is in steel ;  
 They run your soul thru an' you never feel,

But crawl about an' seem to think you're livin',  
 Poor shells o' men, nut wuth the Lord's forgivin',  
 Till you come bunt ag'in a real live fect,  
 An' go to pieces when you'd ough' to ect !  
 Thet kin' o' begnet's wut we're crossin' now,  
 An' no man, fit to nevvigate a scow,  
 'Ould stan' expectin' help from Kingdom Come,  
 While t'other side druv their cold iron home.

My frien's, you never gethered from my mouth,  
 No, nut one word ag'in the South ez South,  
 Nor th' ain't a livin' man, white, brown, nor black ;  
 Gladder'n wut I should be to take 'em back ;  
 But all I ask of Uncle Sam is fust  
 To write up on his door, " No goods on trust ;"  
 [Cries of " Thet's the ticket ! "]

Give us cash down in ekle laws for all,  
 An' they'll be snug inside afore nex' fall.  
 Give wut they ask, an' we shell hev Jamaker  
 Wuth minus some consid'able an acre ;  
 Give wut they need, an' we shell git 'fore long  
 A nation all one piece, rich, peaceffe, strong ;  
 Make 'em Amerikin, an' they'll begin  
 To love their country ez they loved their sin ;  
 Let 'em stay Southun, an' you've kep' a sore  
 Ready to fester ez it done afore.  
 No mortal man can boast of perfic' vision,  
 But the one moleblin' thing is Indecision,  
 An' th' ain't no futur' for the man nor state  
 Thet out of j-u-s-t can't spell great.  
 Some folks 'ould call thet reddikle ; do you ?  
 'Twas common-sense afore the war wuz thru ;  
 Thet loaded all our guns an' made 'em speak  
 So 's 't Europe heard 'em clearn acrost the  
 creek ;

"They're drivin' o' their spiles down now," sez she,  
 "To the hard grennit o' God's fust idee ;  
 Ef they reach thet, Democ'cy needn't fear  
 The tallest airthquakes *we* can git up here."  
 Some call't insultin' to ask *any* pledge,  
 An' say 'twill only set their teeth on edge,  
 But folks you've jest licked, fur'z I ever see,  
 Are 'bout ez mad 'z they wal know how to be ;  
 It's better than the Rebs themselves expected  
 'Fore they see Uncle Sam wilt down henpected ;  
 Be kind 'z you please, but fustly make things fast,  
 For plain Truth's all the kindness thet 'll last ;  
 Ef treason is a crime, ez *some* folks say,  
 How could we punish it a milder way  
 Than sayin' to 'em, "Brethren, lookee here,  
 We'll jes' divide things with ye, sheer an' sheer,  
 An' sence both come o' pooty strong-backed daddies,  
 You take the Darkies, ez we've took the Paddies ;  
 Ign'ant an' poor we took 'em by the hand,  
 An' they're the bones an' sinners o' the land."  
 I ain't o' them thet fancy there's a loss on  
 Every inves'ment thet don't start from Bos'on ;  
 But I know this : our money's safest trusted  
 In sunthin', come wut will, thet *can't* be busted,  
 An' thet's the old Amerikin idee,  
 To make a man a Man an' let him be.

[Gret applause.]

Ez for their l'yalty, don't take a goad to't,  
 But I do' want to block their only road to't  
 By lettin' 'em believe thet they can git  
 Mor'n wut they lost, out of our little wit :  
 I tell ye wut, I'm 'fraid we'll drif' to leeward  
 'Thout we can put more stiffenin' into Seward ;  
 He seems to think Columby'd better ect  
 Liked a scared widder with a boy stiff-necked

Thet stomps an' swears he wun't come in to supper  
 She mus' set up for him, ez weak ez Tupper,  
 Keepin' the Constitootion on to warm,  
 Tell he'll ecept her 'pologies in form :

The neighbours tell her he's a cross-grained cuss  
 Thet needs a hidin' 'fore he comes to wus ;

" No," sez Ma Seward, " he's ez good 'z the best,  
 All he wants now is sugar-plums an' rest ;"

" He sarsed my Pa," sez one ; " He stoned my  
 son,"

Another edds. " Oh, wal, 'twuz jest his fun."

" He tried to shoot our Uncle Samwell dead."

" 'Twuz only tryin' a noo gun he hed."

" Wal, all we ask's to hev it understood

You'll take his gun away from him for good :

We don't, wal, nut exac'ly like his play,

Seein' he allus kin' o' shoots our way.

You kill your fatted calves to no good eend,

'Thout his fust sayin', ' Mother, I hev sinned ! ' "

[ " Amen," frum Deac'n Greenleaf ! ]

The Pres'dunt *he* thinks thet the slickest plan

'Ould be t' allow thet he's our on'y man,

An' thet we fit thru all thet dreffle war

Jes' for his private glory an' eclor ;

" Nobody ain't a Union man," sez he,

" 'Thout he agrees, thru thick an' thin', with me ;

Warn't Andrew Jackson's 'nitials jes' like mine ?

An' ain't thet sunthin' like a right divine

To cut up ez kentenkerous ez I please,

An' treat your Congress like a nest o' fleas ? "

Wal, I expec' the People wouldn' care, if

The question now wuz techin' bank or tariff,

But I conclude they've 'bout made up their mind

This ain't the fittest time to go it blind.



Nor these ain't metters thet with pol'tics swings,  
But goes 'way down amongst the roots o' things ;  
Coz Sumner alked o' whitewashin' one day  
'They wun't let four years' war be throwed away.  
" Let the South hev her rights?" They say " Thet's  
you !

But nut greb hold of other folks's tu."

Who owns this country, is it they or Andy?  
Leastways it ough' to be the People *and* he ;  
Let him be senior pardner, ef he's so,  
But let them kin' o' smuggle in ez Co ;

[Laughter.]

Did he diskiver it? Consid'ble numbers  
Think thet the job wuz taken by Columbus.  
Did he set tu an' make it wut it is?  
Ef so, I guess the One-Man-power *hez* riz.  
Did he put thru the rebbles, clear the docket,  
An' pay th' expenses out of his own pocket?  
Ef thet's the case, then everythin' I exes  
Is t' hev him come an' pay my ennoal texes.

[Profound sensation.]

Was't he thet shou'dered all them million guns?  
Did he lose all the fathers, brothers, sons?  
Is this ere pop'lar gov'ment thet we run  
A kin' o' sulky, made to kerry one?  
An' is the country goin' to knuckle down  
To hev Smith sort their letters 'stid o' Brown?  
Who wuz the 'Nited States 'fore Richmon' fell?  
Wuz the South needfle their full name to spell?  
An' can't we spell it in thet short-han' way  
Till th' underpinnin's settled so 's to stay?  
Who cares for the Resolves of '61,  
Thet tried to coax an airthquake with a bun?  
Hez act'ly nothin' taken place sence then  
To larn folks they must hendle fects like men?

Ain't *this* the true p'int? Did the Rebs accep'  
'em?

Ef nut, whose fault is 't thet we hevn't kep 'em?  
Warn't there *two* sides? an' don't it stend to reason  
Thet this week's 'Nited States ain't las' week's treason?  
When all these sums is done, with nothin' missed,  
An' nut afore, this school 'll be dismissed.

I knowed ez wal ez though I'd seen't with eyes  
Thet when the war wuz over copper 'd rise,  
An' thet we'd hev a rile-up in our kettle  
'Twould need Leviathan's whole skin to settle:  
I thought 'twould take about a generation  
'Fore we could wal begin to be a nation,  
But I allow I never did imegine  
'Twould be our Pres'dunt thet 'ould drive a wedge in  
To keep the split from closin' ef it could,  
An' healin' over with new wholesome wood;  
For th' ain't no chance o' healin' while they think  
Thet law an' gov'ment's only printer's ink;  
I mus' confess I thank him for discoverin'  
The curus way in which the States are sovereign;  
They ain't nut *quite* enough so to rebel,  
But, when they fin' it's costly to raise h—,

[A groan from Deac'n G.]

Why, then, for jes' the same superl'tive reason,  
They're 'most too much so to be tetched for treason;  
They *can't* go out, but if they somehow *du*,  
Their sovereignty don't noways go out tu;  
The State goes out, the sovereignty don't stir,  
But stays to keep the door ajar for her.  
He thinks secession never took 'em out,  
An' mebbe he's correc', but I misdoubt;  
Ef they warn't out, then why, 'n the name o' sin,  
Make all this row 'bout lettin' of 'em in?

In law, p'r'aps nut ; but there's a diffurrence, ruther.  
Betwixt your mother-'n-law an' real mother.

[Derisive cheers.]

An' I, for one, shall wish they'd all been *som'eres*,  
Long 'z U.S. Texes are sech reg'lar comers.  
But, oh my patience ! must we wriggle back  
Into th' ole crooked, pettyfoggin' track,  
When our artil'ry-wheels a road hev cut  
Stret to our purpose ef we keep the rut ?  
War's jes' dead waste excep' to wipe the slate  
Clean for the cyphrin' of some nobler fate.

[Applause.]

Ez for dependin' on their oaths an' thet,  
'Twun't bind 'em mor'n the ribbin roun' my het :  
I heared a fable once from Othniel Starns,  
That pints it slick ez weathercocks do barns .  
Onct on a time the wolves hed certing rights  
Inside the fold ; they used to sleep there nights.  
An', bein' cousins o' the dogs, they took  
Their turns et watchin', reg'lar ez a book ;  
But somehow, when the dogs hed gut asleep,  
Their love o' mutton beat their love o' sheep,  
Till gradilly the shepherds come to see  
Things warn't agoin' ez they'd ough' to be ;  
So they sent off a deacon to remonstrate  
Along 'th the wolves an' urge 'em to go on straight ;  
They didn' seem to set much by the deacon,  
Nor preachin' didn' cow 'em, nut to speak on ;  
Fin'ly they swore thet they'd go out an' stay,  
An' hev their fill o' mutton every day ;  
Then dogs an' shepherds, after much hard dammin',

[Groan from Deac'n G.]

Turned tu an' giv 'em a tormented lammin',  
An' sez, " Ye shan't go out, the murrain rot ye,  
To keep us wastin' half our time to watch ye ! "

But then the question come, How live together  
 'Thout losin' sleep, nor nary yew nor wether?  
 Now there wuz some dogs (noways wuth their keep)  
 Thet sheered their cousins' tastes an' sheered the  
 sheep :

They sez, " Be gin'rous, let 'em swear right in,  
 An', ef they backslide, let 'em swear ag'in ;  
 Jes' let 'em put on sheep-skins whilst they're swearin' ;  
 To ask for more 'ould be beyond all bearin'."

" Be gin'rous for yourselves, where *you* 're to pay,  
 Thet's the best prectice," sez a shepherd grey ;  
 " Ez for their oaths they wun't be wuth a button,  
 Long 'z you don't cure 'em o' their taste for mutton ;  
 Th' ain't but one solid way, howe'er you puzzle :  
 Tell they're convarted, let 'em wear a muzzle."

[Cries of " Bully for you ! "]

I've noticed thet each half-baked scheme's abettors  
 Are in the hebbit o' producin' letters  
 Writ by all sorts o' never-heard-on fellers,  
 'Bout ez oridge'nal ez the wind in bellers ;  
 I've noticed, tu, it's the quack med'cine gits  
 (An' needs) the grettest heaps o' stifty-kits ;

[Two apothekeries goes out.]

Now, sence I lef' off creepin' on all fours,  
 I hain't ast no man to endorse my course ;  
 It's full ez cheap to be your own endorser,  
 An' ef I've made a cup, I'll fin' the saucer,  
 But I've some letters here from t'other side,  
 An' them's the sort thet helps me to decide ;  
 Tell me for wut the copper-comp'nies hanker,  
 An' I'll tell you jest where it's safe to anchor.

[Faint hiss ]

Fus'ly the Hon'ble B. O. Sawin writes  
 Thet for a spell he couldn' sleep o' nights,

Puzzlin' which side was preudentest to pin to,  
Which wuz th' ole homestead, which the temp'ry  
leanto ;

Et fust he jedged 'twould right-side-up his pan  
To come out ez a 'ridge'nal Union man,  
" But now," he sez, " I ain't nut quite so fresh ;  
The winnin' horse is goin' to be Secesh :  
You might, las' spring, hev eas'ly walked the  
course,

'Fore we contrived to doctor th' Union horse ;  
Now *we* 're the ones to walk aroun' the nex' track :  
Jest you take hold an' read the follerin' extrac'  
Out of a letter I received last week  
From an ole frien' thet never sprung a leak,  
A Nothun Dem'crat o' th' ole Jarsey blue  
Born copper-sheathed an' copper-fastened tu."

" These four years past it hez been tough  
To say which side a feller went for ;  
Guideposts all gone, roads muddy 'n' rough,  
An' nothin' duin' wut 'twuz meant for ;  
Pickets a-firin' left an' right,  
Both sides a lettin' rip et sight,—  
Life warn't wuth hardly payin' rent for.

" Columby gut her back up so,  
It warn't no use a-tryin' to stop her,—  
War's emptin's riled her very dough  
An' made it rise an' act improper ;  
'Twuz full ez much ez I could du  
To jes' lay low an' worry thru,  
'Thout hevin' to sell out my copper.

" Afore the war your mod'rit men  
Could set an' sun 'em on the fences,

Cyph'rin' the chances up, an' then  
 Jump off which way bes' paid expenses ;  
 Sence, 'twus so resky ary way,  
 I didn't hardly darst to say  
 I 'greed with Paley's Evidences.

[Groan from Deac'n G.]

" Ask Mac ef tryin' to set the fence  
 Warn't like bein' rid upon a rail on't,  
 Headin' your party with a sense  
 O' bein' tipjint in the tail on't,  
 And tryin' to think thet, on the whole,  
 You kin' o' quasi own your soul  
 When Belmont's gut a bill o' sale on't ?

[Three cheers for Grant and Sherman.]

" Come peace, I sposed thet folks 'ould like  
 Their pol'tics done ag'in by proxy,  
 Give their noo loves the bag an' strike  
 A fresh trade with their reg'lar doxy ;  
 But the drag's broke, now slavery's gone,  
 An' there's gret resk they'll blunder on,  
 Ef they ain't stopped, to real Democ'cy.

" We've gut an awful row to hoe  
 In this 'ere job o' reconstructin' ;  
 Folks dunno skurce which way to go,  
 Where th' ain't some boghole to be ducked in ;  
 But one thing's clear ; there *is* a crack,  
 Ef we pry hard, 'twixt white an' black,  
 Where the old makebate can be tucked in.

" No white man sets in airth's broad aisle  
 Thet I ain't willin' t' own ez brother,  
 An' ef he's heppened to strike ile,  
 I dunno, fin'ly, but I'd ruther ;

An' Paddies, long 'z they vote all right,  
Though they ain't jest a nat'ral white,  
I hold one on 'em good 'z another. [Applause.]

"Wut *is* there lef' I'd like to know,  
Ef 'tain't the difference o' colour,  
To keep up self-respec' an' show  
The human natur' of a fullah?  
Wut good in bein' white, onless  
It's fixed by law, nut lef' to guess,  
That we are smarter an' they duller?

"Ef we're to hev our ekle rights,  
'Twun't du to 'low no competition ;  
Th' ole debt doo us for bein' whites  
Ain't safe onless we stop th' emission  
O' these noo notes, whose specie base  
Is human natur', 'thout no trace  
O' shape, nor colour, nor condition.

[Continood applause.]

"So fur I'd writ an' couldn' jedge  
Aboard wut boat I'd best take pessige,  
My brains all mincemeat, 'thout no edge  
Upon 'em more than tu a sessige,  
But now it seems ez though I see  
Sunthin' resemblin' an idee,  
Sence Johnson's speech an' veto message.

"I like the speech best, I confess,  
The logic, preudence, an' good taste on't,  
An' it's so mad, I ruther guess  
There's some dependence to be placed on't ;

[Laughter.]

It's narrer, but 'twixt you an' me,  
Out o' the allies o' J. D.  
A temp'ry party can be based on't.



“Jes’ to hold on till Johnson’s thru  
An’ dug his Presidential grave is,  
An’ *then!*—who knows but we could slew  
The country roun’ to put in ——?  
Wun’t some folks rare up when we pull  
Out o’ their eyes our Union wool  
An’ larn ’em wut a p’lit’cle shave is!

“Oh, did it seem ’z ef Providunce  
*Could* ever send a second Tyler?  
To see the South all back to once,  
Reapin’ the spiles o’ the Freesiler,  
Is cute ez though an ingineer  
Should claim th’ old iron for his sheer  
Coz ’twas himself that bust the biler!”

[Gret laughter.]

Thet tells the story! Thet’s wut we shall git  
By tryin’ squirtguns on the burnin’ Pit;  
For the day never comes when it’ll du  
To kick off Dooty like a worn-out shoe.  
I seem to hear a whisperin’ in the air,  
A sighin’ like, of unconsolated despair,  
Thet comes from nowhere an’ from everywhere,  
An’ seems to say, “Why died we? warn’t it, then,  
To settle, once for all, thet men wuz men?  
Oh, airth’s sweet cup snatched from us barely tasted,  
The grave’s real chill is feelin’ life wuz wasted!  
Oh, you we lef’, long-lingerin’ at the door,  
Lovin’ you best, coz we loved Her the more,  
Thet Death, not we, had conquered, we should  
feel

Ef she upon our memory turned her heel,  
An’ unregretful throwed us all away  
To flaunt it in a Blind Man’s Holiday!”

My frien's, I've talked nigh on to long enough.  
I hain't no call to bore ye coz ye're tough ;  
My lungs are sound, an' our own v'ice delights  
Our ears, but even kebbige-heads hez rights.  
It's the las' time thet I shell e'er address ye,  
But you'll soon fin' some new tormentor : bless ye !

[Tumult'ous applause and cries of "Go on !\* "Don't  
stop !"]



# GLOSSARY.

## A

Act'lly, *actually*.

Air, *are*.

Airth, *earth*.

Airy, *area*.

Aree, *area*.

Arter, *after*.

Ax, *ask*.

## B

Beller, *bellow*.

Bellowses, *lungs*.

Ben, *been*.

Bile, *boil*.

Bimeby, *by and by*

Blurt out, *to speak bluntly*.

Bust, *burst*.

Buster, *a roistering blade*;  
used also as a general super-  
lative.

## C

Caird, *carried*.

Cairn, *carrying*.

Caleb, *a turncoat*.

Cal'late, *calculate*.

Cass, *a person with two lives*.

Close, *clothes*.

Cockerel, *a young cock*.

Cocktail, *a kind of drink*;

also, *an ornament peculiar to soldiers*.

Convention, *a place where people are imposed on*; *a juggler's show*.

Coons, *a cant term for a now defunct party*; derived, perhaps, from the fact of their being commonly *up a tree*.

Cornwallis, *a sort of muster in masquerade*; supposed to have had its origin soon after the Revolution, and to commemorate the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. It took the place of the old Guy Fawkes procession.

Crooked stick, *a perverse, froward person*.

Cunnle, *a colonel*.

Cus, *a curse*; also, *a pitiful fellow*.

## D

Darsn't, used indiscriminately, either in singular or plural number, for *dare not*, *dares not*, and *dared not*.

Deacon off, *to give the cue to*; derived from a custom, once

universal, but now extinct, in our New England Congregational churches. An important part of the office of deacon was to read aloud the hymns *given out* by the minister, one line at a time, the congregation singing each line as soon as read.

Demmercrat, *leadin', one in favour of extending slavery; a free-trade lecturer maintained in the custom-house.*

Desput, *desperate.*

Doos, *does.*

Doughface, *a contented lick-spittle; a common variety of Northern politician.*

Dror, *draw.*

Du, *do.*

Dunno, dno, *do not or does not know.*

Dut, *dirt.*

## E

Eend, *end.*

Ef, *if.*

Emptins, *yeast.*

Env'y, *envoy.*

Everlasting, an intensive, without reference to duration.

Ev'y, *every.*

Ez, *as.*

## F

Fence, on the; said of one who halts between two opinions; a trimmer.

Fer, *for.*

Ferfle, ferful, *fearful*; also an intensive.

Fin', *find.*

Fish-skin, used in New England to clarify coffee.

Fix, *a difficulty, a non-plus.*

Foller, folly, *to follow.*

Forrerd, *forward.*

Frum, *from.*

Fur, *far.*

Furder, *farther.*

Furrer, *furrow.* Metaphorically, *to draw a straight furrow* is to live uprightly or decorously.

Fust, *first.*

## G

Gin, *gave.*

Git, *get.*

Gret, *great.*

Grit, *spirit, energy, pluck.*

Grout, *to sulk.*

Grouty, *crabbed, surly.*

Gum, *to impose on.*

Gump, *a foolish fellow, a dullard.*

Gut, *got.*

## H

Hed, *had.*

Heern, *heard.*

Hellum, *helm.*

Hendy, *handy.*

Het, *heated.*

Hev, *have.*

Hez, *has.*

Holl, *whole.*

Holt, *hold*.  
 Huf, *hoof*.  
 Hull, *whole*.  
 Hum, *home*.  
 Humbug, *General Taylor's  
 antislavery*.  
 Hut, *hurt*.

## I

Idno, *I do not know*.  
 In'my, *enemy*.  
 Insines, *ensigns*; used to  
 designate both the officer  
 who carries the standard,  
 and the standard itself.  
 Inter, intu, *into*.

## J

Jedge, *judge*.  
 Jest, *just*.  
 Jine, *join*.  
 Jint, *joint*.  
 Junk, *a fragment of any solid  
 substance*.

## K

Keer, *care*.  
 Kep', *kept*.  
 Killock, *a small anchor*.  
 Kin, kin' o', kinder, *kind, kind  
 of*.

## L

Lawth, *loath*.  
 Less, *let's, let us*.  
 Let daylight into, *to shoot*.  
 Let on, *to hint, to confess, to  
 own*.  
 Lick, *to beat, to overcome*.  
 Lights, *the bowels*.

Lily-pads, *leaves of the water-  
 lily*.

Long-sweetening, *molasses*.

## M

Mash, *marsh*.  
 Mean, *stingy, ill-natured*.  
 Min', *mind*.

## N

Nimepunce, *ninepence, twelve  
 and a half cents*.  
 Nowers, *nowhere*.

## O

Offen, *often*.  
 Ole, *old*.  
 Ollers, olluz, *always*.  
 On, *of*; used before *it* or *them*,  
 or at the end of a sentence,  
 as *on't, on'em, nut ez ever I  
 heerd on*.  
 On'y, *only*.  
 Ossifer, *officer* (seldom heard).

## P

Peaked, *pointed*.  
 Peek, *to peep*.  
 Pickerel, *the pike, a fish*.  
 Pint, *point*.  
 Pocket full of rocks, *plenty of  
 money*.  
 Pooty, *pretty*.  
 Pop'ler, *conceited, popular*.  
 Pus, *purse*.  
 Put out, *troubled, vexed*.

## Q

Quarter, *a quarter dollar*.  
 Queen's-arm, *a musket*.

## R

Resh, *rush*.

Revelee, *the réveille*.

Rile, *to trouble*.

Riled, *angry; disturbed, as the sediment in any liquid*.

Riz, *risen*.

Row, a long row to hoe, *a difficult task*.

Rugged, *robust*.

## S

Sarse, *abuse, impertinence*.

Sartin, *certain*.

Saxon, *sacristan, sexton*.

Scaliest, *worst*.

Scringe, *cringe*.

Scrouge, *to crowd*.

Sech, *such*.

Set by, *valued*.

Shakes, great, *of considerable consequence*.

Shappoes, *chapeaux, cocked-hats*.

Sheer, *share*.

Shet, *shut*.

Shut, *shirt*.

Skeered, *scared*.

Skeeter, *mosquito*.

Skooting, *running, or moving swiftly*.

Slarterin', *slaughtering*.

Slim, *contemptible*.

Snake, *crawled like a snake; but to snake any one out is to track him to his hiding-place; to snake a thing out is to snatch it out*.

Soffies, *sofas*.

Sogerin', *soldiering; a barbarous amusement common among men in the savage state*.

Som'ers, *somewhere*.

So'st, *so as that*.

Sot, *set, obstinate, resolute*.

Spiles, *spoils; objects of political ambition*.

Spry, *active*.

Staddles, *stout stakes driven into the salt marshes, on which the hay-ricks are set, and thus raised out of the reach of high tides*.

Streaked, *uncomfortable, discomforted*.

Suckle, *circle*.

Sutthin', *something*.

Suttin, *certain*.

## T

Take on, *to sorrow*.

Talons, *talents*.

Taters, *potatoes*.

Tell, *till*.

Tetch, *touch*.

Tetch tu, *to be able; used always after a negative in this sense*.

Tollable, *tolerable*.

Toot, *used derisively for playing on any wind instrument*.

Thru, *through*.

Thundering, a euphemism common in new England for the profane English expression, *devilish*. Perhaps

derived from the belief, common formerly, that thunder was caused by the Prince of the Air, for some of whose accomplishments consult Cotton Mather.

Tu, *to*; *too* commonly has this sound when used emphatically, or at the end of a sentence. At other times it has the sound of *t* in *tough*, as *Ware ye goin' to? Goin' ta Boston.*

Ugly, *ill-tempered, intractable.*

Uncle Sam, *United States*: the largest boaster of liberty and owner of slaves.

Unrizzest, applied to dough or bread; *heavy, most unrisen, or most incapable of rising.*

## V

V-spot, *a five-dollar bill.*

Vally, *value.*

## W

Wake snakes, *to get into trouble.*

Wal, *well*; spoken with great deliberation, and sometimes with the *a* very much flat-

tened, sometimes (but more seldom) very much broadened.

Wannut, *walnut (hickory).*

Ware, *where.*

Ware, *were.*

Whopper, *an uncommonly large lie*; as, that General Taylor is in favour of the Wilmot Proviso.

Wig, *Whig*; a party now dissolved.

Wunt, *will not.*

Wus, *worse.*

Wut, *what.*

Wuth, *worth*; as *Antislavery perfessions 'fore 'lection ain't wuth a Bungtown copper.*

Wuz, *was*, sometimes *were.*

## Y

Yaller, *yellow.*

Yeiler, *yellow.*

Yellers, *a disease of peach-trees.*

## Z

Zach, Ole, *a second Washington, an antislavery slaveholder; a humane buyer and seller of men and women, a Christian hero generally.*







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